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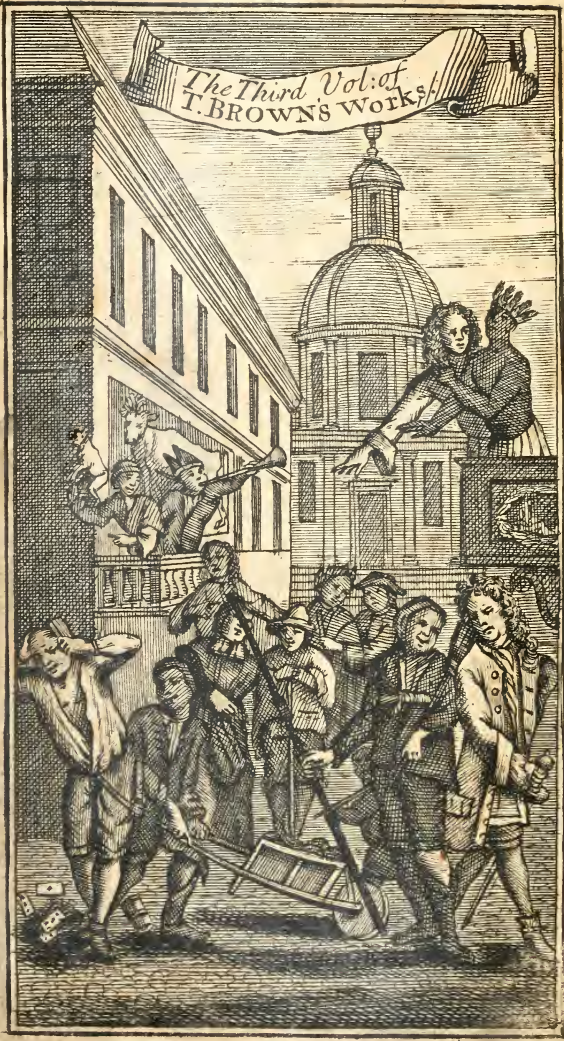
The Third Vol: of
T. BROWN's Works

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THE

THIRD VOLUME

OF THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. *Thomas Brown*;

BEING

AMUSEMENTS

SERIOUS and COMICAL,

Calculated for the Meridian of LONDON.

LETTERS Serious and Comical, to Gentlemen and Ladies.

ÆNEAS SYLVIUS's Letters in ENGLISH.

A Walk round LONDON and WESTMINSTER, expoſing the Vices and Follies of the Town.

The DISPENSARY, a Farce.

The LONDON and LACEDÆMONIAN Oracles.

The Seventh Edition carefully Corrected.

LONDON:

Printed by and for *Edward Midwinter*, at the *Looking-Glaſs* on *London-Bridge*. 1730.

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THE WORKS OF Mr. *Thomas Brown.*

VOLUME III.

AMUSEMENTS SERIOUS and COMICAL,

Calculated for the Meridian of *LONDON.*

AMUSEMENT I.

The PREFACE.

THE Title I have conferr'd upon my Book, gives me Authority to make as long a Preface as I pleaſe; for a long Preface is a true *Amuſement.*

However, I have ventured to put one here, under the Apprehenſion that it will be very neceſſary toward the *underſtanding* of the Book; tho' the generality of Readers are of Opinion, that a Preface, inſtead of ſetting off the work, does but expoſe the Vanity of the Author.

A good General of an Army is less embarassed at the Head of his Troops, than an ill Writer in the Front of his Productions. He knows not in what Figure to dress his Countenance: If he puts on a fierce and haughty Look, his Readers think themselves obliged to lower his Topsail, and back a-Stern: If he affects an humble speaking Posture, they slight and de pise him: If he boast the excellency of his Subject, they believe not a Syllable of what he says: If he tells them there is little or nothing in it, they take him at his Word: and to say *nothing* at all of his Work, is an insufferable Omission in an Author.

I know not what Success these Papers will find in the World; but if any amuse themselves in criticizing upon them, or reading them, my Design is answered.

I have given the following Thoughts the Name of *Amusements*; you will find them Serious or Comical, according to the Humour I was in when I wrote them; and they will either *divert*, *instruct*, or *tire* you, after the Humour you are in when you read them.

T'other Day one of the imaginary serious Wits, who thought it a Weakness in any Man to laugh, seeing a Copy of this Book, at the opening of it, fell into a Passion, and wrinkling up his Nostrils like a heated *Stallion* that had a *Mare* in the Wind, said *The Book was unworthy of the Title, for grave Subjects should be treated with Decorum; and 'twas to prophane serious Matters, to blend them with Comical Entertainments: What a Mixture is here*, says he!

This Variety of Colours, said I to my Censurer, appears very natural to me; for if one strictly examine all Mens Actions and Discourses, we shall find that Seriousness and Merriment are near Neighbours, and always live together like Friends, if sullen moody Sots don't set them at Variance. Every Day shews us, that *serious Maxims* and *sober Counsels* often proceed out of the Mouths of the pleasantest companions: and such as affect to be always grave and musing, are then *more Comical* than they think themselves.

My Spark pushed his Remonstrance farther: *Are not you ashamed*, continued he, *to print Amusements? For you know, that Man was made for Business, and not to*

sit

fit amusing himself like an owl in an Ivy-bush? To which I answered after this manner.

The whole Life of Man is but one entire *Amusement:* Virtue only deserves the Name of Business, and none but they that practise it can be truly said to be employ'd, for all the World besides are idle.

One amuses himself by *Ambition*, another by *Interest*, and another by that foolish Passion *Love*. Little Folks amuse themselves in Pleasures, great Men in the Acquisition of Glory; and I am amused to think that all this is *nothing but Amusement*.

Once more, the whole Transactions of our Lives are but meer *Amusements*, and Life its self is but an *Amusement* in a continued Expectation of Death.

Thus much for serious Matters; let us now make haste to Pleasantry.

I have a great Mind to be in Print; but above all, I would fain be an Original, and that is a true Comical Thought: When all the learned Men in the World are but Translators, is it not a pleasant Jest that you should strive to be an Original? You should have observ'd your Time, and have come in the World with the *Ancient Greeks* for that purpose; for the *Latins* themselves are but Copiers.

This discourse has mightily discouraged me. Is it true then, that there is such an Embargo laid upon *Invention*, that no Man can produce any thing that is perfectly *new*, and entirely his *own?* Many Authors, I confess, have told me so: I will enquire farther about it; and if Sir *Roger*, Mr. *Dryden*, and Mr. *D' Urfey* confirm it, then I will believe it.

What need all this Toil and Clutter about Original Authors and Translations? He who imagines briskly, thinks justly, and writes correctly, is an Original in the same thing that another had thought before him: The Natural Air and curious Turn he gives his Translation, and the Application wherewith he graces them, is enough to perswade any *Sensible Man*, that he was able to think and perform the same things, if they had not been thought and done before him, which is an *Advantage* owing to their Birth, rather than to the Excellency of their Parts beyond their Successors.

Some of our Modern Writers, that have built upon the *Foundation* of the *Ancients*, have so far excell'd in disguising their Notions, and improving the first Essays, that they have acquir'd more Glory and Reputation, than ever was given to the *Original* Authors: Nay, have utterly effaced their Memories.

Those who rob the *Modern Writers*, study to hide their Thefts; those who filch from the *Ancients*, account it their Glory. But why the first should be more reproach'd than the latter, I can't imagine, since there is more Wit in disguising a Thought of Mr. *Lock*'s, than in a luckly *Translation* of a Passage from *Horace*. After all, it must be granted, that the *Genius* of some Men can never be brought to write correctly in this Age, till they have formed their Judgments from the Standard of the *Ancients*, and the Delicacy of their Expression from the Variety and Turns of the *Moderns*; and I know *no Reason* why it should be their Disparagement, to capacitate themselves by these Helps to serve the Publick.

Nothing will please some Men but Books stuff'd with *Antiquity*, groaning under the Weight of learned Quotations drawn from the *Fountains*. And what is all this but Pilfering? But I will neither rob the *Ancient* nor *Modern Books*, but pillage all I give you from the Book of the World.

The Book of the World is very *Ancient*, and yet always *new*. In all Times Men and their Passions have been the Subjects: These Passions were always the same, tho' they have been deliver'd to Posterity in *different Manners*, according to the different Constitution of Ages; and in all Ages they are read by every one according to the Characters of their Wit, and the Extent of their Judgment.

Those who are qualified to read and understand the Book of the World, may be beneficial to the Publick, in communicating the Fruit of their Studies; but those that have no other Knowledge of the World but what they collect from Books, are not fit to give *Instructions* to others.

If the World then is a Book that ought to be read in the *Original*, one may as well compare it to a Country

try that one cannot know, nor make known to others, without travelling through it one self. I began this Journey very young; I always lov'd to make Reflections upon every thing that presented it self to my View; I was amused in making these Reflections: I have amused my self in writing them; and I wish my Reader may amuse himself in reading them.

Some will think it another Amusement to find a Book without a Dedication, especially from the Hand which this comes from: For my part, I give them leave to make what Reflections they please, but I can assure them this Omission of mine did not happen so much from a Scarcity of *Penegyrick*, as the Want of a *Patron*; for I can flatter as well as I could twenty Years since, and still retain the Knack of *dignifying* and *distinguishing* such as do not deserve it.

But as the Devil would have it, my Lord such a one has been laughed into Sense, and has order'd his Porter to say he is not at home to a Poetical Visitant. The Duke of —— loves to be called *Heroe* no where but in the Frontispiece of a Play; and the Marquess —— civily *returns his Thanks to the Gentleman for his Present*, but without one piece of Gold to enable him to live up to the Title he compliments him with. The Lady ——— loses such Sums at Cards, and her good natur'd Husband is under such Apprehension of being ruffled by the P-----, and taken a Peg lower, that *Elegies*, I am afraid, must henceforth supply the place of *Dedications*; and Men of my Profession will be more employ'd in writing on the Deaths of the Muses, than making gross Comments on the Lives of those who did not think 'em worth living.

However, I am one of the first of the Suburbian Class that has ventur'd out with an Amusement of this Bulk, without making Application to a Nobleman's Porter, and tiring him out with shewing him his Master's Name. Which Consideration I comfort my self with at no small rate; and if I have sent into the World what may divert the Pleasant, please the Serious, and instruct those that are willing to be advised, it's beyond my Expectance, and consequently must be an *Amusement* to my self as well as others.

AMUSEMENT II.

The Voyage of the World.

THere is no Amusement so entertaining and advantageous as improving some of our leisure Time in Travelling, and giving a Loose to our Souls that have been upon the Stretch, by diverting 'em with agreeable Reflections on the *Manners* of the different Countries we journey thro', and the *Constitutions* of the several People the Places we visit are furnished with. If any Man therefore has an Inclination to divert himself, and sail with me round the Globe, to supervise almost all the Conditions of human Life, without being infected with the Vanities and Vices that attend such a whimsical Perambulation, let him follow me, who am going to relate it in a Stile and Language proper to the Variety of the Subject: For as the *Caprichio* came naturally into my *Pericranium*, and I am as fond of what is the Product of my Fancy, as a young Woman of the Fruits of her lost Virginity, I am resolv'd to pursue it thro' thick and thin, in order to enlarge my Capacity for a Man of Business.

Where then shall I begin? In the Name of Mischief what Country will first present it self to my Imagination? *He Bien*! I have hit upon't already: Let us steer for the Court, for that's the Region whose Inhabitants will read us the best Lecture of true Knowledge, and give the most instructive Ideas that the Prospect of the whole World can possibly *Amuse* us with.

The COURT.

THE *Court* is a sort of a τὸ πᾶν, an Epitome of what is Universal, and abounds with all the Variety of *Amusements* that human Occurrences can present us with, or the Mind of Man is capable of receiving. The Air they breathe there, is very fine and subtile; only for about three Parts and a half of four in the Year, 'tis liable to be infected with gross Vapours full of *Flattery* and *Lying*. All the Avenues leading to it are gay, smiling, agreeable to the Sight, and all end in one and the same Point, *Honour* and *Self Interest*. Here *Fortune* keeps her Residence, and seems to expect

that

that we make our Addreſſes to her at the Bottom of a long Walk, which lies open to all Comers and Goers. One would be apt to think at firſt ſight, that he might reach the End on't before he could count Twenty: but there are ſo many By-Walks and Alleys to croſs, ſo many Turnings and Windings to find out, that he is ſoon convinc'd of his Miſtake. 'Tis contriv'd into ſuch an intricate Maze, and obſcure Manner, that the ſtraiteſt Way is not always the neareſt; and indirect Practices and Meaſures are oftentimes very effectual Helps to bring you to your Journey's End, and forward your Deſigns to reach it. It looks glorioufly at a Diſtance, but when you approach it, its Beauty diminiſhes.

After all the Enquiry I have made about it, I am not able to ſatisfy your Curioſity, whether the Ground it ſtands upon be firm and ſolid? A *Dutch* Boor can as ſoon find out the controverted Article of *Predeſtination*, or an *Engliſh* Quaker prove *Infallibility* from his Wife's lying on her Back, as the moſt *Intelligent Perſons* in Affairs, that are foreign to the Knowledge of it, can ever diſcover the *Arcana*'s of it at firſt ſight. I have ſeen ſome New-comers tread as confidently upon it, as if they had been born there; but quickly found they were in a new World, where the tottering Earth made 'em giddy and ſtumble: For tho' they knew Good and Evil were equally uſeful to their Advancement, yet were ſo confounded to know which of the two they ought to employ to make their Fortunes with, that for want of underſtanding only that pretty Knack, they made a Journey to Court only to go back again, and report at Home they had the Honour of ſeeing it. On the other ſide, I have ſeen ſome old Stagers walk upon Court-ground as gingerly as upon Ice or a Quagmire, and with all the Precaution and Fear imaginable, leſt they ſhould fall from a great Fortune by the ſame Defects that rais'd 'em: And not without cauſe, for the *Ground* is hard in ſome Places, and ſinks in others; but all People covet to get upon the higheſt Spot, to which there is no coming but by one Paſſage, and that is ſo narrow, that no ambitious Pretender can keep the way, without joſtling other people down with his Elbows: And the farther Miſchief on't is, that thoſe

that keep their Feet will not help up thoſe that are fallen, but make uſe of the ſame Methods that are in Practice amongſt a certain Community of Birds, (Heavens forbid I ſhould ſay *Canary*) that expel the lame and wounded from their Society, and are no manner of Company for thoſe that are helpleſs, while they are ſtill clapping their Wings in Defence of thoſe who have no Occaſion for it, and permit every Privilege to thoſe of their feathered Acquaintance who have the leaſt need of Aſſiſtance.

Stout ſhould his Heart, and thoughtful be his Head,
That would in ſlippe'ry Paths with Judgment tread,
And tempt the Dangers which on Courts attend,
A ſmiling En'my, and a treach'rous Friend;
As he of great Preferments waits the Call,
Certain to ſlip, and almoſt ſure to fall.

The Difficulties we meet with in this Country are very ſurprizing; for he takes the longeſt way about that keeps the old Track of Honeſty and true Merit; for where the Addreſs of ſome does not help to make the Fortune of others, immediately to eclipſe his Deſert, Calumny raiſes the thickeſt Clouds, Envy the blackeſt Vapours, and the Candidate is loſt in the Fog of Competitors, and muſt hide himſelf behind a Favourite's Recommendation, if ever he hopes to obtain what he ſeeks for: So that Virtue is no longer Virtue, nor Vice, Vice, but every thing is confounded and eaten up by particular Intereſts.

A profeſſed Courtier, tho' he never aims at the *Peace of God*, is paſt any Man's *Underſtanding*; and if he does Good, it may be wholly attributed to *Chance*; if Evil, you have no reaſon to impute it to any thing but *Deſign*. He that holds him by the Hand, is in the ſame condition with him that hath a wet Eel by the Tail, you no ſooner think you are ſure of him, but you have loſt him, and he ſlips thro' your Fingers with the ſame Swiftneſs that he diſmiſſes you from his Memory, after a thouſand Promiſes of *never forgetting* you.

If *Familiarity breeds Contempt*, he ought to be the moſt deſpicable Creature living; for *My dear Friend* is the firſt Title you go by, tho he never ſaw you before that Minute; and *the next time you viſit me, I ſhall have*

no-

nothing to do but to give you Joy of the Poſſeſſion of what you are now asking me for, is the Dialect you underſtand him by; when if you underſtand him as you ought, you would never loſe your time in making Addreſſes to him.

Would you know what Religion he is of, you muſt enquire of his Prince? For he is the fitteſt Perſon to reſolve the Queſtion, provided he can give an Account of his own: But have you a deſire to be informed what good he has done for his Country? To deal ingenuouſly with you, follow my Advice and ask no body, for no Man living can tell you. Other Mens Sins *ſtare 'em in their Faces,* but theſe Gentlemens Guilt rides behind 'em, and may be diſtinguiſhed by the Multitude of their Liveries. If you offer to preſent one of 'em, *He muſt be excuſed, he dare not accept of it, it's Bribery,* &c. But his Man calls you aſide, tells you the Buſineſs ſhall be done, gives the Law a milder Interpretation, and telling over the Guineas, has a round Sum of his Maſter for his Pains, and is ſent out of his way to prevent the Detection of ſuch unwarrantable Proceedings.

But tho' the Courtiers ſeem to tend *one and all* to the ſame Center, and Honour and Intereſt are what their Wiſhes and Endeavours terminate in, there are different Species among 'em, as they have raiſed themſelves by different ways.

Obſerve that old ſtarched Fop there; his Hat and Peruque continue to have as little Acquaintance together as they had in the Year 65. You would take him for a Taylor by his Mein, but he is another ſort of an Animal, I aſſure you, a *Courtier,* a *Politician,* the moſt *unintelligible thing* now in being. Ask him his Profeſſion, and you'll puzzel him with the Enquiry; for he has run thro' the whole Circle of Employments, and never has been Maſter of one grain of Honeſty ſince his Admiſſion into either. *Tranſubſtantiation, Non-reſiſtance,* and *Predeſtination* have *vice verſa* been Articles of his Creed; and he is ſo well provided with Diſtinctions, that he can prove Infidelity to his Prince to be an act of Service to his Country, and that the only way to preſerve the *Proteſtant Religion,* is for ſuch as he to abjure

it. Of all Trades that are neceſſary to ſet up an Antiquated Beau, his *Haberdaſher* loſes the leaſt by him; for he wears no Hat otherwiſe than under his Arm, leſt his Brain ſhould be over-heated, and his Head be rendered not cool enough for him to over-reach his Maſter with. In ſhort, he is *Diviſible in infinitum*, and you may as ſoon ſquare the Circle, as reduce the ſeveral Branches of the matters of Fact he may be charged with, under one ſingle Head. Your puny unexperienced Courtier fears every thing, but this Gentleman is skilful in Matters of Change, and ſo well read in the Viciſſitudes of ſublunary things, that he diſdains the Reproaches of the Subject; and being wrapt up in the Protection of his Prince, ſeems apprehenſive of nothing, till a Vote of Parliament flings him behind the Curtain, and makes him play at Bo-peep with Politicks: At which Diverſion we will leave him, to take a Proſpect of yonder gay Thing, that basks himſelf in his Sovereign's Smiles, and has elbow'd out as good a Man and as well deſcended as himſelf, from his Maſter's Intimacy. He wares much ſuch another Habit on his Shoulders as he formerly carried upon his Arm; and as an Inſtance of his Conqueſts the laſt War in the *Netherlands*, has ſix as good *Flanders* Mares to his Coach as *Engliſh* Money could purchaſe. Some are apt to blame him for making uſe of a Coat of Arms on it, and maliciouſly try their Wits in making Enquiries how much Money was paid the Herauld for the Purchaſe of it? but I muſt have more Manners, ſince he's a *great Man*; and there's no reaſon to ſuſpect him for any other than a *Wiſe One*, for *keeping* his Ground where the Generality of the ſame Profeſſion *loſe* theirs. He has had as many Eſtates as any *Engliſh* P——— of 'em all, yet is endued with that Fore-caſt, as not to have a Foot of Land in a place where one Day his Title may be called in queſtion: and as for the *Dirty Acres*, like Sir *Joſeph* in Mr. *Congreve's Old Batchelor*, he has *waſh'd his Hands of 'em*, but in another manner; for he has ſufficiently daub'd 'em with fingering what he received in Exchange for 'em. In ſhort, *his Manſion houſe is not in this World*, i. e. in the Kingdoms of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, tho' his *Abiding-place* is; and there is ſuch a great *Gulph* be-

between his Poſſeſſions and ours, that a *Reſumption Act* hath as little regard with him as that againſt *Immorality* and *Prophaneneſs*.

But as this Gentleman has worked himſelf into Favour by his good Looks and Deportment, ſo it will not be amiſs to take a View of that ſuperannuated Sinner there, who has had other Qualifications to commend him. Let me tell you, Sirs, it's brave thing to be a General Officer, without bearing the Fatigues of a Camp; and there's nothing like being paid for a Regiment of *Red Locuſts*, without running the hazard of bearing 'em Company amongſt the Deſolations of War and Famine. It's the happieſt and moſt contented State imaginable, to ſee the Reſemblance of Battles, without the Danger of being wounded in 'em, and hear the *Artillery* roar by Days, without any apprehenſions of being frightned from *flaſhing in the Pan* at Night with one's Miſtreſs. As for my part, if it were allowed me to chuſe my Condition of Life, I ſhould aſſuredly pitch on ſuch a one as this; only if it was my Fortune to have his Bed-fellow, I ſhould deſire to be without his Age: And in this Wiſh Madam ——— would not refuſe to join with me, if Reports ſpeak true of her, as grey Hairs ſeems to demonſtrate in relation to him.

I could purſue my Diſcourſes in the Character of that B ——that has a Pendulum on his Neck, as if he moved by *Mechaniſm*; but poor honeſt indefatigable Pains-taker! he has ſo mortified himſelf with Faſting and Praying, that the *Tranſlation Bill* may not paſs, that it would be a piece of Cruelty to triumph over his Imperfections, tho' the World is apt to cenſure him for taking another Man's Houſe over his Head, and beſpeaking the Poſſeſſion of it before the Tenant for Life is dead. A multitude of Obſervations might alſo be made on others that inhabit in this ſlippery Tenement; but as the City is more peopled than the Court, and *conſequently* muſt have a greater Number of *Amuſements*, we muſt reſerve a greater ſpace for remarks on it, ſince there is matter enough to employ us, ſhould we take up the whole Duration of Time, and beſpeak *Eternity* for a Life that is equal to it.

AMUSE-

AMUSEMENT III.

LONDON.

LONDON is a World by it self; we dayly discover in it more new Countries and surprizing Singularities, than in all the Universe besides. There are among the *Londoners* so many Nations differing in *Manners, Customs,* and *Religions,* that the *Inhabitants* themselves don't know a quarter of 'em. Imagine then what an *Idian* would think of such a motly Herd of People, and what a diverting Amusement it would be to him to examine with a Traveller's Eye, all the remarkable things of this mighty City. A Whimsy now takes me in the Head, to carry this Stranger all over the Town with me: No doubt but his odd and fantastical Ideas will furnish me with *Variety,* and perhaps with *Diversion.*

Thus I am resolved to take upon me the *Genius* of an *Indian,* who has had the Curiosity to travel hither among us, and who had never seen any Thing like what he sees in *London.* We shall see how he will be amazed at certain things, which the prejudice of Custom makes to seem reasonable and natural to us.

To diversify the Stile of my Narration, I will sometimes make my Traveller speak, and sometimes I will take up the Discourse my self. I will represent to my self the abstracted Ideas of an *Indian,* and I will likewise represent ours to him. In short, taking it for granted, that we two understand each other by half a word, I will set both *his* and *my Imagination* on the ramble. Those that won't take the pains to follow us, may stay where they are, and spare themselves the trouble of reading farther in the Book; but they that are minded to amuse themselves, ought to attend the Caprice of the Author for a few Moments.

I will therefore suppose this *Indian* of mine dropt perpendicularly from the Clouds, and finds himself all on a sudden in the midst of this prodigious and noisy City, where Repose and Silence dare scarce shew their Heads in the darkest Night. At first dash the confused

Clamours

Clamours near *Temple-Bar* ſtun him, fright him, and make him giddy.

He ſees an infinite Number of different *Machines*, all in violent Motion, ſome *riding* on the top, ſome within, others behind, and *Jehu* in the Coach-box, whirling ſome *dignified Villain* towards the *Devil*, who has got an Eſtate by cheating the Publick. He lolls at full Stretch within, and half a dozen brawny Bulk-begotten *Footmen* behind.

In that dark Shop there, ſeveral Myſteries of *Iniquity* have ſeen *Light*; and it's a Sign our Saviour's Example is little regarded, ſince the Money-changers are ſuffered to live ſo near the *Temple*. T'other ſide of the Way directs you to a Houſe of a more ſweet-ſmelling Savour than its Owner's Conſcience; and you can no ſooner prepare your ſelf to make Water near his back Window, but you ſhall have an *obliging* Female look thro' her Fingers to take the dimenſions of the Pipe that emits it. Here ſtands a Shopkeeper who has not Soul enough to wear a Beaver Hat, with the Key of his Small-Beer in his Pocket; and not far from him a ſtingy Trader who has no Small-Beer to have a Key to. One ſide of the way points you out a Book-ſeller turned Quack, with his *Elixirs* and *Gallipots* ready to poyſon old *Galen*, and the reſt of his Worm-eaten Men of Phyſick's Works, which have taken no other Air than what blows upon his Stall, ſince they unhappily fell into his Hands; and t'other directs you to a *Divinity-monger*, who to the Dean of St. *Paul*'s immortal Credit, is ready to atteſt, that there is one *living* that has got Money by him, and can prove any Man's opinion to be heterodox, and inconſiſtent with that of the *Chriſtian* Church, if he believes otherwiſe.

Some carry, others are carried: *Make way there*, ſays a gouty-legged Chairman that is carrying a Punk of Quality to a *Mornings-Exerciſe*; or a *Bartholomew* Baby Beau, newly launched out of a Chocolate-houſe with his Pockets as empty as his Brains. *Make room there*, ſays another Fellow driving a Wheel-barrow of Nuts, that ſpoil the Lungs of the City Prentices, and make them wheeze over *their Miſtreſſes*, as bad as the phlegmatick Cuckolds, *their Maſters* do when called to *Family Duty*.

One

One draws, another drives. *Stand up there you blind Dog,* says a Carman, *will you have the Cart squeeze your Guts out?* One Tinker knocks, another bawls, *Have you Brass-pot, Kettle, Skillet or a Frying-pan to mend?* Whilst another Son of a Whore yelps louder than *Homer*'s Stentor *Two a groat, and Four for sixpence Mackerel?* One draws his Mouth up to his Ears, and howls out, *Buy my Flounders,* and is follow'd by an old burly Drab, that screams out the Sale of her *Maids* and her *Soul* at the same instant.

Here a sooty Chimney-sweeper takes the Wall of a grave *Alderman,* and a *Broom-man* justle the *Parson* of the Parish There a fat greasy *Porter* runs a Trunk full-butt upon you, while another salutes your Antlers with a Flasket of *Eggs* and *Butter. Turn out there you Country Putt,* says a *Bully* with a Sword two Yards long jarring at his Heels, and throws him into the Kennel. By and by comes a *Christening,* with a *Reader* screwing up his Mouth to deliver the Service *alamode de Paris,* and afterwards talk immoderately nice and dull with the Gossips, the *Midwife* strutting in the Front, and young Original Sin as fine as Fippence, followed with the Vocal Musick of *Kitchen stuff ha' you Maids,* and a damned *Trumpeter* calling in the Rabble to see a Calf with six Legs and a Topknot. There goes a Funeral with the Men of Rosemary after it, licking their Lips after three hits of White, Sack and Claret at the House of Mourning, and the *Sexton* walking before, as big and bluff as a *Beef eater* at a Coronation. Here's a *Poet* scampers for't as fast as his Legs will carry him, and at his heels a brace of *Bandog Bailiffs,* with open Mouths ready to devour him and all the Nine Muses: And there an *Evidence* ready to spue up his *false Oaths* at the sight of the common Executioner.

We were jogging forward into the City, when our *Indian* cast his eyes upon one of his own Complexion, at a certain Coffe-house which has the *Sun* staring its Sign in the face, even at *Midnight* when the Moon is Queen Regent of the Planets, and being willing to be acquainted with his country Man, gravely enquired what province or Kingdom of *India* he belonged to; but the sooty Dog could do nothing but grin, and shew his teeth,

teeth, and cry, *Coffee, Sir, Tea, will you please to walk in,* Sir, *a fresh Pot upon my word.* Wherefore, to rest our selves a little, and recover our Ears from the deafness which the confused Noise of the Street had occasioned in 'em, we follow'd; and at the Entrance of the Room, according to ancient Custom, saluted the handsome Woman at the Bar with our Hats, and took our Seats. But we had no sooner placed our selves, when a Gentleman whose Sword was in Mourning for his Extravagance, and whose wig had outlived every such thing as a Curl in it, came and sat down by us and perceiving us to be strangers, under Pretext of Civility accosted us with Discourses relating to the Town, *&c.* The *Indian,* for his Part, hearkned to him very attentively; but I, who had been accustomed to such sort of Pensioners, took him aside, and told him I had heard the Story of *Sir John* several times, that the *Indian* was a person of Philosophy, *&c.* however he might call for a dish of Coffee or two, they were at his Service, provided he would spare the repetition of his *Legend* to us, at a time when there were so many young Tops that had both Leisure and Inclination enough to believe every Word he said, and would probably give him a Dinner for his pains.

We were no sooner got rid of our Impertinent, but we had a hurry of Objects, whose every individual was worthy of our strictest Observation: Parsons, Lawyers, Apothecaries, Projectors, Excisemen, Organists, Picture-sellers, Fidlers and Bailiffs, were the several Ingredients this Miscellancy of Mortality was compos'd of; and it was extremely pleasant to take notice of a Certain *Mechanick,* who mov'd like Clock-work, a dandling another *Man*'s Children, and as fond of 'em as if they were his *own.* But what call'd for our particular Observation, was a certain Triumvirate of persons who are always fond of a *particular* place, and are as constantly to be seen sitting on the Bench near the Fire, as a certain Church-Warden of *St. B* —— in the same Street is giving audience in his shop amongst *Old Jack Philip*'s merry politicks, to Beadles, and other Underlings of the Parish, from eight to ten in the morning, in his Night-cap. These Gentlemen, with very *cogitabund* Aspects made

made up the three Degrees of Compariſon amongſt 'em. The leaſt of them to give the Company a Tincture of his exemplary ſobriety, cry'd, *I'm the moſt abſtemious man in the World*; the middlemoſt for his part, as he had nothing in him, ſo he pretended to emit nothing from him, but contented himſelf with the name of an humble Auditor: but the talleſt, like the Son of *Kiſh*, having found his two *Aſſes*, manag'd them accordingly. As he was ſingular in the Poſition of his Hat, ſo he held opinions contrary to the reſt of the world, and he was grown ſo *ſcabbed* with the *Itch* of diſputing, that for the ſake of ſhewing his Parts, the worſt of perſwaſions were as orthodox with him as the beſt. Sometimes he argu'd on the ſide of Popery, becauſe it tolerated Pictures; another time *Geneva* was a bleſſed place, on account of its inhabitants not regarding 'em, whence he deduc'd this lucky inference, that a man who ſold 'em again might buy 'em cheap there. Whatever the Doctrine was, Int'reſt was the Application, and *Oliver Cromwell*'s Picture was in more eſteem with him than *Charles* the Martyr's, if it bore a higher price. This worthy perſon alſo deſir'd to be amongſt the Number of the *Abſtemious*, and knew the Method prime well of talking three hours for a pennyworth of Tea; but that man that cannot abſtain from *Fleſh* in *Lent*, is like to paſs undiſtinguiſhed from the reſt of his fellow Creatures, whoſe failings he's ſo apt to take notice of.

So many Contradictions fell from the mouth of this *would be an oracle*, with his Hat button'd behind, the judicious *Indian* was in haſte to be gone to a place where he might have more inſtructive diſcourſe; wherefore we left him and his *Abſtemious* Comrades, and taking our leave of Smoke, Noiſe and Nonſenſe, made the beſt of our way down to the *Exchange*, without making any other Obſervations, than that there were more *Monthly* Collections in one Shop, than would be ſold in a *twelve month*, and Malice and Ill-nature in the owner of another, than he could diſperſe amongſt his neighbours, ſhould he live to the next year of Jubilee.

As our way to the great Cathedral lay down Street, ſo we forbore going to ſee the place where *Peter*'s Wife

Wife formerly ſtood, to pay a viſit to what was conſecrated to *Paul*. Tho' there are people of ſome perſwaſions that don't ſtick to ſay one *Temple* is full as edifying as the other; and many women entertain thoſe very thoughts of Elopement at Church, which they after put in practice at Taverns. But buſineſſes of this nature are grown ſo frequent in this City, that in a ſhort time we ſhall ſooner admire at the Continency of a married Women, than her want of it; and ſince there is no other Puniſhment than for 'em to be deprived, by Act of Parliament of the company they fled from, in all probability we ſhall, in a ſhort time, have more Horns of our Growth here, than are to be found in the *New-Foreſt*.

After a happy deliverance from the brawling conſort of Fiſh-Women, and thoſe that ſell Puddings and Pyes on *Fleet Bridge*, and our paſſage by good King *Lud*, and his two Sons, where the poor citizens are confin'd, and ſtarve amidſt Copies of their Freedom, we enter'd in the *Strait Gate*, which is Weſtward of that noble edifice, and leads us into thoſe paths which, as our Religion teaches us, tend to Salvation. The multitude of work-men, the Bulk of the ſtones, and the prodigious Circumference of the Pillars, amaz'd my companion to ſuch a degree, that could we have met Sir *Chriſtopher Wren*, he would have paid him that Act of Adoration the place was built for an Infinite Being to receive. He look'd upon the labour that was ſpent in building the *Chineſe wall*, to be nothing to it, *&c.* however, after he was recovered from his Wonder, he could not but obſerve from the Smallneſs of the Windows, that the builder was no Enthuſiaſt, and had no intention to make any great boaſts of the *Light within*.

He agreed the choir was very magnificent, the Iron-work exquiſitely fram'd, and nothing could be more agreeable than the Organ; but having met with very little that look'd like Religion before, ſince his arrival in theſe parts, he ſeem'd inquiſitive in relation to the numerous Congregation, and reaſons that brought 'em together. When I return'd, for anſwer, theſe dark Souls in *white* Garments here come for the ſake of their Salaries, and are *hir'd* to ask Bleſſings for *themſelves*; thoſe

those Gentlemen that know nothing of the matter, and carry all their devotion in their eyes and ears, are strangers, and *come in only to go out again*; and those Ladies that look thro' their Fingers while the service is *Singing*, had never been here but for the sake of the *Musick* and *long Peruques*.

This sort of Devotion was a new manner of worship, to a person who was born in a country where there were such Bigots to the profession they were educated in, and he expressed his dislike of it in terms which bore a suitable Abhorrence of such unjustifiable proceedings. Wherefore we turned our backs on Bishop *Overall's* tall meagre disciple, and staying to see him take his Wife, *alias* his *Reasons*, in his hand after the Service was done, bad adieu to the Residentiaries Stalls, whose owners made a *Sine-cure*, of 400 *l. per Annum*; while *H——ll* was a stretching his Lungs in order to maintain a long white wig, and a Hackney coach, and the worthy Subdean was chanting forth such deep Strains, as made it appear to the female audience, that tho' he had not a *Chamber-voice*, his Quail-pipe shewed him excellently well qualify'd for chamber-practice. But before we got out of this venerable Dome, I chanc'd to hammer out the following Stanza's, in relation to the rebuilding it.

This Fabrick which at first was built
To be God's house of pray'r,
And not to pamper Priests in guilt,
Or hold a sle ping Mayor;
Once perished by he vengeful Flame,
Which a'l its Beauties raz'd,
Nor could its awful Patron's Name
Protect the pile it grac'd
But as it fell before, by Fire,
Which then destroy'd it whole,
So now to Heav'n its heights aspire,
And rise again by Coal.

Our direct way to the great place of noise and tumult, the *Royal Exchange*, lying down *Cheapside*, we forbore paying a visit to the Booksellers in the Churchyard, but left one rich old Curmudgeon walking about his Shop in Vindication of a *perpetual Motion*, that having

having got by the Priesthood, to shew his gratitude, was perpetually cloathed like a parish Clerk; another sitting behind his Compter with multitudes of Reams of divinity Waste-papers about him, in expectation of some Clergyman or other, whom he had lost by, to take a hearty Glass with; and a third a tearing those Calculations of gain in a Fury which he had made, and assur'd himself of before *Dampier*'s last unsuccessful voyage; to hasten our arrival at that Fabrick where mankind seems to be epitomiz'd, and the different tempers of Humanity in its several species tend to one Center, *viz.* Self-interest, which is accounted the *Summum Bonum*.

But as *Cheapside* is a street well furnish'd with matter for observation, and the Shopkeepers stand here on purpose to be taken notice of, so it may possibly be look'd upon as an indecency offer'd to their employments, to pass by 'em without a Compliment, or an Harangue upon their characters; for they are the fondest people living of being made publick; and rather than not be *known* at all, would be known for what *they are*. However, I must *husband* my observations at this time, and since a more convenient opportunity will offer it self hereafter, shall only take notice, that my *Indian*, whether out of the several indigested Ideas he had receiv'd from the diversity of Objects he met with, or a sort of a surprize that had laid hold of him, at the first sight of the chimney-sweepers at the Conduit, that look'd so much like his own country-men, was taken sick in an instant, and I was forced to carry him to a neighbouring Physician, whom some have falsely aspers'd with the name of a *Horse-doctor*, because he lives so near their *Furniture-office*.

The worshipful Graduate in the noble art of Manslaughter, receiv'd us with a Civility that was peculiar to him at the Sight of four Half-crowns; and tho' he had made a *Sine-cure* of most of his other Patients, recovered him from his indisposition in an instant: But as the Doctor's voluminous Works made no ordinary Figure among the refuse of the learned in *Duck-Lane*, or those redoubted Authors that take the Benefit of the Air upon the Rails in *Moorfields*, so the Method he made use

uſe of towards his Recovery was altogether uncommon and extraordinary. In a word, we were no ſooner enter'd into his Conſultation-Room, but the Phyſician in Ordinary made his appearance with two large Folio's in his hands, and having ask'd me the nature of my Friend's diſtemper, (for he was not then capable of giving him an account of it himſelf) and made ſome Enquiry with his Fingers, in relation to the beating of the Pulſe, he open'd the *tremendous* Page by way of Exorciſm, and fell a reading one of the deſcriptions of Prince *Arthur*'s Battles ſo pathetically, that the very noiſe of the Words awaken'd the modeſt *Indian* out of his Lethargy, and by way of Sympathy freed him from one Fright, by putting him into another.

For heaven's ſake, ſaid the Patient, my dear Friend, where are we, or what language does that honeſt Gentleman there make uſe of, that rattles ſo mightily in the throat, and confounds a Man's Underſtanding by endeavouring to improve it? This is one of our *Engliſh* Doctors, cry'd I, that having *Mu der'd* the people, is for extirpating the *Language*, and falling foul upon every individual Syllable that compoſes the Vocabulary. He's a Poet, let me tell you, and what is more, makes verſes in his own Coach too. He tells a Story admirably well in a Coffee-houſe, if Apothecaries and Surgeons are Judges, and has been ſome time ſince made a Fool of at Court, if there are any wiſe Men there In ſhort, he has been dignified with a title for making a King of a Prince; and whatever you do, you muſt uſe him as the great ones have done, that is, flatter him, and tell him he's the beſt Man at *heroicks* in the preſent age, or he'll diſmiſs you with a Pill to rectify your Judgment, that ſhall ſend you to a place where a great many bold *Tell-truths* are gone before you. If you intend to dine with him, or ſit within ten yards of him, up one pair of ſtairs at *Garraway*'s Coffee-houſe, you muſt cry, *Sir* Richard, *your paraphraſe upon* Job *outdoes your* Arthurs; but for your own dear Health's ſake, don't ſay, in Dulneſs. This thought put me in mind of ſome Verſes a Friend of mine wrote ſome time ſince on that inimitable Undertaking; which for the Novelty of the Expreſſion, and the odneſs

neſs of thought, I judg'd proper to communicate, as follows;

When Job *contending with the Devil I ſaw,*
It did my Wonder, *but not* Pity *draw:*
For I concluded, that without ſome Trick,
A Saint *at any time could match* Old Nick.
Next, came a fiercer Fiend upon his Back,
I mean his Spouſe, and ſtunn'd him with her Clack;
But ſtill I could not pity him, as knowing
A crab-tree Cudgel ſoon would ſend her going.
But when the Quack engaged with Job *I ſpy'd,*
The Lord have mercy on poor Job, *I cry'd,*
What Spouſe and Satan did attempt in vain,
The Quack will compaſs with his murd'ring Pen,
And on a Dunghil leave poor Job *agen.*
With inſidious Doggrel he'll pollute his Theme,
And make the Saint againſt his Will blaſpheme.

From hence we made towards the *Royal Exchange*, and, between *Sadlers-hall* and *Woodſtreet*, met a Friend of mine that deals in Linnen, ſtanding at ſhop door; and having occaſion for his acquaintance, in order to take up ſome Shirts and Handkerchiefs which Men under poetical circumſtances generally ſtand in need of, I ſtruck into diſcourſe with him; but the firſt thing, as ill Luck would have it, I caſt my eyes on, was an Inſcription in ſeveral places of the Shop, which made me always as mute as a Fiſh, and was, *No truſt upon retail.* However, I reflected to my ſelf, that this caveat did not exclude thoſe that would tick upon *Wholeſale.* Wherefore rather than not to be a cuſtomer, I propoſed to take up ſeveral whole pieces by way of Credit; but the cream of the jeſt was, the Man knew his Trade, as alſo that which I had made Profeſſion of, ſo that I was never the farther from continuing ſhirtleſs for the propoſal. We were now almoſt come to *Woodſtreet Corner*, when I bethought my ſelf it was more adviſible to go on the other ſide of the Street, than to endanger my Corps by coming within reach of the *Men-eaters*, that ſtood not far off *ſeeking whom thy might devour*, and deſir'd the *Indian* to croſs over the way, which he did accordingly. Avoid that turning, ſaid I, if you would have me for your Companion, for it's a place of no Security for

a Man

a Man who has made as much use of the publick faith as I have. Those fellows, that give their attendance a little below at the Prison gate, I must be plain with you, are no company for Poets. I have been too lately under their clutches to desire any more dealings with them, and I cannot come within a furlong of the *Rose* Spunging-House, without five or six Yellow Boys in my Pockets, to cast out those Devils there, who would otherwise infallibly take possession of me. With that, I told him how I had once (on Account of damn'd *Noverint Universi's*, and other Heretical papers, as notes under my Hand, *&c.*) been confin'd there; and that being without hopes of release, I had put pen to paper and written my own Elegy, which being too long to be repeated, I satisfied his Curiosity in some part, by the rehearsal of the following Epitaph, which was the close of it.

Reader, beneath this Turf, I lye,
And hold my self content.
Pish, if you please, pray what care I,
Since now my Life is spent:
A Marble *Stone indeed might keep*
My Body from the Weather,
And gather people as I sleep,
And call more fool's together:
But hadst thou been from whence I came,
Thou'dst never mince the Matter,
But shew thy Sentiments the same,
And hate Stone-Doublets *after.*
I'm dead, and that's enough t' acquaint
A man of any sense,
That if he's looking for a Saint,
He must go farther hence.
Between two Roses *down I fell,*
As 'twixt two Stools a Platter;
One held me up exceeding well,
Tother did no such Matter:
The Rose *by* Temple-Bar *gave wine,*
Exchang'd for Chalk, *and fail'd me;*
But being for the Ready Coin,
The Rose *in* Wood-street *kill'd* me.

My

My Companion was pleas'd to see me so merry under my Affliction, but being of a *Genius* altogether full of speculation, diverted the discourse to more material Enquiries in relation to Trade, which he saw was the whole Business of our Citizens.

While I behold this Town of *London*, said our contemplative Traveller, I fancy I behold a prodigious animal. The Streets are so many *Veins*, wherein the people Circulate. With what hurry and swiftness is the Circulation of *London*, perform'd? You behold, cry'd I to him, the Circulation that is made in the Heart of *London*, but it moves more briskly in the Blood of the *Citizens*; they are always in Motion and Activity. Their Actions succeed one another with so much rapidity, that they begin a thousand things before they have finished one, and finish a thousand others before they may properly be said to have begun them.

They are equally uncapable both of attention and patience, and tho' nothing is more quick than the effects of hearing and seeing, yet they don't allow themselves time either to hear or see; but like Moles, work in the dark, and undermine one another.

All their Study and Labour is either about profit, or pleasure; and they have Schools for the education of their stalking horse, which they call *Apprentices* in the Mystery of *Trade*: A Term unintelligible to foreigners, and which none truly understand the meaning of, but those that practice it. Some call it *Over-witting those they deal with*, but that is generally denied as a heterodox Definition; for wit was never counted a *London* Commodity, unless among their Wives, and other city Sinners; and if you search all the Warehouses and Shops from *White-chappel* Bars to St. *Clement*'s if it were to save a Man's Life, or a Woman's Honesty, you cannot find one Farthing-worth of *Wit* among them.

Some drive this Heathenish Word *Trade* from a *Hebrew* Original, and call it *over-reaching*; but the *Jews* deny it, and say the name and Thing is wholly *Christian*; and for this Interpretation quote the Authority of a *London Alderman*, who sold a *Jew* five Fatts of right-handed Gloves without any Fellows to them, and afterwards

terwards made him purchase the Left-handed ones to match them, at double the Value.

Some call *Trade honest Gain*, and to make it more palatable, have lacker'd it with the name of *Godliness*; and hence it comes to pass, that the generality of *Londoners* are counted such eminent Professors; but of all Guessers he comes neareſt the Mark that said, Trade was playing a Game at *Losing Loadum*, or dropping *Fools* Pence into *Knaves* Pockets, till the *Sellers* were rich, and the *Buyers* were Bankrupts.

That magnificent Building there, which stands in the middle of *London*, is for the accommodation of the *Lady Trade*, and her Heirs and Successors for ever, and is so full of amusements about twelve a clock every Day, that one would think all the World was converted into News-mongers and Intelligencers; for that's the first Salutation among all mankind that frequent that Place: What news from *Scandaroon* and *Aleppo?* says the Turkey Merchant. What Price bear Currants at *Zant?* Apes at *Tunis?* Religion at *Rome?* Cutting a Throat at *Naples?* Whores at *Venice?* and the cure of a Clap at *Padua?*

What news of such a Ship? says the *Insurer*. Is there any hopes of her being cast away, says the *Adventurer*, for I have insur'd more by a thousand pounds than I have in her? So have I through Mercy, say a second, and therefore let's leave a Letter of Advice for the Master, at the New light-house at *Plymouth*, that he does not fail to touch at the *Good-win Sands*, and give us advice of it from *Deal* or *Canterbury*, and he shall have another Ship for his faithful service as soon as he comes to *London*.

I have a Bill upon you, Brother, says one *Alderman* to another. Go home, Brother, says the other, and if Money and my Man be absent, let my wife pay you out of her *Privy-purse*, as your *Good Wife* lately *paid a Bill at sight for me*, I thank her Ladyship.

Hark you, Mr. *Broker*, I have a parcel of excellent Log-wood, Block-tin, Spiders Brains, Philosophers Guts, *Don Quixot*'s Wind-mills, Hens teeth, Ell-broad Packthread, and the Quintescence of the Blue of Plumbs. Go you puppy, you are fit to be a Broker, and don't know

know that the *Greshamites* buy up all these Rarities by Wholesale all the Year, and Retail them out to the Society every First of *April*.

Hah, Old Acquaintance! Touch Flesh: I have been seeking thee all the *Change* over. I have a pressing Occasion for some Seeds of Sedition, *Jacobite Rue*, and *Whig Herb o' Grace*, can'st furnish me? Indeed lau, no, saith the Merchant, I have just parted with them to the several Coffee-houses about the Town, where the respective Merchants meet, that Trade in those Commodities; but if you want but a small Parcel, you may be supplied by Mrs. *Bald——n*, or *Dar——y*, and his Son-in-Law *Bel and Clapper*, and most Booksellers in *London* and *Westminster*. Da, da, I'll about it immediately. Stay a little Mr. —— I have a Word in Private to you. If you know any of our *Whig* Friends that have Occasion for any Stanch Votes for the Choice of Mayors or Sheriffs, that were calculated for the Meridian of *London*, but will serve indifferently for any City or Corporation in *Europe*, our Friend Mr *Pat——l* has Abundance that lye upon his Hands, and will be glad to dispose of them a good Pennyworth. Enough, said the other, They are no Winter's Traffick; for though Mayors and Woodcocks come in about *Michaelmas*, they don't lay Springs for Sheriffs till about *Midsummer*, and then we'll talk with him about these weighty Matters.

There stalks a Sergeant and his Mace, smelling at the Merchants Backsides, like a Hungry Dog for a Dinner.

There walks a Publick *Notary* tied to an Inkhorn, like an Ape to a Clog, to put off his Heathen-Greek Commodities, Bills of Store, and Charter-Parties.

That wheezing Sickly Shew, with his Breeches full of the Prices of Male and Female Commodities, Projects, Complaints, and all Mismanagements from *Dan* to *Beersheba*, is the *Devil's Broker*, and may spoken withal every *Sunday*, from Eleven in the Morning till Four in the Afternoon, at the *Quakers-Meeting*, or his Lodging, and not after; for the rest of his Time on that Day he imploys in adjusting his Accompts, and playing at *Back-gammon* with his Principal. There goes a *Rat-catcher* in State, brandishing his Banner, like a Black-

amoor in a Pageant, on the Execution Day of Roast-Beef, greasy Geese, and Custards. And there sneaks a Hunger-starv'd *Usurer* of a Druggist, in Quest of a crazy Citizen for *Use* or *Continuance-Money*, whom the other shuns as carefully as a Serjeant, and avoids with as much Industry as he does making up his Accompts with God Almighty.

Now say I to my *Indian*, Is not all this *Hodge-podge* a pleasant Confusion, and a perfect Amusement? The astonish'd Traveller replied, Without doubt the indigested *Chaos* was but an imperfect Representation of this congregated Huddle. But what most amuses my Understanding is, to hear 'em speak all Languages, and talk of nothing but *trucking* and *bartering*, *buying* and *selling*, *borrowing* and *lending*, *paying* and *receiving*; and yet I see nothing they have to dispose of, unless those that have 'em sell their Gold Chains, the Brasiers their Leather Aprons, the young Merchants their Swords, or the old ones their Canes and Oaken Plants, that support their feeble Carcases. That *Doubt*, quoth I to my inquisitive *Indian*, is easily resolv'd, for though their grosser Wares are at Home in their Store-houses, they have many things of Value to truck for, which they always carry about 'em; as, *Justice* for *fat Capons*, to be delivered before Dinner; a *Reprieve* from the Whipping-post for a *Dozen Bottles of Claret* to drink after it; *Licences* to sell Ale for a *Hogshead of Stout* to his Worship; and *Leave* to keep a Coffee-house, for a *Cask of Cold Tea* to his Lady. Name but what you want, and I'll direct you to the Walks where you shall find the Merchants that will furnish you. Would you buy the *Common Hunt*, the *Common Cryer*'s, the *Bridge-master*'s, or the *Keeper of Newgate*'s Places? Stay till they fall, and a Gold Chain and great Horse will direct you to the Proprietors. Would you buy any naked Truth, or Light in a dark Lanthorn? Look in the *Wet-Quakers* Walk. Have you Occasion for Comb-brushes, Tweetzers, Cringes or Compliments *A la mode?* The *French Walk* will supply you. Want you old Cloaks, plain Shoes, or formal Gravity? You may fit your self to a Cow's-Thumb among the *Spaniards* Have you any Use in your Country for upright *Honesty* or downright *Dealing?* You may

may buy Plenty of 'em both among the *Stockjobbers*, for they are dead Commodities, and that Society are willing to quit their Hands of 'em. Would you lay out your *Indian Gold* for a *new Plantation?* Enquire for the *Scotch Walk*, and you'll buy a good Pennyworth in *Darien*. Three of your own Kings for as many new Hats, and all their nineteen Subjects into the Purchase, to be delivered at the *Scotch East-Indian-Office*, by Parson *Paterson*, or their Secretary *Wisdom Webster*. If you want any Tallow, Rapparees Hides, or *Popish* Massacres, enquire in the *Irish Walk*, and you cannot loose your Labour: But I am interrupted.

Look yonder's a *Jew* treading upon an *Italian*'s Foot, to carry on a Sodomitical Intrigue, and Bartering their Souls here for Fire and Brimstone in another World.

See, there's a Beau that has played away his Estate at a Chocolate House, going to sell himself to *Barbadoes*, to keep himself out of *Newgate*, and from scandalizing his Relations at *Tyburn*.

There's a Poet reading his Verses, and squeezing his Brains into an amorous Cit's Pockets, in hopes of a Tester to buy himself a Dinner.

Behind that Pillar is a *Welch Herauld* deriving a Merchant's Pedigree from *Adam*'s Great Grandfather, to entitle him to a Coat of Arms, when he comes to be an Alderman.

Take notice of that tall black Gentleman; there is scarce a Merchant Ship at Sea, but he has a Share in her, and scarce a Corporation in *England* that he has not been tampering with for the Choice of M—b—rs of P——. Would you think a Man of his Appearance had been brought upon his Knees before the H—— of C——, or that a Person of so goodly and wise an Aspect could be spew'd out of a Place, where only *Wise Men* should meet together? But more unlikely things have come to pass, witness that Merry A—— Fortune there, who has neither Parts nor Countenance to recommend him to any Conversation but that of the Fair Sex, yet he keeps his Place, and *represents* the Town that chuse him to a Miracle. Say that he came in by Bribery if you dare, his Gifts are Acts of Charity, and 'tis Heretical to say that he is not a godly, conscient ous Man, in making him-

self *Great* by providing for the Poor. He give Money! 'Tis no such thing, he *builds Houses*, in order to get *into one*, and pull down our Constitution. A pleasant sort of a Spark! the Mayor and Aldermen of *R——d——g* can never want a Representative while spinning of Flax goes on so merrily among 'em, nor the City of *L——* want a *M——*, while such as he are suffer'd to set up for Chief Magistrates. However, his Wife has another Opinion of him; and she that shewed her Wisdom in the Choice of such a *Husband*, thinks he shews his in being chosen for such a *C— p—ration*. But that unaccountable Knight there has more Comedy in him than all his Fellow Citizens besides. Ask on what Day the New War with *France* and *Spain* is to be proclaim'd? he'll tell you he knows the Time to a Second of a Minute; desire to know of him when the King comes over from *Holland*, or whereabouts in the *Netherlands* the first Hostilities will break out? and he'll lay *Ten* to *One* he points out the *Time* and *Place* to you. Would you be told what he is worth? you are to be inform'd he is better stock'd with Projects than any *New-East-Indian* of 'em all; and where he chiefly signaliz'd his Courage? you'll be answer'd, in the famous Campaign the City Regiment made, and at *Tunbridge*, where a damn'd unlucky Pippin made him *save himself* after he had *lost his Money*. As he was made a *Knight* from a *News-monger*, so he is again become a Gamester from a Sh——, and if I were to venture a Wager on his Side, it should be, that the first thing he did was to *lay* one, neither would I refuse to go his Halves, would he make these Conditions on which he ventur'd his Money, *viz.* That the Corporation of *B——b——r* in *Sussex*, and *S—d—ch* in *Kent* don't know his Abilities so well as I do: That he is not Master of those Fortunes which the World thinks him to be, nor Possessor of that Magazine of Brains he himself would have us think he is; That whatever he has done by Way of Stock-jobbing other Commodities, the L——ds D— S— and *H——* can witness from his Conversation at *Garraway's*, he never monopoliz'd Wit, or engross'd any thing like it to his own Use. These Propositions would bring us both in Money, and his *Sagacity* would run a less risque in lay-

laying on their Side, than he did some Years since about the Siege of *Namur*. But he has got some Wager in his Head, and is march'd off with his Chapman to a *Publick Notary* to confirm it: And so much for Sir *H*——

Why first here is a *Ship* to be sold, with all her Tackle and Lading. There are virtuous Maidens that are willing to be transported with *William Penn* into *Maryland*, for the Propagation of *Quakerism*. In another is a *Tutor* to be hir'd, to instruct any Gentleman's or Merchant's Children in their own Families: And under that an Advertisement of a *Milch-Ass*, to be sold at the Night-Man's in *White-chapel*. In another Column in a *Gilded Frame* was a Chamber-Maid that wanted a Service; and over her an Old Batchelor that wanted a Housekeeper. On the Sides of these were two less Papers, one containing an Advertisement of a Red headed Monkey, lost from a Seed-shop in the *Strand*, with two Guineas Reward to him or her that shall bring him Home again with his Tail and Collar on. On the other Side was a large Folio fill'd with wet and dry Nurses; and Houses to be lett; and Parrots, Canary-Birds, and setting Dogs to be sold.

Having no Occasion for Wet-Nurses, *&c.* since my Children sat by other Folks Fires; and being desirous to give my *Indian* a sight of the most remarkable things my time would allow me, we squeez'd out of a Throng of Cuckolds, and went to make a Visit to the *Madmen* in *Morefields*.

Bedlam is a pleasant Piece, that it is, and abounds with Amusements; the first of which is the building so stately a Fabrick for Persons wholly unsensible of the Beauty and Use of it: The Outside is a perfect Mockery to the Inside, and admits of two amusing Queries, Whether the Persons that ordered the Building of it, or those that inhabit it, were the maddest? And whether the Name and Thing be not as disagreeable as Harp and Harrow? But what need I wonder at that, since the whole is but one entire Amusement? Some were praying, others cursing and swearing. Some were dancing, others groaning. Some singing, others crying, and all in perfect Confusion. A sad Representation of the greater *Chimerical World!* only in this there's no whor-

ing, cheating, or sleeping, unless after the *Platonick* Mode, in Thought, for want of Action. However, any Gentleman that is dispos'd for a *Touch* of the Times, may take his Choice for the Price of a Penny, which is *Cerberus*'s Fee at the Entry; or any Lady that has got the *Frurigo Copulandi* has a Spark at her Service to be found walking here any time of the Day. Is your Wife, or your Daughter *mad* for something that shall be nameless? Send 'em hither to be made *sober*; or has any one a Relation Male or Female that's overbashful? Let not either him or her despair of a Cure, for here are Guests enough to teach 'em to part with their Modesty. As the Buildings took their Magnificence from a Palace at *Paris*, so the Company that resort to make Assignations within 'em, very often bring off the *Parisian* Distemper from the bottled Ale and Cheesecakes, which are eaten after they are coupled and gone out of 'em; and if we have been witty upon the *French* in giving *Bedlam* the Resemblance of the *Louvre*, they have been even with us to a Witness, by making a Present of a Disease to us, which may be bargain'd for with no more Difficulty than half a Turn in the *Long Gallery*. Here were *Persons* confined, that having no Money nor Friends, and but a small Stock of Confidence, run mad for want of Preferment. A *Poet* that, for want of Wit and Sense, run mad for want of Victuals; and a Hard-favour'd *Citizen's Wife*, that lost her Wits because her *Husband* had so little as to let her know that he kept a handsom Mistress. In this Apartment was a *Common Lawyer* pleading; in another a *Civilian* sighing; a third enclosed a *Jacobite* ranting against the Revolution; and a fourth a morose Melancholy *Whig*, bemoaning his want of an Office, and complaining against Abuses at Court, and Mismanagements. A fifth had a comical sort of a Fellow, that was laughing at his Physician Doctor *Tyson*, for his great Skill in *Taciturnity*; and a sixth, had a *Cantabrigian* Organist for his Tenant, that had left Sonnet and Madrigal for Philosophy, and had lost his *Senses* for a Fool, while he was in pursuit of *Knowledge*. How now! said I, honest Friend, what dost thou think of *Materia Prima*, and the rest of the pretended *Entities*? I think, said he, if you

you thought of 'em at all you would ask a more pertinent Question, for I am mad because I know nothing of the Matter, when thou art so much in love with Ignorance, thou wouldst have lost thy Wits if thou hadst. I expected not such a home Reply from a *Bedlamite*, and without any more to do with such a Spark, left him railing against the Sin of murthering Lice, and shewing his Detestation against eating good Roast Mutton, as a Cruelty to the Creatures, to take a Sight of a young Fellow quite dumfounded with Love. Poor Lad, his Mother and two Sisters that are Milliners in *Oxford*, I dare swear, will never keep him Company; for they know a Trick worth two of his, and have often experimented that *if one won't, another will.* Here was *Bishop* the Quaker, and an Audience of *modest* Women peeping through their Fingers, to see whether his Notes were written in *Legible Characters* or no; and there was a Shopkeeper's Wife retailing out the Sight of the best in Christendom, for a Half-Penny a Head to young Templers, *Morefields* Sharpers, and old Citizens that had taken the Opportunity of their Wives being abroad, and being ready to run mad themselves, were come to divert themselves with the Sight of those that were actually so.

Missing many others, who I thought deserved a Lodging among their Brethren, I made Enquiry after them, and was told by the Keeper, they had many other Houses of the same Foundation in the City, where they were disposed till they grew *Tamer*, and were qualifyed to be admitted Members of this *sober er* Society. The Projectors, who are generally broken Citizens, were coop'd up in the *Counters* and *Ludgate*. The Beaux, and Rakes, and Common mad Jilts, that labour under a *Furor Uterini* in *Bridewell*, and Justice *Long*'s Powdering-Tub; and the *Virtuosi* were confined to *Gresham College*. Those, continued he, in whose Constitutions Folly has the Ascendant over Frenzy, are permitted to reside, and be smoaked in Coffee-Houses; and those that by the Governours of this Hospital, are thought utterly incurable, are shut up with a pair of Foils, a Fiddle, and a Pipe, in the Inns of Court and Chancery; and when their Fire and Spirits are exhausted, and they be-

gin to dote, they are removed by *Habeas Corpus* into a certain Hoſpital built for that Purpoſe near *Amen-Corner*.

Walking from hence, I had Leiſure to ask my *Indian* his Opinion of theſe Amuſements? who after the beſt Manner his Genius would ſuffer him, harangued upon Deficiency of Senſe, as the only beneficial Quality, ſince the bare Pretence to *Wit* was attended by ſuch Tragical Misfortunes, as Confinement to Straw, ſmall Drink, and Flogging.

Hearing a Noiſe, and ſome Approaches of Nonſenſe that always bears it Company, where ſhould we ſtep but into *Cripplegate* Church, and whom ſhould I ſee pearch'd up in a Pulpit, but honeſt *Orthodox E—S—*, as knowing a Divine as ever P—— with a Bible in his Pocket, a ſpreading the Word very dexterouſly. Hey day! cry'd I, nonjuring *Man* has left off cheating People in a *Coat*, to put Tricks upon the World in a *Gown!* I wiſh his *Dutch* Merchant were here to be one of his Auditors, that he might be ſatisfy'd the Reverend Dr. is not ſuch a Man he reports him to be. He laid forth the Bleſſings of a handſome Wife moſt emphatically, and I expected every Minute to hear when the City Knave would have *invited* his Male Auditors home to ſee *his*, according to ancient Cuſtom; but he's grown more Politick ſince he had father'd *Æſop* at *Tunbridge*, and was abundantly more reſerv'd, ſince he had read over thoſe two laborious Works, the *Whole Duty of Man epitomiz'd*, and Dr. *Taylor's Holy Living and Dying:* And 'twould have done a Man under Poetical Circumſtances, good, to think how powerfully he laid himſelf out, to perſwade his Hearers to be charitable to the Poor, as if he was begging for himſelf, and reading his own Wants to the Audience in the Life his own *unhappy Mendicant*. 'Slife, thought I, we muſt drink together, but imagining from the Drift of his Diſcourſe the Parſon was Pennyleſs, away went I up *Redcroſs-ſtreet*, leaving him to come down his own *borrow'd* Pulpit, as ſoon as he had finiſhed his *borrow'd* Harangue, to make the beſt of his Way to his Eloquent and Reverend Brother, and deliver the *Gown* he *borrow'd* of him, on ſuch an emergent Occaſion, as ſhewing his Parts.

Now

Now I, that am always more scared at the Sight of a *Sergeant* or *Bailiff*, than at the Devil and all his Works, was mortally frighted in my Passage through *Barbican* and *Long-lane*, by the Impudent *Rag-sellers* in those scandalous Climates, who laid hold of my Arm to ask me *what I lack'd?* At first it made me tremble worse than a Quaker in a Fit of *Enthusiasm*, imagining it had been an Arrest, and was just asking the Customary Question, *At whose Suit?* But their Rudeness continuing at every Door, relieved me from those Pannick Fears; and the next that attacked my Arm with *What d' ye buy, Sir, What d' ye lack?* I threw him from my Sleeve into the Kennel, saying, though I want nothing out of your Shops, methinks you all want good Manners and Civility, that are ready to tear a new Suit from my Back, under Pretence of selling me an old one; Avant Vermine, your Cloaths smell as rankly of *Newgate* and *Tyburn*, as the Bedding to be sold at the *Ditchside* near *Fleet-street* smells of a *Bawdy-house* and *Brandy*.

Smithfield would have afforded us a great Variety of Objects, but it being neither *Bartholomew-Fair* time, nor any of the chief Market-days, I passed through the Quarters of the Jockeys and Graziers, and taking the clancular Roads, that were most agreeable to my Circumstances, I went through *Baldwin's Gardens*, and whom should I see standing at the Door of the *Hole in the Wall*, but an old Acquaintance of mine, an honest *Dear Joy*, that had taken the House; and as the Gentlemen of that Country are famous for being Men of particular Ceremony, so the first Word that came from him, was, *Master, I am your very Humble Servant*; and the next, *Hey, you Bastard you*, on Account of my putting a Civil Question, relating to two young Ladies looking through their Fingers at him.

He was immediately for *presenting me with a Tankard*; and down my Fellow-Traveller and I sat our selves, when I found my Neighbour *K*---- had been new christened since I saw him last, and was made a Commission-Officer by the Name of Captain *Whip 'em*, I made no Enquiry after the *Etymology* of his new Title, but judg'd he had been *whipping* it in with the Gentlewomen before mentioned, though 'twas not convenient to tell him so, lest

his Wife should watch his Waters more narrowly than she had done, which might have been no small Grief to the two virtuous Ladies, and a great Disappointment to a Man of his known Modesty. I'll say that for the Man, his Liquor was the best of the sort that ever I drank, had his Company been answerable to it, but there was such a Jargon of Contradictions among 'em, such a Difference of Trades and Opinions, and such an unintelligible Captain among 'em, that my poor *Indian* and I were in a perfect Wilderness. *To pay there*, said I, and so left the witty Dogs by themselves, and a Bookbinder talking about the Adventures of *him and two or three more Gentlemen*, to make the best of my Way through *Gray's-Inn*, where I met with nothing material.

This was all we entertained our selves with, before we came to the *Play-House*.

AMUSEMENT IV.

The Play-House.

THE *Play-House* is an inchanted Island, where nothing appears in Reality what it is, nor what it should be. 'Tis frequented by Persons of all Degrees and Qualities whatsoever, that have a great deal of idle Time lying upon their Hands, and can't tell how to employ it worse. Here *Lords* come to laugh, and to be laughed at for being there, and seeing their Qualities ridiculed by every Triobolary Poet. Knights come hither to learn the amorous Smirk, the *Alamode* Grin, the antick Bow, the newest fashioned Cringe, and how to adjust their Phiz, to make themselves as ridiculous by Art as they are by Nature.

Hither come the Country Gentlemen to shew their Shapes, and trouble the Pit with their Impertinence about Hawking, Hunting, and their handsome Wives, and their Housewifery.

There sits a *Beau* like a Fool in a Frame, that dares not stir his Head, nor move his Body, for Fear of incommoding his Wig, ruffling his Cravat, or putting his Eyes or Mouth out of the Order his *Maitre de dance* set it in; whilst a *Bully Beau* comes drunk into the Pit, screaming out, *Damn me*, Jack, *'tis a confounded Play, let's*

let's to a Whore *and spend our time better.* Here the Ladies come to shew their Cloaths, which are often the only things to be admired in or about 'em. Some of them having scabbed, or pimpled Faces, wear a thousand Patches to hide them, and those that have none, scandalize their Faces by a foolish Imitation. Here they shew their Courage by being unconcerned at a *Husband* being *poison'd*, a *Hero* being *killed*, or a Passionate Lover being jilted: And discover their Modesties by standing buff at a baudy Song, or naked obscene Figure. By the Signs that both sexes hang out, you may know their Qualities or Occupations, and not mistake in making your Addresses. Men of *Figure* and Consideration are known by seldom being there, and men of *Wisdom* and Business, by being always absent. The L——D is known by his Ribbon, and *T— D—* or some other Impertinent Poet, talking Nonsense to him; the *L——* by sitting on the *Kit-Cat* Side, and *Jacob Tonson* standing Door-keeper for him; the rest of the Witty No——ity have their several distinguishing Characteristicks; and those that are the easiest things to be *understood* in the Universe: As for Instance, that *Toaster* there, is it possible he can give a Judgment of the Beauties of a Play, while he is wholly taken up in surveying those of the Ladies? Or that incorrigible Fop know any thing of the Matter, that is taking such Pains not to know himself, as to be carried away with the Thoughts that all Eyes were fixed upon him on Account of his amazing Perfections, when the quite contrary Cause diverts the Audience from what they came to take a View of?

Would you think that little *Lap-dog* in Scarlet there, has Stomach enough to digest a Guinea's worth of Entertainment at *Pontack*'s every Dinner-time, or that odoriferous *Time-server* there, had nothing he so much laid to Heart, as the Disappointment of not having his Whore brought to him at the *Fountain Tavern*, after the Curtain is let down again?

Hey-day! what have we here? A Dutchess and a Dutchman together, *Pepper* and *Vinegar* on my Conscience, only 'tis a difficult time of the Year, and People that lye so close together are warm enough without any such Matters to heat 'em. But that *Poet* there that shews

shews his Assiduity by following yonder Actress, is the most entertaining sort of an Animal imaginable. But 'tis *the Way of the World*, to have an Esteem for the fair Sex, and she looks to a Miracle when she is acting a Part in one of his own Plays. Would not any one think it pity she should not have an Humble Servant, when that Mrs. *Abigail* there, who is one of her Attendants, can be brought to bed of a Living Child without any Manner of notice taken of her. Look upon him once more: I say, if she goes to her *Shift*, 'tis Ten to One but he follows her, not that I would say for never so much, to take up her *Smock*; he dines with her almost ev'ry Day, yet she's a *Maid*; he rides out with her, and visits her in Publick and Private, yet she's a *Maid*; if I had not a particular Respect for her, I should go near to say he lyes with her, yet she's a *Maid*. Now I leave the World to judge whether it be his or her Fault that she has so long kept her *Maidenhead*, since Gentlemen of his Profession have generally *a greater Respect for the Ladies than that comes to*.

Now for that Majestical *Man* and *Woman* there, stand off, there is no coming within a Hundred Yards of their High Mightinesses. They have revolted like the *Dutch* from their once Lords and Masters, and are now set up for Sovereigns themselves. See what a Deference is paid 'em by the rest of the cringing Fraternity, from fifty down to ten Shillings a Week; and you must needs have a more than ordinary Opinion of their Abilities. Should you lye with her all Night, she would not know you next Morning unless you had another five Pounds at her Service; or go to desire a Piece of Courtesy of him, you must attend longer than at a Secretary's of State. His Gravity will not permit him to give you Audience till the Statelineſs of his Countenance is rightly adjusted, and all his high swelling Words are got in Readiness: Nor will her celebrated Modesty suffer her almost to speak to an Humble Servant, without a Piece or two to rub her Eyes with, and to conceal her Blushes, while she *sluggishly* goes through a Vacation she might take more Pains in, did she not grudge a *Pennyworth* for a *Penny*.

There

There are two Sets of these Histrionical Entertainers, and I should be too partial should I not divide my Thoughts equally between 'em; both are called his *Majesty's Servants*, yet neither have done any *Service* to their *King* or *Country*, if we may take Mr. *Collier*'s Word, or the Affidavits of a Multitude of a décay'd *Beaux*, who have been undone, and afterwards laughed at by 'em.

Do but take notice of that scornful Piece of Flesh there; does not she tread the Stage as haughtily as if she knew no such thing as Condescension to the Desires of any Man breathing, yet she was soundly beaten by a Spark of hers, for *opening her Legs to another* Humble Servant. I would not for the Wealth of the *Indies*, divulge any Harm to her, but a Person might say without the help of a Prophetick *Cassandra*, that it will not be for want of shewing her Endeavours for the Publick good, that she does not bring his Majesty a new Subject into the World this Year, as she did the last; and I dare swear that her ingenious Friend Mr. *S*———, though his Modesty will not permit him to be the Father of it, will be ready at all times and Seasons to fetch out the Velvet Petticoat, that may occasionally be in Trouble, on Account of the Decency of her next Lying-in.

From this Lady, that is always quarrelsome with the Prompter, and who has enough of that Grand Issue in the middle of her, without any other Disturbances of that Nature about her, it falls out of Course, that we pay our Respects to that bewitching Creature, that has entangled a very great Man into her Noose; and from so mean a Beginning as Pippins, small Nuts and Gingerbread, has the Honour to have a Nobleman wear her Chains. The virtuous Gentlewoman before mentioned was lineally descended from a Retailer of *Rumps* and *Kidneys*, and had greater Pretensions from her Birth to the Smiles of *Fortune*, than her hypocritical *Ladyship* that owes her being to a *Mother*, who, poor Woman, would not be forced to beg, were she as *young* a bit of Flesh as her Daughter, had she as much natural Affection for a *Parent* as she has for a *Gallant*.

Away with her, cryed out the Indian, *if she's unnatural, she's no Mistress for me; but it's a Custom among you*

Westminster Hall

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The *Stage* has now so great a Share of Atheism, Impudence, and Prophaneness, that it looks like an Assembly of *Demons*, directing the Way *Hellward*; and the more blasphemous the *Poets* are, the more are they admired even from huffing *Dryden* to sing-song *D' Urfey*, who always stutters at *Sense*, and speaks plain when he swears. What are all their new Plays but damned insipid dull *Farces*, confounded toothless *Satyr*, or plaguy *rhimy Plays*, with scurvy Heroes, worse than the *Knight of the Sun*, or *Amadis de Gaul*? They are the arrant'st *Plagiaries* in Nature; and, like our common *News Writers*, steal from one another.

When a *Humour* takes in *London*, they ride it to death e'er they leave it: The *Primitive Christians* were not persecuted with half that Variety as the poor *Unthinking Beaus* are tormented with upon the Theatre: *Character* they supply with a smutty *Song*, *Humour* with a *Dance*, and *Argument* with *Lightning* and *Thunder*, which has oft reprieved many a scurvy Play from *Damning*. A huge great Muff, and a gaudy Ribbon hanging at a Bully's Backside, is an excellent Jest, and new-invented Curses, as, *Stap my Vitals*, *Damn my Diaphragm*, *Slit my Windpipe*, *Sink me Ten Thousand Fathom-deep*, rig up a new Beau, though in the Main 'tis but the same everlasting Coxcomb, and there's as much Difference between their *Rhimes* and *solid Verse*, as between the Royal *Psalmist* and *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, with their Collars of *Ay's* and *Eke's* about 'em. Wherefore let us take a Voyage into the *Land of Wit*, since there is so little stirring now-a-days in the *Play-house*, and make an Inspection into the Growth of that Commodity elsewhere.

AMUSEMENT V.

Westminster-Hall.

A Magnificent Building, which is open to all the World, and yet in a Manner is shut up, by the prodigious Concourse of People, who crowd and sweat to get in or out; and happy are they that don't leave their *Lives*, *Estates*, or *Consciences* behind 'em. Here we entered into a great *Hall*, where my *Indian* was surprized to see,

in

in the same Place, Men on the one Side with Baubles and Toys, and the other taken up with the Fear of *Judgment*, on which depends their inevitable Destiny.

In this Shop are to be sold *Ribbons*, *Gloves*, *Towers* and *Commodes*, by Word of Mouth; in another Shop *Lands* and *Tenements* are dispos'd of by Decree. On your left Hand you hear a nimble-tongu'd painted *Seamstress*, with her charming Treble invite you to buy some of her Knick-knacks; and on your right a deep-mouth'd Cryer commanding Impossibilities, *viz.* Silence to be kept among Women and Lawyers. What a fantastical Jargon does this heap of Contrarieties amount to? While our Traveller is making his Observations upon this motly Scene, he's frighted at the terrible Approaches of a Multitude of Men in black Gowns and round Caps, that make betwixt 'em a most hideous and dreadful Monster called *Petty-fogging*, of which there is such Store in *England*, that the People think themselves oblig'd to pray for the *Egyptian* Locusts and Caterpillars, in Exchange for this kind of Vermin: And this Monster bellows out so pernicious a Language, that one Word alone is sufficient to ruin whole Families.

Here's honest, good natur'd, modest Mr. *S*——*l*, that has done by the Council on the opposite Side, as the *King of* France *did by the Confederates*; and there a worshipful R—— drawing up *Indictments*; with no less than twenty Flaws in 'em at a time: That Breach directs you to a Judge's Favourite fingering the Pence, as if he deserv'd it from his great Knowledge in the Law, rather than his Interest: and that C——t of J——ce there up in the Corner, points Men of some Characters out to you, that are for holding out their Hands to *Plaintiff* and *Defendant*. At certain Hours appointed, there appear grave and dauntless Men, whose very Sight's enough to give one a *Quartan Ague*, and who lay this *Monster* on his Back; scarce a Day passes over their Heads but they rescue out of his greedy Jaws some Thousands of Acres half devoured.

This cursed *Petty-fogging* is much more to be fear'd than *Injustice* it self; the latter openly undoes us, and affords us at least this Comfort, That we have a Right to bewail our selves; but the former by its dilatory Formalities,

ities, robs us of all we have, and tells us for our eternal Despair, that we suffer by Law.

Justice, if I may so express my self, is a beautiful young Virgin disguis'd, brought on the Stage by the *Pleader*, pursu'd by the *Attorney*, cajol'd by the *Counsellor*, and defended by the *Judge*.

Some pert Critick will tell me now, that I have lost my way in Digressions: Under Favour, this Critick is in the wrong Box, for Digressions properly belong to my Subject, since they are all *nothing but Amusement*; and this is a Truth so *uncontested*, that I am resolved to *continue* 'em.

By way of *Digression* I must here inform you, that in all those Places of my Voyage where the *Indian* perplexes me with his Questions, I will drop him, as I have already done, to pursue my *own Reflections*; upon this *Condition* however, that I may be allow'd to take him up again when I'm weary of travelling alone. I will likewise make bold to quit the Metaphor of my Voyage, whenever the Fancy takes me; for I am so far from *confining* my self, like a Slave, to one particular Figure, that I will keep the Power still in my Hands, to change, if I think fit, at every Period, my Figure, Subject and Stile, that I may be less tiresome to the Modern Reader; for I know well enough, that Variety is the *predominant Taste* of the present Age.

Although nothing is durable in this *transitory World*, yet 'tis observ'd that this Saying proves false in *Westminster-Hall*, where there are things of *eternal Continuance*, as Thousands have found true by woful Experience; I mean *Chancery Suits*. Certain Sons of Parchment, call'd *Sollicitors* and *Barristers* make it their whole Business to keep the *Shuttlecock* in Motion, and when one Hand is weary, they play it into another: 'Tis the chiefest Part of their Religion to keep up and animate the Differences among their Clients, as 'twas with the *Vestal Virgins* in the *Days of Yore*, to maintain the sacred Fire.

'Tis a most surprizing thing, that notwithstanding all the Clamour, Squauling and Bauling there is in the Courts, yet you shall have a Judge now and then take as comfortable a Nap on the *Bench*, as if we were at *Church*;

and

and every honest *Christian* has Reason to pray, that as often as a Cause comes to be heard, the Judges of ancient Times were awake, and the modern fast asleep. However, this must be said for them, that they are righteous enough in their Hearts; but the Devil on't is, that they can't tell which Way to take to instruct themselves in the Merits of the Cause. The *Contending Parties* are suspected by them, the *Sollicitor* embroils them, the *Counsellor* deafens them, the *Attorney* importunes them, and the *She-Sollicitor* distracts them. Well, let what will happen on't, give me for my Money the *Female Sollicitor*.

A certain Judge in the *Days of Yore* made his boast, that *the most charming Woman in the World was not able to make him forget that he was a Judge*. *Very likely, Sir*, said a Gentleman to him, *but I'll lay Twenty to one on Nature's side*. The Magistrate was a Man before he was a *Judge*; the first Motion he finds is for the *She Sollicitor*, and the second is for *Justice*.

A very beautiful *Countess* went to a morose surly Judge's Chamber, to prepossess him in Favour of a very unrighteous Cause, and to sollicite for a *Colonel* against a *Tradesman* that sued him: This *Tradesman* happened that very Moment to be in his Lordship's Closet, who found his Cause to be so just and clear, that he could not forbear to promise him to take care he should carry the Day.

The Words were no sooner out of his Mouth, but our charming *Countess* appear'd in the Antichamber. The *Judge* immediately ran as fast as his gouty Legs would give him leave, to meet her Ladyship; her *Eyes*, *Air*, and *graceful Deportment*, the Sound of her *Voice*, so many *Charms*, in short, pleaded so powerfully in her Favour, that at the first *Moment* he found the *Man* too powerful for the *Judge*, and he promised our *Countess* the *Collonel* should gain his *Cause*. Thus you see the poor *Judge* engag'd on *both sides*. When he came back to his Closet, he found the *Tradesman* reduc'd to the last Despair. *I saw her*, cries the Fellow almost out of his Wits; *I saw the Lady that sollicites against me, and, Lord, what a charming Creature she is! I am undone, my Lord, my Cause is lost and ruin'd. Why*, says the *Judge*,

not

not yet recover'd from his Confusion, *imagine your self in my Place, and tell me if 'tis possible for frail Man to refuse any thing so beautiful a Lady asks?* As he spoke these Words, he pull'd a Hundred Pistoles out of his Pocket, which amounted to the Sum the *Tradesman* sued for, and gave them to him. By some Means or other the *Countess* came to the Knowledge of it, and as she was virtuous even to a Scruple, she was afraid of being too much oblig'd by so generous a Judge, and immediately sent him an Hundred Pistoles. The *Colonel*, full as gallant as the *Countess*, was scrupulous, and paid her the Sum aforesaid; and thus every one did as he ought to do. The *Judge* was afraid of being unjust, the *Countess* fear'd to be too much oblig'd, the *Collonel* paid, and the *Tradesman* was satisfied: Or, according to our old *English* Adage, all was well; *Jack* had *Joan*, and *the Man had his Mare again.*

Shall I give you my Opinion of this *Judge*'s Behaviour? The first Motion he found in himself, was for the charming *Solticitrix*, which I cannot excuse him for; the Second for *Justice*, for which I admire him.

While I thus amus'd my self, my Traveller was lost in a Fog of Black Gowns: I'll go and find him. Oh, yonder he is, at the farther end of the *Hall*, I call to him, he strives to come to me, but his Breath fails him, the Crowd over-powers him, he's carried down the Stream, he swims upon his Elbows to get to Shore; at last, half spent, and dripping from every Pore of his Body, he comes up to me, and all the Relation I could get of him of what he had seen, was, *Oh, this confounded Country! let us get out of it as soon as possible, and never see it more.*

Come, come, says I to him, let's go and refresh our selves after this Fatigue; and to put the Idea of the *Hall* out of our Heads, let's go this Evening into the delicious Country, the *Walks* and Places set apart for the Publick Refreshment.

AMUSE-

AMUSEMENT VI.

The WALKS.

WE have divers Sorts of *Walks* about *London*; in some you go to see and be seen, in others neither to see nor be seen, but like a noun substantive to be felt, heard, and understood.

The Ladies that have an inclination to be private, take Delight in the close Walks of *Spring-Garden*, where both Sexes meet, and mutually serve one another as Guides to *lose* their way; and the Windings and turnings in the little Wildernesses are so intricate, that the most experienced Mothers have oft lost themselves in looking for their Daughters.

From *Spring-Garden*, we set our Faces towards *Hide-Park*, where Horses have their Diversion as well as Men, and neigh and court their Mistresses almost in as intelligible a Dialect. Here People coach it to take the Air, amidst a Cloud of Dust able to choak a Foot-Soldier, and hinder'd us from those that come thither on purpose to shew themselves; however we made hard Shift to get now and then a Glance at some of them.

Here we saw much to do about nothing; a World of brave men, guilt Coaches, and rich Liveries; within some of them were upstart Courtiers, blown up as big as Pride and Vanity could swell them, sitting as upright in their Chariots as if a stake had been driven through them. It would hurt their Eyes to exchange a Glance upon any thing that's vulgar, and that's the Reason they are so sparing of their Looks, that they will neither bow, nor move their Hats to any thing under a *Duke* or a *Dutchess*; and yet if you examine some of their Originals, a covetous Soul less Miser, or a great Oppressor, laid the Foundation of their Families, and in their retinue there are more Creditors than Servants.

See, says my *Indian*, *what a Bevy of gallant Ladies are in yonder Coaches, some are singing, others laughing, others tickling one another, and all of them toying and devouring Sweetmeat, March-Pane, and* China *Oranges. See that Lady*, says he, *Was ever any thing so black as her Eye, and so clear as her Forehead?* One would swear her

her Face had taken its Tincture from all the Beauties in Nature; and yet perhaps, answered I to my fellow-Traveller, all this is but Imposture; she might, for ought we know, go to bed last Night as ugly as a hag, tho' she now appears like an Angel; and if you did but see this Puppet taken to Pieces, she's all but Paint and Plaster.

From hence we went to take a Turn in the *Mall*. When we came into these pleasant Walks, my Fellow-Traveller was ravish'd at the most agreeable Sight in Nature; there were none but Women there that Day as it happen'd, and the Walks were covered with them. *I never* (said he to me laughing) *beheld in my Life so great a Flight of Birds: bless me! how fine they are! Friend*, reply'd I, *these are Birds to amuse one, they change their Feathers two or three times a Day.*

They are fickle and light by inclination, weak by Constitution, but never weary of Billing and Chirping. They never see the Day till the Sun is just going to set, hop always upright with one Foot upon the Ground, and touch the clouds with their proud Toppings. In a Word, the generality of Women are Peacocks when they walk, Water-Wagtails when they are within Doors, and Turtles when they meet Face to Face.

This is a bold Description of them, says my *Indian*. Pray tell me, Sir, says he, is this Portrait of them after Nature? Yes, without Question, answer'd I; but I know some Women that are superiour to the rest of their Sex, and perhaps to Men also! In relation to those, I need not say much to distinguish them, they'll do it by their virtuous Discourse and Deportment. Nothing is so hard to be defined as Women, and of all Women in the World, none are so undefinable as those of *London*. The *Spanish* Women are altogether *Spanish*, the *Italians* altogether *Italian*, the *Germans* altogether *Germans*, the *French* Women always like themselves; but among the *London* Women we find *Spaniards*, *Italians*, *Germans*, and *French*, blended together into one individual Monopoly of all Humours and Fashions. Nay, how many different Nations are there of our *English* Ladies. In the first place, there is the *Politick* Nation of your Ladies of the Town. Next the *Savage* Nation of the Country

Country Dames. Then the *Free* Nation of the Coquets. The *Invisible* Nation of the faithful Wives, (the worst Peopled of all.) The *Good-Natur'd* Nation of Wives that Cuckold their Husbands, (they are almost forced to walk upon one another's Heads, their Numbers are so prodigious.) The *Warlike* Nation of Intriguing Ladies. The *Fearful* Nation of----, but there are scarce any of them left. The *barbarous* Nation of Mothers in Law. The *Haughty* Nation of Citizens Wives, that are dignified with a Title. The *Strowling* Nation of your regular Visitants, and the Lord knows how many more; Not to reckon the *Superstitious* Nation that run after Conjurers and Fortune-Tellers. 'Tis Pity this latter sort are not lock'd up in a Quarter by themselves, and that the Nation of *Cunning* Women are not rooted out that abuse them, and set them upon doing some things which otherwise they would not.

I have suffer'd my self to be carried too far by my Subject. 'Tis a strange thing that we cannot talk of Women with a just Moderation: We either talk too much, or too little of them: We don't speak enough of *virtuous* Women, and we speak too much of those that are not so Men would do Justice to them all, if they could talk of them without Passion; but they scarce speak at all of those that are indifferent: They are prepossessed for them they love, and against them by whom they cannot make themselves to be beloved, They rank the latter in the Class of *Irregular* Women, because they are wise, and indeed wiser than they would have them be. The Railing of the Men ought to be the justification of the Women; but it unluckily falls out, that one half of the World take delight to raise scandalous Stories, and t'other half in believing them. Slander has been the Product of all Times, and all Countries; it is very near of as ancient standing in the World as Virtue. Defamation ought to be more severely punish'd than Theft. It does more Injury to Civil Societies, and 'tis a harder Matter to secure one's Reputation from a Slanderer, than one's Money from a Robber. All the World are agreed, that both one and the other are Scoundrels; yet, for all that, we esteem them when they excel in this Art. A Nice and a witty Railer is the most agreeable Person in Conversation; and he that dexterously picks another

Man's

Man's Pocket, as your Quacks and Attornies, draws the Veneration even of those who live by cutting of Purses. When one observes in what Reputation both of them live, one would be apt to say that 'tis neither Defamation nor Robbery, that we blame in others; but only their *Awkwardness* and want of Skill. They are punish'd for not being able to arrive at the Perfection of their Art.

Come, come, says my *Indian*, you ramble from your Subject; you speak of Back-biting in general, whereas at present we are only talking of that Branch of it, which belongs to Women. I would bring you back to that point, which puts me in mind of certain Laws, which were heretofore proposed by a Legislator of my Country. One of these Laws gave Permission for one Woman to slander another; in the first Place, because it is *impossible to prevent it*; and besides, because in Matters of Gallantry, she that accuses her Neighbour, might her self be accused of it in her turn, pursuant to the ancient and righteous Law of returning a *Rowland* for an *Oliver*. But how would you have a Woman quit Scores with a Man, who has publish'd disadvantageous Stories of her? Must she serve him in the same Kind? By all Means; For if Men think it a Piece of Merit to conquer Women, and Women place theirs in well defending themselves, she that gets a Lover, sings a Triumph; and she that loves, confesses her self to be conquer'd. If it were true, that the Ladies were more weak than we are, their Fall would be more excusable; but I think we are weaker than our Wives, since we expect they should pardon us, and not we them. One would think that when a Man had got a Woman into a Matrimonial Noose, 'twas enough for her to be wholly his: And by the same Reason should not the Man be wholly hers? What a Tyranny is this in the Men, to monopolize Infidelity to themselves?

But if Men will be slandering Women, let them vent their Fury against those only that are ugly, for that is neither slandering nor calumniating, though it be a Crime the Ladies will never forgive; for the generality of them are more jealous of the Reputation of their Beauties, than of their Honours; and she that wants a whole Morn-

Morning at least to bring her Face to Perfection, would be more concerned to be surpriz'd at her *Toilet*, than to be taken in the Arms of a Gallant.

I am not at all surpriz'd at this Notion, for the chief Virtue in the Ladies Cathechism is, to please; and Beauty pleases Men more effectually than Wisdom. One Man loves Sweetness and Modesty in a Woman; another loves a jolly Damsel with Life and Vigour; but Agreeableness and Beauty relishes with all human Palates. A young Woman who has no other Portion than her Hopes of pleasing, is at a Loss what Measures to take that she may make her Fortune. Is she Simple? We despise her: Is she Virtuous? We don't like her Company: Is she a Coquet? We avoid her: Therefore to succeed well in the World, 'tis necessary that she be Virtuous, Simple, and a Coquet all at once. Simplicity invites us, Coquetry amuses, and Virtue retains us. 'Tis a hard Matter for a Woman to escape the Censures of the Men. 'Tis much more so to guard themselves from the Womens Tongues. A Lady that sets up Virtue, makes her self envied; she that pretends to Gallantry, makes her self despised; but she that pretends to nothing, escapes Contempt and Envy, and saves her self between two Reputations. This Management surpasses the Capacity of a young Woman, she being exposed to two Temptations. To preserve themselves from them, they want the assistance of Reason; and 'tis their Misfortune that Reason comes not in to their Relief, till their youth and Beauty, and the Danger is gone together. Tell us why should not Reason come as soon as Beauty, since one was made to defend the other? It does not depend upon a Woman to be handsome; the only Beauty that all of them might have, and some of them, to speak modestly, often part with, is *Chastity*; but of all Beauties whatsoever, 'tis the easiest to lose. She that never was yet in love, is so asham'd of her first Weakness, that she would by all Means conceal it from others; but she does not think it worth the while to conceal the third from any body. When *Chastity* is once gone, 'tis no more to be retriv'd than Youth. Those that have lost their Chastities, assume an affected one, which is much sooner provoked than that which is real: Of which

which we had an Experiment in the close walk at the Head of *Rosamond's Pond*, where for one poor equivocal Word, a brisk She was ready to tear a Gentleman's Cravat off? who, after a farther Parley, discover'd her self to be sensible of some things which she ought to have been ignorant of, for *Modesty* Sake. A Lady of this Character was sitting on the Side of this *Pond* upon the *Grass*, with her young Sister newly come out of the Country, to whom a Spark sitting by, entertain'd her with a Relation of an amorous Adventure between my Lord——and my Lady *Love it*; but expressing himself in such obscene ambiguous Terms, that a Woman that did not know *What* was *What*, could as soon fly with a hundred Weight of Lead at her Heels, as tell what to make of it: The more obscurely the Gentleman told his Story, the more attentively did our young Creature listen to it, and discover'd her Curiosity by some simple harmless Questions. The elder of the two Sisters desirous to let the Gentleman, and others that sat by him, understand that she had more Modesty than her younger Sister, cry'd out, *Oh fie, Sister, fie; can you hear such a wicked Story as this without Blushing? Alas, Sister*, says the young Innocency, *I don't yet know what it is to blush, or what it is you mean by it.*

The Gentleman soon took the Hint, and whispering the elder Sister in the Ear, she immediately sends home the young ignorant Creature by her Footman, and tript away Hand in Hand with the Gentleman. Her cunning Management shew'd her an experienc'd *Coquet*, who observ'd a sort of *Decorum* to usher in a greater Liberty.

Every thing is manag'd in good order, by a Woman that knows her Company, and understands her Business. He that loses his Money out of Complaisance, yields place to him who lends the Lady his Coach to take the Air in. The young *Heir* begins where the ruin'd *Cully* ended. He that pays for the Collation, is succeeded by another that eats it; and when my *Lord* comes in at the Gate, poor Sir *John* must scamper out at the Window.

The green Walk afforded us Variety of Discourses from Persons of both Sexes. Here walk'd a Beau *bare-*

headed by a Company of the common Profession in Dishabile and Night-dresses; either for want of Day-Cloaths, or to shew they were ready for Business. Here walk'd a *French* Fop with both his Hands in his Pockets, carrying all his pleated Coat before to shew his Silk Breeches. There were a Cluster of Senators talking of State-Affairs, and the price of Corn and Cattle, and were disturb'd with the noisy *Milk-Folks*, crying, *A Can of Milk, Ladies; a Can of red Cow's Milk, Sir.* Here were a Bevy of Buxom Lasses complaining of the Decay of Trade, and Monopolies; and there virtuous Women railing against Whores, their Husbands, and Coquetry.

And now being weary of walking so long, we reposed our selves upon one of the Benches, and digesting several Dialogues between the modest Ladies and Coquets, made this Observation, that tho' the Coquets were despised by the Generality of *Ladies*, yet they imitate them to a Hair's-breadth in their whole Conduct. They learn of them the *Winning* Air, the *Bewitching* Glance, the *Amorous* Smirk, and the *Sullen* Pout. They *Talk*, and *Dress*, and *Patch* like them: They must needs go down the Stream. It is the Coquets that invent the new Modes and Expressions; every thing is done for them, and by them; though with all these Advantages, there's a vast Difference between them: the *Reputation of virtuous Women* is solid, that of *Coquets* is more extended. But I am sensible I have made too long a stay in this part of my Voyage; a Man always amuses himself longer with the *Women* than he is willing. Well, since we are here, let's shew our *Indian* the Horse-Guards, the Country of Gallantry. In our way thither was nothing worth our Observation, unless 'twas the Bird-Cage inhabited by Wild Fowl; the Ducks begging Charity, the Black-Guard Boys robbing their own Bellies to relieve them, and an *English Dog-kennel*, translated into a *French Eating-House*.

GALLANTRY.

LET's enter this brave Country, and see—But what is there to be seen here? Gallantry and Bravery, which was formerly so well cultivated, so flourishing and frequented by many Persons of Honour, is at present desolate

solate, unmanur'd and abandon'd; What a Desart 'tis become! Alas, I can see nothing at all in it but a disbanded Soldier mounted upon a Pedestal, standing Centinel over the Ducks and wild Geese, and to prevent an Invasion by O———'s *Spanish Pilgrims*, or *Webster's Darcinus*.

Why, says my *Indian, is that a Soldier? He has ne'er a sword, and is naked.*

I suppose, reply'd I to the *Indian*, since the Peace he has pawn'd his Sword to buy him Food; and for his being naked, who regards it? What signifies a *Soldier* in time of *Peace?* Pish! A Soldier naked, is that such a Wonder? What are they good for else but hanging or starving; when we have no Occasion for them; as has been learnedly determined by the Author of that Original Amusement, *Arguments against a Standing Army.*

Our God and Soldier we alike adore,
Just at the brink of Danger, not b fore;
After Deliv'rance, they're alike requited,
Our God's forgotten, and our Soldier's slighted.

Come, this is a Melancholy Country, let's leave amusing our selves about Gallantry and Bravery, and all at once, like Men that have nothing to Do, nor nothing to Have, take a Trip into the Land of Marriage, and see Who and Who are together: But first, What are these Soldiers doing? They look like brave Fellows.

They are (says I) drawn up to Prayers, and would be brave Men indeed, if they were half as good at Praying and Fighting, as they are at Cursing and Swearing.

AMUSEMENT VII.

MARRIAGE.

THIS a difficult Task to speak so of Marriage, as to please all People. Those who are Noos'd in the Snare, will thank me for giving a Comical Description of it. The Grand Pox eat this Buffoon, says the serious wary Husband, if he was in my Place, he would have no more Temptation to *Laugh*, than to break his Neck. If I moralize gravely upon the Inconveniencies of Matrimony, those that have a Longing to enter into that Honourable State, will complain that I dissuade them from so

charming a Condition. How then ſhall I order my Diſcourſe? For I am in great Perplexity about it.

A certain Painter made a Picture of *Hymen* for a young Lover. *I would have him drawn,* ſays this Paſſionate Gentleman, *with all the Grace your utmoſt Skill can beſtow upon him: Above all remember, that* Hymen *ought to be more beautiful than* Adonis: *You muſt put into his Hand a Flambeau more brilliant than that of* Love. *In ſhort, give him all the Charms that your Imagination and Colours can beſtow. I will pay you for your Picture, according as I find you uſe my Friend* Hymen. The Painter, who was well acquainted with his Generous Temper, was not wanting, you may be ſure, to anſwer his Expectations, and brought him home the Piece the Evening before he was married. Our young Lover was not at all ſatisfied with it. *This Figure,* ſays he, *wants a certain* Gay Air, *it has none of thoſe* Charms *and* Agreements. *As you have painted him, he makes but a very indifferent Appearance, and therefore you ſhall be but indifferently paid.*

The Painter, who had as much Preſence of Mind, as Skill in his Profeſſion, took a Reſolution what to do that very Moment: *You are in the right on't, Sir,* ſaid he, *to find fault with my Picture, it is not yet dry: This Face is* ſoak'd, *and to deal freely with you, the Colours I uſe in Paint ng don't appear worth a Farthing at firſt. I will bring you this* Table *ſome Months hence, and then you ſhall pay me, as you find it pleaſes you: I am confident it wi.l appear quite another thing then,* Sir, your Humble Servant, I have no Occaſion for Money.

The Painter carried his Piece home; our young Lover was *married* the next Day, and ſome Months went over his Head before the Painter appear'd. At laſt he brings the Picture with him, and our young Husband was ſurpriz'd when he ſaw it. *You promiſed,* ſays he, *that time wou'd mend your Picture, and you are as good as your Word. Lord, what a Difference there is? I ſwear I ſcarce know it now I ſee it again. I admire to ſee what a ſtrange effect a few Months have had upon your Colours; But I admire your Ingenuity much more. However, Sir, I muſt take the Freedom to tell you, That in my Opinion his Looks are ſomewhat of the* Gayeſt, *theſe* Eyes

Eyes *are too brisk and lively: Then to deal plain'y wi h you, the* Fires *of* Hymen *ought not to be altogether so bright as those of* Love: *for his is a solid but heavy Fire: Besides, the Disposition of your Figure is somewhat too* Free *and* Chearful, *and you have given him a certain Air of Wantonness, which let me tell you, Sir, does not at all sit well upon* —— *In short this is none of* Hymen.

Very well Sir, said the Painter, *what I foresaw is now come to pass.* Hymen *at present is not so beautiful in your Idea, as in my Picture. The Case is mightily altered from what it was three Months ago. 'Tis not my Picture, but your imagination that is changed: You were a Lover then, but now a Husband.*

I understand you very well, says the Husband interrupting him, *let us drop that Matter. Your Picture now pleases, and here is more Money for it than you could reasonably have expected. By no means,* says the Painter. *you must excuse me there; but I will give you another Picture, wherein by certain* Optick Rules *and Perspectives, it shall be so contrived, as it shall please both the* Lovers *and the* Husbands: *And perform'd it accordingly, placing it at the end of a long Gallery, upon a kind of an Alcove; and to come to this Alcove, one must first pass over a very slippery Step. On this Side of it was the Critical place where the Piece look'd so lovely and delicious; but as soon as you were gone beyond it, it made a most lamentable Figure.*

If you understand how difficult a thing it is to paint *Matrimony* to the Gust of all People, pray suspend your Censure here, I am going to present my Picture, chuse what Light you please to view it in. To come back to my travelling Stile, I must tell you at first dash, that *Marriage* is a Country that peoples all others: The *Commonalty* are more fruitful there than the *Nobility*, the Reason of which perhaps is, That the Nobility take more delight to ramble Abroad, than to stay at Home. *Marriage* has this peculiar Property annext to it, that it can alter the Humours of those that are settled in it. It frequently transforms a jolly Fellow into a meer *Sot*, it often melts down a *Beau* into an arrant *Sloven*, and on the other Hand it so happens sometimes,

that a *Witty* virtuous Woman will improve a *Dull* heavy Country *Booby* into a Man of Sense and Gallantry.

People marry for different Motives: Some are led by Portion, and others by Reason; the former without knowing what they are going to do, and the latter knowing no more, but that the thing must be done. There are Men in the World so weary of Quiet and Indolence, that they marry only to divert themselves. In the first place the *Choice* of a Woman employs them, for some time: Then Visits and interviews, Feasts and Ceremonies; but after the last Ceremony is over, they are more tired and weary than ever. How many Hundred married Couples do we see, who from the Second Year of their coming together, have nothing more in common than their Names, their Quality, their Ill-Humour, and their Misery. I don't wonder there are so many unhappy Matches, since Folks Marry either wholly of their own Heads, or wholly by those of others. A Man that marries of his own Head, not seeing that in his *Spouse* which all the World sees in her, is in Danger of seeing much more in her than others ever did.

Another that has not Courage enough to trust his own Judgment, fairly applies himself to the next *Match-maker* in the Neighbourhood, who know to a Tittle the exact Rates of the Market, and the Current Price of young Women that are fit to marry. These *Marriage-Hucksters*, or *Wife Brokers*, have an admirable Talent to sort Conditions, Families, Trades and Estates: In short, every thing together, except Humours and Inclinations, about which they never trouble themselves. By the Procurement of these experienc'd Matrons, a *Marriage* is struck up like a *Smithfield* Bargain: There is much *Higling* and *Wrangling* for t'other to beat down the Market-price. At last after a World of Words spent to a fine purpose, they come to a Conclusion.

Others that have no time to truck and bargain so, go immediately to a Scrivner's, to find out a *Rich-Widow*, as they go to the Office of Intelligence to hearken out a Service. It is not altogether the Match-maker's Fault, if you are deceived in your Woman. She gives you an Acconnt of her *Portion* to a Farthing: You examine nothing but the Articles relating to the *Family* and

and the *Fortune*; the Woman is left in the Margin of the Inventory, and you find her too much at long run.

After all that I have said, I am not afraid to advance this Proposition; that *'tis possible for those that marry to be happy*. But you must call it Trucking or Bartering, and not marrying, to take a Woman merely for her Fortune, and reckon her Perfections by the Number of *Pounds* she is like to bring with her. Nor is it to marry, but to please one's self, to chuse a Wife as we do a *Tulip*, merely for her Beauty. It is not to marry, but to *doat* at a certain Age, to take a *Young Woman* only for the sake of her Company. What is it then to be marry'd? Why, 'tis to chuse with Circumspection and Deliberation, by Inclination, and not by Interest, such a Woman as will chuse you after the same manner.

Besides other things in common with all the World, the Country of *Marriage* has this Particular to it self; That Strangers have a Desire to settle there, and the Natural Inhabitants wou'd be banish'd out of it with all their Hearts. A Man may be banish'd out of this Country by certain things call'd *Separation*; but the true Way of getting out of it is by Widowhood, and is much to be preferred before Separation; for the separated are *savage* Animals, uncapable of the prettiest Ties of Society. The usual Cause of Separation is assign'd as the Fault of the Wife, but often the Husband is the Occasion that the Wife is in the Fault: and he himself is a fool to proclaim to the World that his Wife has made a false Step.

It will be expected now, that I speak a few Words of Widowhood. 'Tis a copious and fertile Subject, that's certain: But a Man may burn his Fingers by medling with it. For if I describe them as but little concern'd for the Death of their Husbands, I shall offend the Rules of Decency and good Manners, and if I exaggerate their Afflictions, I shall offend the Truth. Whatever our Railers pretend to the contrary, I say, there's no Widowhood without a sprinkling of Sorrow in it. Is it not a very sorrowful Condition to be obliged to counterfeit a perpetual Sorrow? A very doleful Part this, that a Widow must play, who would not give the World Occasion to talk of her. There are some Widows in

the World ſo mightily befriended by Providence, that their Sighs and Tears coſt them nothing. I know one of a contrary Temper to this, who did honeſtly all that in her lay to afflict her ſelf, but Nature it ſeems had denied her the Gift of Tears; She deſir'd to raiſe the Compaſſion of her Husband's Relations, for All depended on them.

One Day her Brother-in-Law, who lamented exceedingly, reproach'd her for not having ſhed one Tear. Alas, reply'd the Widow to him, my poor Heart is ſo overwhelm'd with this unexpected Calamity, that I am as it were become inſenſible by it! Great Sorrows are not felt at firſt; but I am ſure mine will kill me in the End. I know very well, ſaid her Brother-in-Law to her, that Griefs too great don't make themſelves at firſt to be perceived; and I know as well, that violent Griefs don't continue long. Thus Madam, you will be ſtrangely ſurprized, that the Griefs of your Widowhood will be paſt before you are aware.

Another Widow was reduced to the laſt Pitch of Deſpair, nor was it without a very ſorrowful Occaſion. She had loſt upon the ſame Day the beſt *Husband*, and the prettieſt little *Lap-Dog* in *London*. This double Widowhood had brought her to ſo low a Condition, that her Friends were afraid of her Life. They durſt not ſpeak to her of Eating and Drinking; nay, they durſt not ſo much as offer to comfort her. 'Tis a dangerous Matter, you know, to combat a Woman's Grief. The beſt way is to let Time and their natural Inconſtancy work it off. However, to accuſtom our Widow by little and little to ſupport the Idea of her two Loſſes, a good Friend ſpoke to her firſt of her *little Dog*. At the bare Name of *Dony* there was ſuch a howling and crying, ſuch tearing of Hair, and beating of Breaſts; in ſhort, ſuch a Noiſe, and ſuch a Pother, that one would have thought Heaven and Earth had been coming together: At laſt ſhe fainted away. Well, ſays this prudent Friend of hers, God be prais'd, I was ſo happy as not to mention her *Husband* to her, for then ſhe had certainly died upon the Spot. The next Day the Name of *Dony* ſet her Tears a running in ſo great Plenty, that it was hoped the Spring would ſtop it ſelf, and the above-mentioned zealous Friend

Friend thought she might now venture to administer some Consolation to her. Alas, said she, if the bare Name of *Dony* gives you so much Affliction, what might we not fear from you, should we talk to you of your *dear Husband?* But God forbid I should do that. *Ah poor Dony!* To be mow'd down thus in the Flower of Youth and Beauty! Well, *Madam*, you'll never have such a pretty Creature again. But 'tis happy for the *Dog* that he's dead, for you could never have lov'd him longer that's certain: Is it possible for a Woman to love any thing after she has lost her Husband? After this Manner it was that this *Discreet* Gentlewoman very dexterously mingled the Idea of the *Husband* with that of *Dony*, well knowing that as two Shoulders of Mutton drive down one another, so two powerful Griefs destroy one another, by making a Diversion. She observed, that at the Name of *Dony* her Tears redoubl'd, which stopt short at the Name of *Husband:* It was without Question, a sort of *Qualm*. Every body knows that Tears are a Tribute we owe, and only pay to ordinary Griefs. However it was, our poor afflicted Widow passed several Days and Nights in this sad Alternative of Weeping for her *Dog*, and lamenting her *Husband*. At last her good Friend enquired all over the Town for a *Pretty Dog*; and it was her good Luck to light upon one much finer and prettier than *Dony of happy Memory*, and presented it to our Widow, who burst into a fresh Stream of Tears as she accepted it. This beautiful New-comer so, strangely insinuated himself into her good Affections that within eight Days he had got the Ascendant of her Heart, and *Dony* was no more thought of, than if he had never had a Being there. Observe now what a Consequence our Widow's Friend drew from it. If a new *Dog* has put a stop to her *Tears*, perhaps a new *Husband* will have the same Operation upon her *Qualms*; but, alas, the one was not to be so easily effected as the other. The new *Dog* so play'd his Cards, that he effaced the Memory of his Predecessor in eight Days; but it was above *Three* long tedious Months before our Widow could be brought to take a new *Husband* into her Bed. Now tho' I left my self full Power to drop my *Indian* Traveller as often as I saw convenient, yet I have no Intention to lose

him out of my Sight; for I have Occaſion for him to authorize certain odd Fancies that come into my Head, while I paſs from the Country of *Marriage*, where we loſe our Liberties, into that of *Gaming*, where we loſe our Eſtates.

AMUSEMENT VIII.

Gaming Houſes.

GAMING is an Eſtate to which all the World has a Pretence, though few eſpouſe it that are willing to keep either their Eſtates, or Reputations. I knew two *Middleſex Sharpers* not long ago, that inherited a Weſt-Country Gentleman's Eſtate, who, I believe would have never made them his Heirs in his laſt Will and Teſtament.

Lantrillou is a kind of a Republick very ill ordered, where all the World are Hail Fellow well met; no Diſtinction of Ranks, no Subordination obſerv'd. The greateſt Scoundrel of the Town, with Money in his Pockets, ſhall take his Turn before the beſt *Duke* or *Peer* in the Land, if the Cards are on his Side. From theſe privileged Places, not only all Reſpect and Inferiority is baniſhed; but every thing that looks like good Manners, Compaſſion, or Humanity: Their Hearts are ſo hard and obdurate, that what occaſions the Grief of one Man, gives Joy and Satisfaction to his next Neighbour.

The *Grecians* met together in former Times, to ſee their Gladiators ſhew their Valour, that is, to ſlaſh and kill one another; and this they call'd Sport; What a curſed Barbarity was this? But are we a Jot inferiour to them in this Reſpect, who chriſten all the Diſorders of *Lanſquenet* by the Name of Gaming; or, to uſe the Gameſters own Expreſſion, where a Parcel of *Sharks* meet, *to bite one anothers Heads off*.

It happened one Day, that my Traveller dropt into a Chocolate-Houſe in *Covent-Garden*, where they were at this noble Recreation; he was wonderfully ſurprized at the Odneſs of the Sight. Set your ſelf now in the Room of a Superſtitious *Indian*, who knows nothing of our Cuſtoms at Play, and you will agree that his Notions

tions, as abſtracted and viſionary as they may ſeem, have ſome Foundations in Truth. I preſent you here with his own Expreſſions as I found them ſet down in a Letter which he ſent into his own Country.

The Fragments of an Indian *Letter.*

THE *Engliſh* pretend, that they worſhip but one God, but for my Part I don't believe what they ſay: For beſides ſeveral living Divinities, to which we may ſee them daily offer their Vows, they have ſeveral other inanimate ones to whom they pay Sacrifices, as I have obſerved at one of their publick Meetings, where I happened once to be.

In this Place there is a great Altar to be ſeen, built round and covered with a green *Wachum*; lighted in the midſt, and encompaſſed by ſeveral Perſons, in a ſitting Poſture, as we do at our domeſtick Sacrifices. At the very Moment I came into the Room, one of thoſe, who I ſuppoſed was the *Prieſt*, ſpread upon the Altar certain Leaves which he took out of a little Book that he held in his Hand. Upon theſe Leaves were repreſented certain Figures very awkardly painted; however, they muſt needs be the Images of ſome Divinities, for, in Proportion as they were diſtributed round, each one of the Aſſiſtants made an offering to it, greater or leſs, according to his Devotion. I obſerved that theſe Offerings were more conſiderable than thoſe they make in their other Temples.

After the aforeſaid Ceremony is over, the Prieſt lays his Hand in a trembling Manner, as it were, upon the reſt of the Book, and continues ſome time in this Poſture ſeiz'd with Fear, and without any Action at all: All the reſt of the Company attentive to what he does, are in Suſpenſe all the while, and the unmoveable Aſſiſtants are all of them in their Turn poſſeſt by Different Agitations, according to the *Spirit* which happens to ſeize them: One joins his Hands together, and *bleſſes Heaven*, another very earneſtly looking upon his Image, *Grinds his Teeth*, a third, *Bites his Fingers, and ſtamps upon the Ground with his Feet*. Every one of them, in ſhort, make ſuch extraordinary Poſtures and Contorſions, that they ſeem to be no longer Rational Creatures. But

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ſcarce has the Prieſt returned a certain Leaf, but he is likewiſe ſeiz'd by the ſame Fury with the reſt. *He tears the Book, and devours it in his Rage, throws down the Altar, and Curſes the Sacrifice.* Nothing now is to be heard but *Complaints* and *Groans, Cries and Imprecations.* Seeing them ſo tranſported, and ſo furious, I judge that the God that they worſhip is a jealous Deity, who to puniſh them for what they ſacrifice to others, ſends to each of them an evil *Dæmon* to poſſeſs him.

I have thus ſhewed you what Judgment an *Indian* would be apt to paſs upon the Tranſports he finds in our Gameſters. What wou'd he not have thought then if he had ſeen any of our *Gaming Ladies* there? 'Tis certain that Love it ſelf, as extravagant as it is, never occaſion'd ſo many Diſorders among the Women as the unaccountable Madneſs of *Gaming.* How come they to abandon themſelves thus to a Paſſion that diſcompoſes their Minds, their Health, their Beauty, that ruines——What was I going to ſay? But this Picture does not ſhew them to Advantage, let us draw a Curtain over it.

In ſome Places they call Gaming-Houſes *Academies*; but I know not why they ſhould inherit that honourable Name, ſince there's nothing to be learn'd there, unleſs it be *Slight of Hand*, which is ſometimes at the Expence of all our Money, to get that of other Mens by Fraud and Cunning. The Perſons that meet are generally Men of an *Infamous* Character, and are in various Shapes, Habits, and Employments. Sometimes they are Squires of the *Pad*, and now and then borrow a little Money upon the *Kings High-Way*, to recruit their Loſſes at the *Gaming Houſe*; and when a Hue-and-Cry is out, to apprehend them, they are as ſafe in one of theſe Houſes as a *Prieſt* at the *Altar*, and practiſe the old Trade of *Croſs-biting-Cullies*, aſſiſting the Frail *ſquare Dye* with high and low *Fullums*, and other *Napping* Tricks, in Compariſon of whom the common Bulkers, and Pick Pockets are a very honeſt Society. How unaccountable is this way to *Beggery*, that when a Man has but a little Money, and knows not where in the World to compaſs any more, unleſs by hazarding his *Neck* for't, will try an Experiment

Experiment to leave himself none at all; or, he that has Money of his own, should play the Fool, and try whether it shall not be another Man's? Was ever any thing so nonsensically pleasant? One idle Day I ventur'd into one of these *Gaming-House*, where I found an *Oglio of Rakes* of several Humours and Conditions met together. Some that had left them never a Penny to bless their Heads with. One that had played away even his Shirt and Cravat, and all his Cloaths but his Breeches, stood shivering in a Corner of the Room, and another comforting him, and saying, *Damme* Jack, who ever thought to see thee in a State of Innocency: Cheer up, Nakedness is the best Receipt in the World against a Fever; and then fell a ranting, as if Hell had broke loose that very Moment. What the Devil have we here to do, says my *Indian*, does it rain Oaths and Curses in this Country? I see Gamesters are Shipwrackt before they come to understand their Danger, and lose their *Cloaths* before they have paid their *Taylors*. They should go to School in my Country to learn Sobriety and Virtue. I told him, instead of *Academies*, these Places should be call'd *Cheating-Houses:* Whereupon a Bully of the *Blade* came strutting up to my very Nose, in such a Fury, that I would willingly have given half the Teeth of my Head for a Composition, crying out, Split my Windpipe, Sir, you are a fool, and don't understand *Trap*, the whole World's a Cheat.

The *Play-House* cheats you of your Time, and the *Tradesmen* of your Money, without giving you either Sense or Reason for it. The *Attorney* picks your Pocket, and gives you *Law* for't; the *Whore* picks your Purse, and gives you the *Pox* for't; and the *Poet* picks your Pocket, and gives you nothing for't. *Lovers* cozen you with their *Eyes*, *Orators* with their *Tongues*, the *Valiant* with their *Arms*, *Fidlers* with their *Fingers*, *Surgeons* with *Wooden Legs*, and *Courtiers* and *Songsters* empty your Pockets, and give you *Breath* and *Air* for it: And why should not we recruit by the same Methods they have ruin'd us.

Our Friends, continued he, give us good Advice, and would fain draw us off from the Course we are in, but all to no purpose: We ask them what they would have

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us do? Money we have none, and without it there is no Living: Should we ſtay till it were brought, or come alone? How would you have a poor *Individuum Vagum* live, that has neither Eſtate, Office, Maſter, nor Friend to maintain him, and is quite out of his Element, unleſs he be either in a *Tavern*, a *Bawdy-Houſe*, or a *Gaming-Ordinary*? No, we are the Men, ſays he, that Providence has appointed to live by our Wits, and will not want while there is Money above Ground. *Happy Man catch a Mackeril.* Let the worſt come to the worſt, a *Wry* Mouth on the Triple Tree puts an end to all Diſcourſe about us. From the Gaming-Houſe we took our walk through the Streets, and the firſt Amuſements we encountred, were the Variety and contradictory Language of the *Signs*, enough to perſwade a Man there were no Rules of Concord among the Citizens. Here we ſaw *Joſeph*'s Dream, the *Bull* and *Mouth*, the *Hen* and *Razor*, the *Ax* and *Bottle*, the *Whale* and *Crow*, the *Shovel* and *Boot*, the *Leg* and *Star*, the *Bible* and *Swan*, the *Frying Pan* and *Drum*, the *Lute* and *Tun*, the *Hog* in *Armour*, and a Thouſand others, that the wiſe Men that put them there can give no Reaſon for.

Here walk'd a Fellow with a long white Rod on his Shoulder, that's aſham'd to cry his Trade, though he gets his Living by it; another bawling out *Todd*'s Four Volums in Print, which a Man in reading of wou'd wonder that ſo much *Venom* ſhould not tear him to Pieces, but that ſome of the Ancient Moraliſts have obſerv'd, that the rankeſt *Poyſon* may be kept in an *Aſſe*'s Hoof, or a *Fool*'s Boſom. Some ſay, the firſt Word he ſpoke was *Raſcal*, and that if he lives to have Children, they will all ſpeak the ſame Dialect, and have a natural Antipathy to *Eggs*, becauſe their Father was pelted with hundreds of 'em, when ye was dignified on the Pillory.

Other Amuſements preſented themſelves as thick as Hops, as *Moſes* pictur'd with *Horns* on his Head, to keep *Cheapſide* in Countenance. The Sign of the *Three Nuns* very diſmally painted, to keep up young Womens Antipathy to Popery and Maidenheads. Here ſat a fellow ſelling *little Balls* to take the Stains out of the Citizens

tizens Wives Petticoats, that ſhould have been as big as *Foot-Balls*, if applied to that Purpoſe. Under that Bulk was a *Projector* clicking off his *Swimming Girdles*, to keep up Merchants Credit from ſinking. A pretty *Engine* to preſerve Bankers and inſurers from breaking, and prevent publiſhing it in the *Gazette*, when they are broke, that they will pay all their Debts as far as it may ſtand with their Convenience. In that Shop was an indebted Lord talking of his *Honour*, and a Tradeſman of his *Honeſty*, things that every Man has; and every thing is in ſome Diſguiſe or other; but duly conſider'd, there are ſcarce any ſuch things in the World, unleſs among Pawn-Brokers, Stockjobbers, and Horſe-Courſes; ſo that the *Lord* and the *Tradeſman* were diſcourſing about nothing; and ſignified no more than the Parſon's Preaching againſt *Covetouſneſs* to the maim'd, blind, and ſuperannuated Soldiers in *Chelſea-College*, nor Dr. *Salmon's* preſcribing *Cow-Heels* to a Married Couple, as a conglutinating Aliment. But there the *Weaver* had the Aſcendant to the *Doctor*.

As we paſs'd along, I could not forbear looking into ſome of the Shops to ſee how the Owners employed themſelves in the Abſence of Cuſtomers, and in a Barber's Shop I ſaw a *Beau* ſo overladen with Wig, that there was no Difference between his Head, and the Wooden one that ſtood in the Window. The Fop, it ſeems, was newly come to this Eſtate, though not to the Years of Diſcretion, and was ſinging the Song, *Happy is the Child whoſe Father is gone to the Devil*; and the Barber all the while keeping Time on his Cittern; for you know a Cittern and a Barber is as natural as Milk to a Calf, or the Bears to be attended by a Bagpiper.

In the Scrivener's Shop I ſaw a Company of *Sparks* that were Selling their Wives and their Portions, and purchaſing Annuities; and old *Ten-in-the Hundred* Fathers damning themſelves to raiſe their Poſterities.

In the Tobacconiſts Shop Men were ſneezing and ſpauling as if they were all clapt, and under a Salivation for the Cure on't. They that ſmoak'd it were perſecuting others to follow their Example; and they that ſnuffed it up in Powder, were drawing on themſelves the Incom-

Incommodities of Old Age, in the perpetual *Annoyance* of Rheum and Drivel.

Pursuing my Voyage through the City, and casting a Leer into the Shops of the rich *Drapers*, *Mercers* and *Lacemen*, I saw them haunted by many People in Want, especially young *Heirs* newly at Age, and *Spendthrifts* that come to borrow Money of them. *Alas*, said the Traders, *Times are dead, and little money stirring; all we can do, is to furnish you with what the Shop affords; and if a Hundred Pounds or Two in Commodities will do you any good, they are at your Service.* These the Gallants take up at an excessive Rate, to sell immediately for what they can get, and the Trader has his Friend to take them off Underhand at a Third Part of the Value, by way of helping Men in Distress. These are they that inveigle unthinking Animals into all Sorts of extravagant Expences, and ruin them insensibly, under Colour of *Kindness* and *Credit*, for they set every thing at double the Value, and if you keep not Touch at the Day, your Persons are imprisoned, your Goods seized, and your Estates expended; and they that help'd to make you *Princes* before, are now the forward'st to put you in the Condition of *Beggers*.

Among other *Amusements*, let us speak a Word or two of *Lumbard-street*, where *Luxury* seems to carry us to *Peru*, where you behold their Magazines, Ingots of Gold and Silver as big as Pigs of Lead; and your Ladies, after they have travell'd thither with some liberal Interloper, carry Home with them more than their *Husbands* are worth, and drag at their long Tails, the whole Substance of a Herd of Creditors. Here are Jewels and Pearls, Rubies and Diamonds, Broad-Pieces, Guineas, *Lewis d'Or's*, Crown-Pieces, and Dollars without Number: Nay, in some of their Shops is nothing to be seen or sold but great Heaps of Money, that would tempt a Man to think the whole *Indies* were emptied into one single Shop, 'tis so full of Gold and Silver; and yet it often happens, that he who is possest of this vast Treasure is not worth a Brass Farthing; to Day his Compter bends under the weight of Cash, and to Morrow the Shop is shut up, and you hear no more of our Goldsmith, till you find him in a *Gazette*, tore to

Pieces

Pieces by a Statute of Bankrupt, and he and his Creditors made a Prey by a Parcel of devouring Vermine called *Commissioners*.

The Neighbouring Country in *Stocks-Market*, where you see a large Garden pav'd with *Pebble Stones* in all the Beds and Alleys, indifferently open to all Comers and Goers, and yet bears as good Herbs, Fruits and Flowers, as any in the World: Here is *Winter* dress'd in the Livery of *Summer*; every Day a Crop is gather'd, and every Night are stock'd up in Baskets till the next Day's Sun does open them.

About the Garden great Numbers of Nymphs reside, who each of them live in their respective Tubs; they have not only that in common with *Diogenes*, but, like that Philosopher also, they speak out freely to the first Comer whatever comes uppermost. A farther Description I would give you of their Parts and Persons, only I connot endure the Smell of the *Sergeants* at the *Compter-gate*, who stink worse than *Assa fœtida*, and would poison the Country, if *this* pleasant Garden was not an *Antidote* against their *Infection*: And therefore I'll go back again into the *Country* of

COFFEE-HOUSES.

WHere being arriv'd, I'm in a Wood, there are so many of them, I know not which to enter: Stay, let me see, where the Sign is painted with a *Woman's Hand in't*, 'tis a Bawdy-house; where a *Man's*, it has another Qualification; but where it has a *Star* in the Sign, 'tis calculated for every lewd Purpose.

Every Coffee-house is illuminated both without and within Doors; without by a fine Glass Lanthorn, and within by a Woman so light and splendid, you may see through her without the help of a Perspective. At the Bar the good Man always places a charming *Phillis* or two, who invite you by their Amorous Glances into their smoaky Territories, to the Loss of your Sight. This is the Place where several *Knights Errant* come to seat themselves at the same Table, without knowing one another, and yet talk as familiarly together as if they had been of many Years Acquaintance: They have scarce look'd about them, when a certain Liquor as black as

Soot

Soot is handed to them, which being foppishly fum'd into their Noses, Eyes and Ears, has the Virtue to make them talk and prattle together of every thing but what they should do: Now they tell their several Adventures by Sea and Land; how they conquer'd the Giant, were overcome by the Lady, and bought a Pair of wax'd Boots at *Northampton* to go a Wooing in. One was commending his *Wife*, another his *Horse*, and the third said he had the best *smoak'd Beef* in *Christendom*. Some were discoursing of all Sorts of Government, *Monarchical*, *Aristocratical*, and *Democratical*; some about the Choice of *Mayors*, *Sheriffs* and *Aldermen*; and others of the transcendant Virtues of *Vinegar*, *Pepper* and *Mustard*. In short, I thought the whole *Room* was a perfect Resemblance of *Dover Court*, where *all speak*, but *no Body heard* or answer'd.

To the Charms of *Coffee* the wiser Sort join'd *Spirit of Clary*, *Usquebaugh*, and *Brandy*, which compleatly enchants the Knights: By the Force of these *Soporiferous Enchantments*, you shall find one snoaring heartily on a *Bench*, another makes Love to beautiful *Phillis* at the Bar, and the third as valiant as *Orlando Furioso*, goes to signalize his Valour in scouring the Streets.

I should never have done, if I should attempt to run thro' all the several Countries within the Walls of *London*, as the *Long Robe*, the *Sword*, the *Treasury*. Every State, in brief, is like a separate Country by it self, and has its particular Manners and Gibberish. Here you may view the fruitful Country of *Trade*, that has turn'd Leather Breeches into gold Chains, blue Aprons into furr Gowns, a Kitchin-stuff-tub into a gilded Chariot, a Dray-Man into a Knight, and Noblemens Palaces into Shops and Warehouses. Here is also the barren Country of the *Philosopher's Stone*, inhabited by none but Cheats in the Operation, Beggars in the Conclusion, and now is become almost desolate, till another Age of *Fools* and *Knaves* do people it. To this may be added the *cold Country* of the *Newsmongers*, that report more than they hear, affirm more than they know, and swear more than they believe, who rob one another, and lie in *Sheets* for want of a *Coverlid*. The *hot Country* of the *Disputers* that quarrel and raise a Dust about nothing. The *level Country*

try of bad *Poets* and Presbyterian *Parsons*, one of which is maintain'd by a good Stock of *Confidence*, and the other by *Flattery* and *Canting*. The *desart uninhabited Country* of *Virtuous Women*. The *Conquer'd Country* of *Coquets*, and an infinite Number of others; not to reckon the *Lost Country* inhabited by Strollers, who aim at nothing but to lead others out of their Way: They are of easy of Access, but 'tis dangerous to traffick with them. Some of them have the Art to please without Management, and to love without Loving.

But how have I forgot my own *dear Country*, that is consecrated to *Bacchus*, that abounds with *Nectar*, the Wonder-working Liquor of the World, that makes a *Poet* a *Prince* in his own Conceit, a *Coward* valiant, and a *Beggar* as rich as an *Alderman*. Here I live at Ease, and in Plenty, swagger and carouse, quarrel with the *Master*, fight the *Drawer*, and never trouble my self about paying the *Reckoning*, for one Fool or other pays it for me: A *Poet* that has Wit in his Head never carries Money in his Breeches, for fear of creating a new *Amusement*.

In *Leicester-fields* I saw a *Mountebank* on the Stage, with a Congregation of Fools about him, who, like a Master in the Faculty of *Lying*, gave them a History of his Cures, beyond all the Plays and Farces in the World: He told them of Fifteen Persons that were run clear through the Body, and glad to carry their Puddings in their Hands for a matter of three Days together, but in four and twenty Hours he made them as whole as Fishes, and not so much as a Scar for the Remembrance of the Orifice. If a Man had been so bold as to ask him *when* and *where*, his Answer would have been ready without studying, that it was some twelve Hundred Leagues off, in *Terra incognita*, by the Token that at the same time he was Physician in Ordinary to a great Prince, who died about five and twenty Years ago; and yet the *Quack* was not forty.

All these Subjects, tho' very amusing, were not equally edifying, and therefore in my Voyage towards the City, I call'd in at a *Quaker's Meeting*, where a Fellow was talking *Nonsense* as confidently as if he had got a Patent for it, and confirm'd the Popish Maxim, that *Ignorance*

rance was the Mother of Devotion. The Women were the oddest Creatures in the World, neither Fish nor Flesh, but like *Frogs*, only their lower Part were Man's Meat.

From thence I sail'd into a *Presbyterian Meeting* near *Covent-Garden*, where the vociferous *Holder-forth* was as bold and sawcy, as if the Deity, and all Mankind, had ow'd him Money. He was shewing the way *to be rich when Taxes rise and Trading falls*, and descanting upon all Humours and Manners: *He* (says the Tubster) *that would be rich according to the Practice of this wicked Age, must play the Thief or the Cheat; he that would rise in the World, must turn* Parasite *or* Projector; *he that marries, ventures for the Horn, either before or afterwards: There is no Valour like Swearing, Quarrelling or Hectoring: If your are poor, no body owns you; if rich, you'll know no body: If you die young, what Pity 'twas, they'l say, that he should be cut off in his Prime? If old, he was e'en past his best, there's no great miss of him: If you are religious, and frequent Meetings, the World will say you are a* Hypocrite: *And if you go to Church, and don't make a liberal Contribution to us, we say you are a Papist.* To which I make bold to add, if you are gay and pleasant, you pass for a Buffoon; and if pensive and reserv'd, you are taken to be sowre and censorious. Courtesy is call'd colloguing and currying Favour; downright Honesty and Plain-dealing is interpreted to be Pride and ill Manners. And so I took my Leave of Dr.——, and peep'd into a fine *Church* in my way to *Fleet-street*, where a huge double belly'd Doctor was so full of his *Doubtlesses*, that he left no room for one Grain of *Scepticism*, and made me so perfect a *Dogmatist*, that I made these innocent Reflections: The Doctor does not love butter'd Buns, *Doubtless*, he is glad his first *Lady Wife* is under Ground, for he married again within two Months after her Death; *Doubtless*, he is carnally inclin'd, he has got his second Wife with Child; *Doubtless*, a Man of his sanguine Appearance had no Body to help him: He is very fat, *Doubtless*, he is rich; he looks very grum and surly, *Doubtless*, he is not the best humour'd Man in the World. But I soon gave over these *Remarks*, for being a Stranger to his Worship, *Doubtless*, I might have been sometimes in the right, and *Doubtless*, I should sometimes

times have been in the wrong; and therefore I remov'd my Corps to *another Church* in my Road to *London*.

Here, before Sermon began, the Clerk (in a slit Stick contriv'd for that Purpose) handed up to the Desk a Number of Prayer-Bills, containing the humble Petition of divers Devotees, for a Supply of what they wanted, and the Removal of their Afflictions. One was a Bill from a *Courtier*, that having a good Post, desir'd he might keep it for his Life, without being call'd to account for *Neglect* or *Mismanagement*; and that he might continue God's Servant in *Ordinary*, and the King's *Special* Favourite. A young *Virgin*, apprehensive of her Wants and Weaknesses, being about to enter into the Holy State of Matrimony, pray'd for proportionable *Gifts* and *Graces*, to enable her for such an *Undertaking*.

Some pray'd for good Matches for their *Daughters*, and good Offices for their *Sons*; others begg'd Children for themselves; and sure the Husband that allows his Wife to ask Children abroad, will be so civil as to take them home when they are given him.

Now came Abundance of *Bills* from such as were going Voyages to Sea, and others that were taking long Journeys by Land; both praying for the Gift of Chastity for their *Wives*, and Fidelity of their *Prentices*, till they should return again. Then the Bills of Complaint coming in thick and threefold, *Humbly shewing*, that many Citizens Wives had hard Hearts, and artful *Husbands*, and disobedient Children, which they heartily pray'd to be quit of; I discharg'd my Ears from their Attendance on so melancholy a Subject, and employ'd my Eyes on the Variety of *Diverting Faces* in the Gallery.

Where you might see in one *Pew* a Covey of handsome, buxom *Bona Roba's* with high Heads, and all the *Mundus Muliebris* of Ornament and Dress about them, as merry as Hawks in a Mew, as *Airy* as their *Fanns*, and as light as a *Beau's* Head, or his *Feather*.

In another *Pew* was a Nest of such hard-favour'd *She's* that you would have blest your self. Some with their Faces so pounced and speckled, as if they had been *scarified*, and newly pass'd the *Cupping-Glass*; with a world of little Plaisters, *large*, *round*, *square*, and briefly cut out into such Variety, that it would have posed a good

Mathe-

Mathematician to have found out another Figure. They employ'd themselves while the Bills were reading about—Hush, hush.

The *Wou'd be Bishop* is beginning, and 'tis a Sign of a *Clown*, as well as an *Atheist*, *Ludere cum Sanctis*; for though I expose the Foppery of Persons, I have a great Veneration for Holy Offices. Our *Doctor*, I grant it, has some of the Qualifications of an *All-Souls* Candidate, *Bene Vestiti & Mediocriter Docti*; and in good earnest fills a Pulpit very well, but that he so often hauls in his *Common-Place Book* by Neck and Shoulders, that he cloys his Auditors with that unpalatable *Ragoust*, call'd in Latin, *Cramben bis coctum*, and in plain English, *Twice-boil'd Cabbage*; for having in every Harangue, let the Subject be what it will, marshal'd his Discourse by the help be what it will, marshall'd his Discourse by the help of the *Warlike* Josephus, *and by the Assistance of the Learned* Grotius, *and Pious* Dr. Hammond, *our own Countryman, puzzled* Aquinas, *confuted* Bellarmin, *and baffled* Origen, *pass we on* (says he) *to the next thing as considerable.*

The *Clark* is such an effected C. C. C.——, that he sings out of Tune, repeats out of Order, and does nothing as he should do: For instead of saying *Amen*, he screams out, *A Main*, which had like to have put me into a confounded Fit of Laughter; for a Spark who had been over Night at 7 or 11, falling asleep in the Church, and being awaked by the Noise of *A Main*, he starts up, and cries out aloud, *I'll set you Half a Crown.*

Crowding to get out to breathe my Spleen at this Adventure, I put the *Bilk* upon a *Pick-Pocket*; who measuring my Estate by the Length and Bulkiness of my *new Wig*, (*which God knows*) *is not paid for*, he made a Dive into my Pocket, but encountring a Disappointment, rubb'd off, cursing the *Vacuum*; and I as heartily laughing at his Folly, that could think a *Poet* ever went to Church when he had Money to go to a Tavern. *Poets* are better principal'd than to hoard up *Trash*; and could they as well secure themselves from the *Flesh* and the *Devil*, as they do from the World, there would not be a Hairs-Breadth betwixt them and Heaven. This

Pains-

Pains-taker of a Divine has some time since, I hear, been oblig'd to his kind Parishoners, for letting him make a sure Cure of his Care of Souls, by pulling down that Church he gave such Instances of preternatural Endowments in, and have *rebuilt* it to *pull it down* again, or one of the Churchwardens does not talk so much like an Apothecary as he's reported to do, the other takes as much Care of other People's Money, as he does of his own. But Talk is but Talk, and the Gentlemen of the Vestry would never shew their own Heads to be heavier than their Bodies, by building a greater Superstructure to that of the Church, than its Foundations will bear: Tho' *W——K——* to be sure knows more of the Matter than Sir *Christopher Wren*, and the Booksellers thereabouts will have more than sufficient Amends made for the Cost they will be at in beautifying the Doctor's Church and Pulpit, would his Reverence oblige them with the Copies of his elaborate Sermons.

After so learned a Discourse, I could digest nothing under the *D——* of St. *P——*'s, and over I went to the Temple-Church, but who should be a laying down new Schemes of Church-Government but but *W—K—— D. D.* he had learnt to flatter Archbishops and other great Men, from his Pedantick Translation of *Pliny*'s fulsom Penegyrick, and was drawing forth his Words at full length, in order to draw himself into some Church Preferment, tho' in my Opinion, it was very improper that a Man that had written contrary to the Canons of the Church, and the municipal Laws of the Kingdom, should be perch'd up in a Pulpit to give Instructions to those Gentlemen whose Abilities would be too hard for his Ignorance. But Dr. *Atterbury* had handled him with that Dexterity, as to have Occasion for no one else to expose his Weakness, and if he must have other Preferment before he flings him upon his Back, he may rest contented with his Arch-Deaconry and Curacy. Now I cross'd the way to a *Bookseller's*, in Hopes to get a Dinner and a Bottle, but the stingy Cur popt me off with a Dish of Coffee, and the old Talk, that Trading was dead, that they suffer'd for other Mens Works as well as their own; and in short, finding not a *Penny* to be screw'd out of the *Prig*, I pursued my Voyage to the

the City; but it happening to rain, to shelter my self from it, I ran my Face into

A HERALD's *Office.*

HERE was a confounded Noise of Descents, Pedigrees, Genealogies, Coats of Arms, Fearings, Additions, Abatements, and a deal of that insignificant Jargon. While I was listening to this *Gibberish*, in comes a Fellow with a Roll of Parchment in his Hand to be made a *Gentleman*, and to have a Coat of Arms finely painted to hang up in his *Dining-Room* till his Wife died, and then to be transported on the Outside and Front of the House, to invite a rich Widow to marry him.

My *Father*, says he, has bore Arms for his *Majesty* in many honourable Occasions of *Watching* and *Warding*, and has made many a *Tall Fellow* speak to the Constable at all Hours of the Night. My *Uncle* was the first Man that ever was of the Honourable *Order* of the *Black-Guards*: And we have had five brave Commanders of our Family, by my Father's Side, that have served the *State* in the Quality of *Marshal*'s *Men*, and *Thief-Takers*, and gave his Majesty a fair Account of all the *Prisoners* that were taken by them. And by *Mother's Side*, it will not be denied, but that I am honourably descended; for my *Grandmother* was never without a dozen Chambermaids and Nurses in Family. Her Husband wore a sword by his Place, for he was *Deputy-Marshal*; and to prove my self a Man of *Honour*, I have here a Testimonial in my Hand, in Black and White; and in my Pocket brave *Yellow-Boys*, to pay for a Coat of Arms: Which being produc'd and finger'd by the Herald, he immediately assign'd him a *Coat, viz.* A *Gibbet* erect, with a Wing volant, a Ladder ascendant, a Rope pendant, and a *Marshal's Man* swinging at the End on't.

I am scandaliz'd, says my *Indian*, at your Custom in *London*, in making every sawcy *Jack* a Gentleman. And why are you not as well offended, reply'd I to my *Indian*, to hear almost every Gentleman call one another *Jack*, *Tom*, and *Harry*. They first dropt the Distinction proper to Men of *Quality*, and Scoundrels took it up

and

and bestowed it upon themselves; and hence it is that a *Gentleman* is sunk into Plain *Jack*, and *Jack* is raised into a *Gentleman*.

In Days of *Yore*, a Man of *Honour* was more distinguishable by his *Generosity* and *Affability*, than by his *Lac'd Liveries*; but too many of them having degenerated into the Vices of the vulgar Fry, Honour is grown contemptible, the Respect that is due to their *Births* is lost in a *Savage* Management, and is now assum'd by every Scoundrel.

The Cobler is affronted, if you don't call him Mr. *Translator*; the Groom names himself *Gentleman of the Horse*, and the Fellow that carries *Guts* to the *Bears*, writes himself *one of his Majesty's Officers*. The Page calls himself *a Child of Honour*, and the Foot-boy stiles himself my *Lady's Page*. Every little *Nasty Whore* takes upon her the Title of *Lady*, and every *impudent Broken-mouth'd Manteau-maker*, must be called *Madam Theodosia, &c.*——Every Dunce of a *Quack* is call'd a *Physician*. Every Gown-Man a *Counselor*. Every silly Huff a *Captain*. Every *Gay* thing a *Chevalier*. Every Parish Reader a *Doctor*: And every *Writing Clarke* in the Office, Mr. *Secretary*: Which is all but Hypocrisy and Knavery in Disguise; for nothing is now call'd by its right Name. The Heralds I see have but little to do, Honour and Arms which us'd to employ all Men of Birth and Parts, being now almost dwindled into an Airy Nothing: Let us then go and see how the World wags in the City Circle.

AMUSEMENT IX.

The City Circle.

I Have given my Traveller Walking enough from Country to Country, let us save him the Trouble now of beating the Hoof, and shew him the rest of the World as he sits in his Chair.

To be acquainted with all the different Characters of it, it will be sufficient for him to frequent certain numerous Assemblies, a sort of a *City Circle*; they are set up in Imitation of the Circle at Court.

The Circle in Foreign Courts is a grave Assembly, but ill seated, upon low Stools set in a Round. Here all Women talk and none of them listen. Here they make a Pother about nothing. Here they decide all things, and their most diversified Conversations, are a sort of Roundelays, that end either in Artificial Slanders, or gross Flattery; but this being in no wise applicable to the *English* Court, I shall wave a farther Description of it, and come to

The City Ladies Visiting-Day.

WHich is a familiar Assembly, or a general Council of the fair and charming Sex, where all the important Affairs of their Neighbours are largely discuss'd, but judg'd in an arbitrary Manner, without hearing the Parties speak for themselves. Nothing comes amiss to these Tribunals; Matters of High and no Consequence, as *Religion* and *Cuckoldom*, *Commodes* and *Sermons*, *Politicks* and *Gallantry*, *Receipts of Cookery* and *Scandal*, *Coquetry* and *Preserving*, *Jilting* and *Laundry*; in short, every thing is subject to the Jurisdiction of this Court, and no Appeal lies from it. The Coach stops at the *Goldsmith's* or *Mercer's* Door, and off leaps Mr. *Skipkennel* from behind it, and makes his Address to the Book-keeper or Prentice, and asks if his Lady (for that is always the Name of the Mistress) receives any Visits that Day or no: Some Stay must be made till the Woman above Stairs sends down her Answer, and then the Pink of Courtesy is receiv'd at the Top of the Stairs, like King *James's* by the *French* King, and handed to her Stool of Discourse.

My dear Lady, 'tis an Honour to give me your Company after so obliging a Manner, is the first Word that drops from her the Visit is paid to, and *I should never have forgiven that Uneasiness of Mind which must have been the Consequence of it, had I any longer forbore paying my Respects to my dear Lady Tattle*, is of Course the Answer to it. *Lord, Madam! Did you hear the News of the Misfortune that befel Mrs. such a one's Husband? Never believe me again, if that old filthy Sot she was married to for the sake of his Money, has not had a Statute of Bankrupt taken out against him; but Alderman*

Vani-

Vanity's *Lady had the moſt inſuppor able Accident that befel her, which it's poſſible to think of: I let me never go a viſiting again, if her Coach did not overturn juſt againſt the* Royal Exchange, *in full Change time, and expos'd what her Ladyſhip had, a foul Smock and a dirty Skin, to the whole Company. I could never have outliv'd the Diſgrace, nor have ſuffer'd my ſelf to be ſeen in publick, but her Ladyſhip is of another ſort of Complexion, than I carry about me. I ſuppoſe you are no Stranger to her making a Bedfellow of that filthy Fellow her Groom, or the Converſation Mr. Alderman turn'd away his Coachman for: But Heavens ſo bid I ſhould expoſe her,* &c.

Thus they take a ſup of *Tea*, then for a Draught or two of *Scanda* to digeſt it, next let it be *Ratifia* or any other Favourite Liquor, *Scanda* muſt be after-Draught, to make it ſit eaſy on their Stomach, till the half Hour's paſt, and they have disburthen'd themſelves of their Secrets, and take Coach for ſome other place, to collect new Matter for Defamation.

A venerable old Gentlewoman, call'd Madam *Whimſey*, whoſe Relations are diſpers'd into all Corners of the Earth, is a Preſident of this Board; ſhe is lineally deſcended from the *Maggots* of the *South*, an illuſtrious and ancient Family, that were a Branch of the *Wag-tails* of the *Eaſt*, who boaſt themſelves deſcended in a right Line from Madam *Eve*. Here are to be found as many different Opinions as there are Heads in the Room. The ſame Judge is ſometimes ſevere, and ſometimes indulgent, ſometimes grave, and ſometimes trifling, and they talk exactly there as I do in my *Amuſements*.

They paſs in a Moment from the moſt ſerious to the moſt comical Strain; from the greateſt things to the ſmalleſt, from a Duke to a Chimney-ſweeper, from a Council of War to a Chriſtening; and ſometimes a ſudden Reflection upon a Woman's Head-dreſs hinders the Deciſion of a Caſe of *Conſcience* under Examination.

In this Country twenty ſeveral Sentences are pronounc'd all at once. The Men vote when they can, the Woman as often as they pleaſe; they have two Votes for one: The great Liberty that is allow'd in the City Circle invites all ſorts of Perſons to come thither *to ſee and be ſeen*: every one talks according to his *Deſigns*,

Inclination and *Genius*; the young Folks talk of what they are now doing, the old Fellows talk of what they have done in the Days of Queen *Dick*, and your Sots and Coxcombs of what they have a Design to do, tho' they never go about it.

The Ambitious rail at the Sluggards, as a Company of idle Fellows, that take up Room in the World and do nothing: The Sluggards return back the Compliment to the Ambitious. That *they trouble all the World with their Plot, to advance themselves and ruine others.* The *Tradesman* curses War from the Bottom of his Heart, as that which spoils Commerce, depopulates Countries, and destroys Mankind; and the *Soldier* wishes those who had a Hand in making the Peace were at the Devil

The *Virtuoso* despises the Rich for making such a Bustle about so foolish and pale-fac'd a Metal as *Gold*. The Rich laugh at Learning and learned Men, and cry, a Fig for *Aristotle* and *Des Cartes*. Your Men of Gravity and Wisdom rail at *Love*, as the most foolish and impertinent Trifle in the World: And the *Lover* fattens himself with his own Fancies, and laughs at Wisdom as a sowre and severe thing, that is not worth the Pursuit. Those who are unmarried fall upon the jealous-pated Husbands, as Men that create their own Troubles: And those who are married, justify their own prudent Conduct in endeavouring to prevent their own Dishonour.

A young forward Puppy full of Vigour and Health, seem'd to intimate by his Discourse, that he thought himself immortal: *Well*, says he, *I have drank my Gallon of Claret every Night these Seven Years, and yet the Devil of a Fever, or any other Disease, dare attack me, tho' I always keep two or three Sins going at once: Before* George, *I think our Family's made of Iron; There is that old Prig my Father, (a Plague on him) turned of Seventy, and yet he is as sound as a Roach still; he'll ride you Forty Miles outright at a Fox-Chase: Small-Beer be my Portion here and hereafter, if I believe he'll ever have the good Manners to troop of.* A grave old Gentleman, offended at this rude and frothy Discourse, gave his Whiskers a twirl, and thus reprimanded our sawcy Whipper-snapper: *Know Boy*, cries he to him in an angry Tone, *know Sirrah, that every Age stands upon the same Level*

as

as to the Duration of Life; a Man of Fourscore is young enough to live, and an Infant but of four Days Birth is old enough to die. I apprehend your meaning, old Gentleman, says our young Prig to him, *we l enough; you are young enough to live to Day, and old enough to die to Morrow.*

Those whom you have hitherto heard, talk'd only to let the Company see what they were; the rest, both in their Conversation and Manners, appear'd directly contrary to what they were.

You admire the gay noisy Impertinence of that Country Wit yonder, who tells so many pleasant Stories, and sets all the Company a laughing. Don t be mistaken in him, he's is the dullest Rogue alive, if you strip him of what he has plunder'd from others. All his Jests and Repartees he purloin'd from his *Father's Chaplain*; they are the Effect of his Memory, and not of his Invention.

That other Spark there sets up for a *Wit*, and has some pretence to't. Pray mind that worshipful *Lump* of Clay, that inanimated Figure who lolls in the Elbow-Chair, he takes no manner of Notice of what is said in the Company: By his plodding, starch'd solemn Looks, you would conclude that Business of Importance and Affairs of State took up all his Thoughts, and that his Head was brim full of *Dispatches, Negotiations, Decrees, Orders of Council*, and the Lord knows what. I'll tell you what, he's the emptiest dullest, shalloweſt Monster within the *Bi ls of Mortality*; he's equally incapable of Business and Pleasure; he'll take you a Nap over a Game at Cards, and yawn and stretch at the most diverting Comedy; nay, under the Pulpit, when the Parson has preach'd all the Dogs out o'th' Church: He dreams as he walks, and the Sot, when he's asleep, differs from the Sot when awake, as a *Ninepin* does when 'tis up, from a *Ninepin* down. He has a considerable Post in the Government, and a pretty Wife, and minds 'em both alike; 'tis pity he has not a *Deputy* to officiate *for* him.

That *young Creature* there by the Window, at the bare mention of the Word *Love*, starts and trembles as if a *Demi-Culverin* were shot off at her Ear: Her virtuous Mother has told her such terrible Stories about it, that the *poor Fool* believes she hates it. And do you

think, Sir, she'll hate it to the End of the Chapter? That's so uncertain, I dare not engage for it; a Woman who hates *Love* before she knows *what it is,* is not in Danger to hate it very long.

Perhaps I explain things after a freer Manner than I ought, and unmask too many Faces in my Circle, but if I were never so much inclin'd to spare them, and they themselves had Address enough to conceal their own Defects I see a Lady coming into the Room, who will decypher them more unmercifully than I can. Now she has seated her self, observe what a modest Air she has, how critically she draws off her Gloves, how artfully she manages her Fan? and if she lift up her Eyes, 'tis only to see whether other Women are as handsom and modest as her self; she has so much Virtue, the World says, that she can't endure any that have a less Share on't than her self: What is harder still, those that have more Virtue than she, do equally displease her. 'Tis for this Reason she spares no body.

I ask'd of a Lady of the same Character t'other Day, how it came to pass, that her Exhortations were half *Godliness,* and half *Slander*: *Bless me!* cries she, *Slander! what mean you by the Word! 'tis enough to give one the* Spleen, *or an Ague Fit. The Truth on't is, I am sometimes obliged to accommodate my self to the Taste of the World, to season my Remonstrances with a little* Satyr, *for the World expects we should make every thing agreeable, even Connexion it self. We must sometimes give a little slip from Morality, to bring in a few Strokes of Satyr. Speak more honestly, Madam,* says I to her, *and confess, that you bring in one Stroke of Morality to countenance the making of a Thousand scandulous Reflections.*

Very well, replies the *Indian* to me, *I find the* Londoners *are as comical in their Garbs, as affected in their Discourses; they would think themselves dishonoured to appear in a suit they were in last Year: According to the Rule of Fashions, this furious Beau the next Year must make but a scurvy Figure; but I pardon them for following the Custom of their Country: I put so ill a Construction upon their Curiosity. I will not hereafter judge of the Hearts of Women by the Steps I see them make.*

As for that Beau yonder, I have a great Curiosity to know whether his Inside answers his Outside; not a Word has dropt from him as yet, but surely the Oracle will open anon. The Ladies that encompass him, said I to my curious Traveller, are as impatient to hear him talk as you can be; therefore let us listen. They'l all compliment and address their Discourses to him. What Answers does he make them? Sometimes *Yes*, sometimes *No*, and sometimes *Nothing at all*. He speaks to one with his *Eyes*, to another with his *Head*, and laughs at a third with so mysterious an *Air*, that 'tis believ'd there is something extraordinary meant by it. All the Company are of Opinion that he has *Wit* in Abundance; his Physiognomy talks, his Air perswades, but all his Eloquence lies in the fine *Outside* he makes; and as soon as the *Spark* has shew'd himself, *he has concluded his Speech.* 'Tis a Thousand pities that Nature had not time enough to finish her Workmanship: Had she bestowed never so little *Wit* upon an Outside so prepossessing us in his Favour, the idlest Tales from his Mouth would have pass'd for the most ingenious Story in the World.

But our Ladies now begin to be weary of holding a longer Discourse with their Idol; all of them resolve, if they must speak, to speak with some body that will answer them again, and not with a *Statue*. Our *Beau* retires into the next Chamber, intent on nothing but how to display his Charms to the best Advantage: He is at first View enamour'd with a pretty Lady, whom he saw in the Room; he besieges her with his Eyes, he ogles at her, he prims and plumes himself, and at last boards her.

This Lady is very reserv'd, and though our Gentleman appear very charming to her, she is not surpriz'd at the first Sight of him, tis nothing but her Curiosity which makes her hazard meeting him in the Field; with this Intention she listens to what our Adventurer has to say. In short, this was the Success of his Affair with her: He found himself mightily at a Loss how to cope with this Lady: she had an inexhaustible Source of *Wit*, and would not be paid with gracious *Nods* and *Smiles*: but as we see there are a hundred *witty Woman* in the World, that are not displeased with a fair Out-

side, our confident Spark flatter'd himmself, that if he could but once perswade the Lady he was in Love with her, the Garrison would immediately surrender. To effect this, he employ'd the *finest Turns* of Eloquence and the most touching Expressions of the mute Language, but this fair Lady made as if she did not understand him: What should he now do to explain himself more clearly to her? He had a *Diamond Ring* of a considerable Value upon his Finger, and found himself put to't to contrive a piece of Gallantry *Alamode* to present it to her: Thus playing with his Hand, and holding it so that he might shew his *Diamond* more advantageously to the Eyes of the *Fair indifferent*, he plays with it: She turns her Head first on one side, then on the other. This *Unconcernedness* mortified him extremely, yet still he kept on his shew, which is always the last Refuge of a Coxcomb: He is astonish'd to find a Woman *Insensible* to such a *Beau* as himself, and such a *Diamond* as his was; but this made no Impression on the Lady.

At the very Moment he dispair'd of his Enterprize, this Cruel, this Insensible seiz'd him hastily by the Hand to look nearer at the *Diamond* from which she first turn'd her Eyes: What a *blessed Turn* of the Scene was this to a dejected Lover! He reassumes his Courage, and to make a Declaration of his Passion for once and all, he takes the *Ring* from his Finger, and after a Thousand *Cringes* and *Grimaces* presents her with it. The Lady takes it in her Hand, and holds it close to her Eyes, to view it more carefully, redoubles his Hope and Assurance, and thought he had a Right to kiss the Hand that had received his *Diamond*. The Lady was so taken up in looking at it, that she was not at Leisure to think of being angry at this Freedom, but on the contrary smiled, and without any more Ceremony put the *Ring* upon her Finger.

Now it is that our Lover thinks himself secure of *Victory*, and transported with *Joy* proposes the *Hour* and *Place* of Meeting. Sir, says this Lady coldly to him, I am charm'd with this *Diamond*: and the Reason why I have accepted it without scruple is, because it belongs to me. *Yes, Sir*, this Diamond is mine, my Husband took it from off my *Toilet* some three Months ago, and made

made me afterwards believe he had loſt it. That cannot be, replies our *Fop*, it was a *Marchioneſs* that exchanged it with me for ſomething that ſhall be nameleſs.

Right, right continues the Woman, *my Husband was acquainted with this* Marchioneſs, *he* truck'd *with her for my* Diamond, *the Marchioneſs* truck'd *with you for it, and I take it for nothing, tho' if I were of a* Revengeful *Nature, my Husband very well deſerves, that I ſhould give the ſame Price for it that he receiv'd from the Marchioneſs.* At this unexpected Blow, our fine thing ſtood confounded and aſtoniſhed; but I can now forgive his being *Mute* upon ſo odd an Occaſion: A Man of Wit and ſenſe could hardly avoid it.

The great *Lord* yonder was bred and born a *Lord:* His *Soul* is full as noble as his *Blood*, his thoughts as high as his Extraction. I eſteem, but don't admire his *Lordſhip*; but the Man who by his *Merits* and *Virtues* raiſes himſelf above his Birth and Education, I both *eſteem* and *admire.*

Why then ſhould you, whoſe Virtues equal your Fortune, conceal the Meanneſs of your Original, which raiſes the Luſtre of your Merit? We ſhall better eſteem the Merit of your Elevation.

Look, yonder goes a Man, ſays one, that takes upon him ſo much of the *Lord*, that one would think he had never been any thing elſe. It often happens, that by our over-acting of Matters, the World diſcovers we were not always the Men we appear.

While I made my Reflections, my *Indian* was likewiſe buſy in making his. He did not ſo much wonder at the Man in the embroider'd Coat, who did not know himſelf, as at the Aſſembly, who likewiſe ſeem'd not to know him. He was treated with the Reſpect due to a Prince; theſe are not Civilities, but down-right Adorations. What cannot you be content, ſays our *Indian*, cannot you be content to idolize *Riches* that are uſeful to you? Muſt you likewiſe idolize the *Rich*, who will never do you a Farthing's-worth of Kindneſs.

I confeſs, continued he, that I cannot recover out of this Aſtoniſhment. I ſee another Man of a very good Look come into the Circle, and no body takes the leaſt Notice of him. He has ſeated himſelf, and talks, and

very much to the Purpose too, and yet no one will vouchsafe him a Hearing. I observe the Company files off from him by Degrees to another Part of the Room, and now he is left alone by himself. Wherefore, say I to myself, do they run from him thus? Is his *Breath* contagious, or has he a *Plague-Sore* running upon him? At the same time I took Notice, that these Deserters had flock'd about the *Gay Coxcomb* in the lac'd Suit, whom they worshipped like a little God. By this I came to understand, that the contagious Distemper the other Man was troubled with was his Poverty.

Oh Heavens! says the *Indian*, falling all on the sudden into an Enthusiastick Fit, like that wherein you saw him in his Letter; *Oh Heavens!* Remove me quickly out of a Country where they shut their Ears to the wholesome Advice and sage Instructions of a *Poor* Man, to listen to the Nonsensical *Chatt* of a Sot in *Gaudy* Cloaths. They seem to refuse this *Philosopher* a Place among Men, because his Apparel is but indifferent, while they rank that wealthy Coxcomb in the Number of the Gods. When I behold this abominable Sight, I could almost pardon those that grow haughty and insolent upon Prosperity.

This latter Spark a little while ago was less than a *Man* among you, at present you make a sort of a *Deity* of him. If the Head of their new Idol should grow giddy, he may e'en thank those who incense him at this abominable rate.

There are among us in my Country, continues he, a sort of People who adore a certain Bird for the Beauty and Richness of its *Feathers*. To justify the Folly wherein their Eyes have engaged them, they are perswaded that this proud Animal has a Divine Spirit that animates him. Their Error is infinitely more excusable than yours; for, in short, this Creature is *mute*, but if he could talk like your *Brute* there in the rich *Embroidery*, they'd soon find him to be a Beast, and perhaps would forbear to *adore* him.

This sudden Transport carry'd our well-meaning Traveller a little too far. To oblige him to drop his Discourse, I desir'd him to cast his Eyes upon a certain Gentleman in the *Circle*, who deserved to have his *Veil* taken off, with which he cover'd himself, to procure the Confidence

fidence of Fools. Examine well this ſerious Extravagant. The *Fool's Baub'e* he makes ſuch a pother with, is his *Probity*, an amiable thing indeed, if his Heart were affected by it; but 'tis only the *Notion* of it that has fly-blown his Head. Becauſe, forſooth, it has not yet appear'd in his Story, that he is a notorious Cheat and Falſifyer; upon the Merit of this Reputation, the *Inſect* thinks himſelf the moſt virtuous Man in the World. He demands an implicite Faith to all he ſays. You muſt not Queſtion any thing he is pleas'd to affirm, but muſt pay the ſame Deference to his Words as to the ſacred Oracles of Truth it ſelf. If he thinks fit to aſſert, that *Romulus* and *Rhemus* were Grandchildren to *John* of *Gaunt*, 'tis a Breach of good Manners to enquire into their Pedigrees.

If any Difference happens, he pretends his Word is a Decree from which you cannot appeal without Injuſtice. He takes it for a high Affront, if you do but ask him to give you the common Security.

All the Univerſe muſt underſtand that his Verbal Promiſe is worth a Thouſand Pounds. He would fain have perſwaded his *Wife*'s Relations to have given him her in Marriage upon his bare Word, without making a Settlement. He affects to be exactly nice to a Tittle in all his Expreſſions, and if you think it impoſſible to find it in him, all his Words you ought to believe to a Hair's breadth: Nothing leſs, and nothing beyond it. If ever he give you the Liberty to ſtretch a little, it muſt be in his Commendation. Let the Converſation turn upon what Subject it pleaſes, be it of *War*, or of *Religion*, *Morality*, or *Politicks*, he will perpetually thruſt his *Noſe* into it, though he is ſure to be laugh'd at for his Pains, and all to make a fine *Parade* of his own good Qualities and Virtues.

A certain *La y*, for Inſtance, after ſhe had effectually proved, that all Gallantry and Sincerity was extinct amongſt the young Fellows of this Age, corrected her ſelf pleaſantly in this Manner. I am in the *wrong*, Gentlemen, ſays ſhe, I am in the *wrong*, I own it. There is ſuch a thing as Sincerity ſtill among the Men: *They ſpeak all that they think of us Women.*

Upon

Upon the bare mention of the Word *Sincerity*, our Gentleman thought he had a fair Opportunity to enlarge upon his own. Every Man, says he, has his particular Faults; my Fault is to be too sincere. Soon after this, the Discourse fell upon other Matters, as want of Compassion and Charity in the Rich. What an Excess of Barbarity, cries our Man of Honour, is this? For my Part, I always fall into the opposite Extream. I melt at every thing, I am *too good* in my Temper, but 'tis a a Fault I shall never correct in my self. To make short, another who towards the Conclusion of his Story happen'd accidentally to let the Word *Avarice* drop from him, found himself interrupted by our *modest* Gentleman, who made no Difficulty to own that *Liberality* was his Vice. *Ah Sir!* reply'd the Man coldly, who was interrupted, you have three great Vices, Sincerity, Goodness and Liberality. This Excess of Modesty in you, which makes you own these Vices, give me to understand, Sir, that you are master of all the contrary *Virtues*.

In my Opinion now, this was plucking off the Vizor of our Sir *Formal*. This was discharging a *Pistol* at his Breast; one would have thought it would have went to the very Heart of him. In the mean time he did not so much as feel the Blow; the *Callus* of his Vanity had made him invulnerable, he takes every thing you say to to him in good Part. Call him in an ironical Manner, the *great Heroe of Probity*, he takes you in the literal Sense. Tell him in the plain Language of T. O that he's a *confounded Rascal*, Oh Sir! says he, your humble Servant, you are dispos'd to be merry I find: Thus he takes it for Raillery.

The *Railers* have a fine time on't you see, to *jest* upon a Man of so *oily* a Temper. What a Vexation is it to your Gentlemen that speak sharp and witty things, to level them at so *supple* a Slave. All the Pleasure would be to touch him to the Quick, to confound his Vanity. Wit does but hazard it self by attacking him in the Face, there's nothing to be got by it: *Vanity is a Wall of Brass*.

But I find nothing will be lost. There sits a Gentleman in the Corner of a quite different Temper, who takes every thing upon himself that was meant to another.

He

He *blushes*, he grows *pale*, he's out of Countenance; at last he quits the Room, and as he goes out threatens all the Company with his Eyes. What does the World think of this holding up the *Buckler*; they put but a bad Construction upon it, and say that his Conscience is *ulcerated*, that you cannot touch any String but it will answer to some painful Place. *Touch a gall'd Horse and he'll wince.* In a Word, he's wounded all over, because he's all over sensible of Pain.

These are two Characters that seem to be directly opposite; however, it were easy to prove that these two are the same at Bottom. What's this Bottom? Divine it if you can: One Word would not be sufficient to explain it clearly to you, and I am not at Leisure to give you any more. I perceive a Man coming into the Room whom I am acquainted with, he will interrupt me without Remorse. I had better be before-hand with him, and hold my Tongue. *Silence*, Gentlemen, *Silence*, and see you shew due Respect. You will immediately see one of those *Noble Lords*, who believe that all is due to them, and that they owe nothing to any Body. When my *Lord* enter'd, every one put on a demure Look, and he himself came in with a *Smiling* Look, like a true Politician. Immediately he makes a Thousand Protestations of Friendship to every one; but at the same Time that he promises you his Service, he looks as pale as a *Scotchman*, when he offers you his Purse. He is scarce sat down in his Chair, but he embroils the Conversation. He talks to four several Persons, about four several Affairs at once: He puts a *Question* to one Man, without waiting for an *Answer* of another: He proposes a *Doubt*, treats it, and resolves it all by himself. He's not weary of *Talking*, though all the Company be of *Hearing* him. They steal off by Degrees, and so the Circle ended.

The *Publick* is a great Spectacle always new, which presents it self to the Eyes of private Men, and *Amuses* them. These private Men are so many diversified Spectacles that offer themselves to the publick View, and and divert it. I have already, as it were in *Miniature*, shewed some few of these small inconsiderable private Spectacles, which will suffice to point out the rest, and therefore to draw towards a Conclusion, shall in the last

Place

Place take a View of the desolate and frightful Country of *Philosophy* and *Physick:* Those being Regions that few Visitants return from in so good a State of Health as they went, or rather with any Life at all.

AMUSEMENT X.

The Philosophical, or Virtuosi *Country.*

IN this Country every thing is obscure, their Habitations, their Looks, their Language, and their Learning. 'Tis a long Time ago since they undertook to cultivate the Country of *Science;* but the only thing they have made clear and undeniable is, that One and One makes Two: And the Reason why this is so *clear,* is because it was known by all Men before they made a *Science* of it.

Their *Geometricians* work upon so solid a Foundation, that as soon as ever they have well laid the first Stone, they carry on their Buildings without the least Fear, so high as the *Atmosphere;* but their *Philosophers* build those haughty Edifices they call Systems upon a quite different Bottom.

They lay their Foundation in the Air, and when they think they are come to solid Ground, the Building disappears, and the Architects tumble down from the Clouds.

This Country of *Experimental Philosophy,* is very amusing, and their Collections of Rarities exceeds that of *John Tradeskin;* for here are the Galls of Doves, the Eye-Teeth of flying Toads, the Eggs of Ants, and the Eyes of Oysters. Here they weigh the Air, measure *Heat, Cold, Driness* and *Humidity;* great Discoveries for the publick Advantage of Mankind! Without giving our selves the Trouble to make use of our Senses, we need but only cast our Eyes upon a Weather-Glass, to know if 'tis Hot or Cold, if it Rains, or if Fair Weather.

Tempted by these Noble Curiosities, I desired the Favour of seeing some of the Gentlemen they called Improvers of Nature, and immediately they shewed me an Old Bard cutting Asp-leaves into Tongues, which were to be fastened in the Mouths of Flowers, Fruits, Herbs, and Seeds, with design to make the whole Creation Vocal,

cal. Another with Dissecting Atoms, and Mites in Cheese, for the Improvement of the Anatomical Science; and a third was transfusing the Blood of an *Ass* into an *Astrological Quack*; of a *Sheep* into a *Bully*; and of a *Fish* into an *Exchange Woman*, which had all the desired Effects; the *Quack* prov'd a *Sot*, the *Bully* a *Coward*, and the *Tongue Pad* was *Silent*. All Prodigies in Nature, and none miscarried in the Operation.

In another Apartment were a curious Collection of *Contemplative* Gentlemen, that had their Employments severally assign'd them. One was chewing the Cud upon Dr. *Burnet's new System of the World*, and making Notes upon it in Confutation of *Moses*, and all the Antediluvian *Historians*. Another was reconciling the Differences among *Learned Men*, as between *Aristotle* and *Des Cartes*, *Cardan* and *Copernicus*, *William Penn* and *Christianity*, Mr. *Edwards* and *Arabick*: Determining the Controversy between between the *Acidists* and *Alkalists*, and putting a Period to the abstruse Debates between the *Engineers* and *Mouse-trap makers*.

If any one ask me, which of these Disputants has Reason of his side, I will say, that some of them have the *Reason of Antiquity*, the other, *the Reason of Novelty*; and in Matter of Opinion, these two Reasons have a greater Influence upon the Learned than Reason it self.

Those that set up for finding the North-West Passage into the Land of *Philosophy*, would with all their Hearts, if it were possible, follow these two Guides all at once, but they are afraid to travel in a Road where they talk of nothing but *Accidents* and *Privation*, *Hecceities* and *Entelechias*. Then they find themselves all on the sudden seiz'd with Hot and Cold, Dry and Moist, penetrated by a subtile Matter encompassed with *Vortexes*, and so daunted by the fear of a *Vacuum*, that it drives them back instead of encouraging them to go forward.

A Man need not lay it much to Heart that he never travell'd through this Country; for those that have not so much as beheld it at a Distance, know as much of it almost as those that have spent a great deal of Money and Time there; but one of their Arts I admire above all the rest, and that is when they have consum'd their Estates in trifling Experiments, to perswade themselves they

they are now as Rich, and Eat and Drink as luxuriouſly as ever; they view a ſingle Shilling in a Multiplying Glaſs, which makes it appear a Thouſand, and view their Commons in a Magnifying Glaſs, which makes a Lark look as big as a Turkey-Cock, and a Three-penny Chop as large as a Chine of Mutton.

Before I let my Traveller paſs from this Place to *Phyſick*, 'twill not be amiſs to make him remark, That in the Country of *Science* and the *Court*, we loſe our ſelves; that we don't ſearch for our ſelves in *Marriage*; that in the *Walks*, and among *Women*, we find our ſelves again; but ſeldom or never come back from the Kingdom *Phyſick*.

AMUSEMENT XI.

PHYSICK.

THE firſt thing remarkable in the Country of *Phyſick* is, that it is ſituate upon the *Narrow* Paſſage from this World to the other. 'Tis a Clymacterick Country, where they make us breathe a refreſhing Air, but ſuch a one as is a great Enemy to the natural Heat; and thoſe that travel far in this *Climate*, throw away a world of Money in Drugs, and at laſt die of Hunger.

The Language that is ſpoken here is very learned; but the People that ſpeak it are very ignorant.

In other Countries we learn languages, to be able to expreſs what we know in clear and intelligible Terms; but it looks as if *Phyſicians* learnt their *Gibberiſh* for no other Purpoſe, than to embroil what they do not underſtand.

How I pity a patient of good Senſe that falls into their Hands? He is obliged at once to Combat the Arguments of the Doctor, the Diſeaſe it ſelf, the Remedies, and Emptineſs. One of my Friends, whom all this together had thrown into a *Dilirium*, had a Viſion in his Fever which ſav'd him his Life. He fancied he ſaw a Fever under the Shape of a burning Monſter, that preſs'd hard upon a ſick Man, and every Minute got Ground of him, till a Man who looked like a *Guide*, came and took him by the *Wriſt* to help him over a River of Blood. The poor Patient had not ſtrength enough to croſs

croſs the Stream, and ſo was drown'd. The *Guide* uſed Means to get himſelf paid for his Pains, and immediately ran after another ſick Man, who was carried down a Stream of *Carduus* Poſſet-Drink, Barley-Broth, and Water-Gruel. My Friend, adviſed by this Viſion, diſcarded his *Doctor*, and 'twas this that did his Buſineſs; for when he was by himſelf, there was no Body to hinder him from recovering. The Abſence of Phyſicians is a Sovereign Remedy to him that has not Recourſe to a Quack.

Theſe Gentlemen of the *Faculty* are Penſioners to *Death*, and travel Day and Night to enlarge that Monarch's Empire; for you muſt know, notwithſtanding diſtemper'd Humours make a Man ſick, 'tis the Phyſician has the honour of killing him, and expects to be well paid for the Jobb, by his Relations, that lye in wait for his Life to ſhare his Fortune: So that when a Man is ask'd how ſuch a Man died, he is not preſently to anſwer, according to corrupt Cuſtom, that he died of a *Fever* or a *Pluriſie*, but that he died of a *Doctor*.

See a Conſult of 'em marching in State to a Patient, attended by a diminutive *Apothecary* that's juſt Arſe-high, and fit to give a Glyſter; how magiſterially they look, and talk of the Patient's Recovery, when they themſelves are but *Death* in a Diſguiſe, and bring the Patient's Hour along with 'em. While the Patient breaths and Money comes, they are ſtill preſcribing; but when they have ſent the Patient hence, like a Rat with a Straw in his Arſe, they'll ſay his Body was as rotten as a Pear, and 'twas impoſſible to ſave him. *Cruel* People, that are not contented to take away a Man's Life, and like the *Hangman*, be paid when they have done, but muſt perſecute him in the Grave too, and blaſt his Honour, to excuſe their Ignorance.

It were to be wiſh'd that every Phyſician might be oblig'd to marry, for it's highly reaſonable that thoſe Men ſhould beget Children to the State, who every Day rob the King of ſo many Subjects.

In this Land of *Phyſick* they have erected themſelves a *College*, for the Improvement of the Myſtery of *Manſlaughter*, which may be call'd their *Armoury*; for here are their Weapons and Utenſils forg'd, and a Company of

of Men attending to kill poor Folks out of meer Charity.

In one Part of their Convent is a *Chymical Elaboratory* where some were calcining Calves Brains to supply those of the *Society* that wanted; some fixing volatile Wits, and others rarifying dull ones: Some were playing Tricks with *Mercury*, promising themselves vast Advantages from the Process; but after they had resolv'd the viscous Matter, and brought the *Materia Prima* into the *Coppel*, all went away in a Fume, and the Operator had his Labour for his Travel.

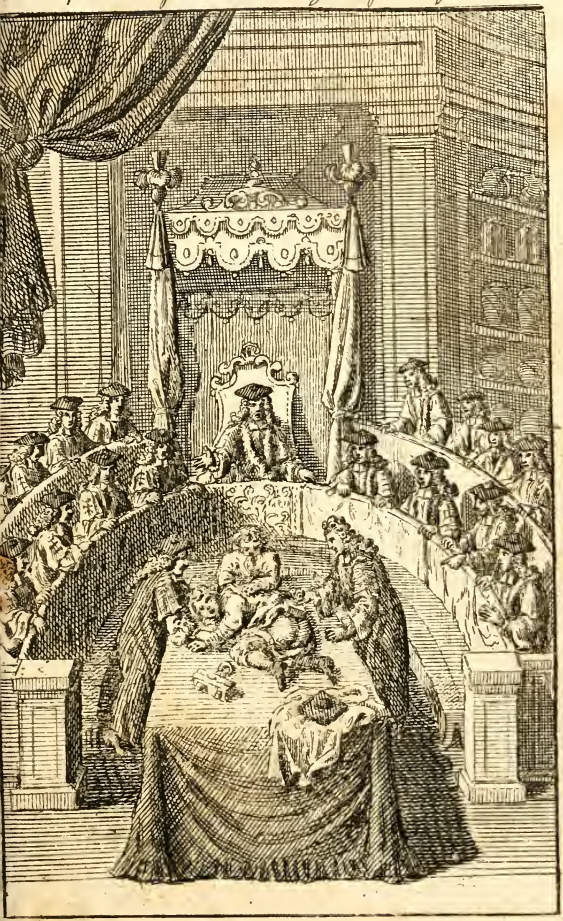
In another Place were *Apothecaries* preparing *Medecines*, the Outsides of their Pots were guilt with the *Titles* of *Preservatives*, *Cordials*, and *Pharmacons*, but in the Inside were *Poysons*, or more nauseous Preparations. However, of all our late pretended *Alchymists*, recommend me to the *Apothecaries*, as the noblest *Operators* and *Chymists*; for out of *Toads*, *Vipers*, and a *Sir-Reverence* it self, they will fetch ye Gold ready minted, which is more than ever *Paracelsus* himself pretended to.

Here were also Chirurgeons in great Numbers, talking hard Words to their Patients, as Solution of Continuity, Dislocations, Fractures, Amputation, Phlebotomy, and spoke *Greek* Words, without understanding the *English* of them. One of the gravest among them, propounded this Question to the rest. Suppose a Man falls from the *Main-Yard*, and lies all bruised upon the *Deck*, pray what is the *First Intention* in that Case? A brisk Fellow answers, You must give him *Irish* Slate *quantum sufficit*, and embrocate the Parts affected *Secundum Artem*. At which I seeming to Smile, another reprimands me saying, *What do you laugh at, Sir, the Man's i'th' right on't.* To whom I reply'd, with Reverence to your Age and Understanding, Sir, I think he's in the *wrong*; for if a Man falls from the *Main Yard*, the first Intention is, *To take him up again.*

Among all these People every thing is made a Mystery to detain their Patients in Ignorance, and keep up the Market of *Physick*; but were not the very Terms of Art, and Names of their Medicines sufficient to fright away any Distempers, 'tis to be feared their *Remedies* would prove worse than the *Disease*.

That

Description of the Coledge of Physicians



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That nothing might be wanting in this famous College, there were others that like Porters and Plaisterers stood ready to be hired, as *Corn-Cutters* and *Tooth-Drawers*. The one of which will make you to hit before the best Friend you have; and if you do but *Yawn*, the other Knaves will be examining your *Grinders*, depopulate your Mouth, and make you old before your time, and take as much for drawing out an old Tooth as would buy a Sett of new ones.

An ill Accident happened while we were viewing the Curiosities of this College. A *Boy* had swallowed a Knife, and the Members of the College being sitting, he was brought among them, if it were possible to be cured. The *Chirurgeons* claim'd the Patient as belonging to their Fraternity, and one of 'em would have been poking a Crane's Bill down his Throat to pluck it up again, but the Doctors would not suffer him.

After a long Consultation, one of these two Remedies was agreed on, *viz.* That the Patient should swallow as much *Aqua fortis* as would dissolve the Knife into minute Particles, and bring it away by Siege; but the other Remedy was more Philosophical, and therefore better approv'd, and that was, to apply a *Loadstone* to his *Arse*, and so draw it out by a *Magnetick* Attraction; but which of the two was put in Practice I know not, for I did not stay to see the noble Experiment, tho' my particular Friend Dr. *W———d* was the first that proposed that Remedy, and he is no Quack, I assure you.

Not but that there are some Quacks as honest Fellows as you would desire to piss upon. This Foreigner here, for Instance, is a Man of Conscience, that will take you but half a Crown a Bottle for as good *Lamb's-Conduit* Water as ever was in the World. He pretends it has an Occult Quality that Cures all Distempers. He Swears it, and Swears like *T. O.* on the right side of the Hedge, since this very individual Water has cured him of Poverty, which comprehends all Diseases.

'Tis with Physicians in *London*, as with *Almanacks*, the newest are the most consulted; but then their Reign, like that of an *Almanack*, concludes with the Year.

When

When a ſick Man leaves all for *Nature* to do, he hazards much: When he leaves all for the Doctor to do, he hazards more: And ſince there is a Hazard both ways, I would much ſooner chuſe to rely upon *Nature*; for this, at leaſt, we may be ſure of, that ſhe acts as honeſtly as ſhe can, and that ſhe does not find her Account in prolonging the Diſeaſe.

So much for Phyſick, which as it is the laſt thing I ſhould be perſwaded to take, ſo it's the laſt Country I ſhall travel thro' for the preſent; and if the Reader has any good Nature in him, he'll congratulate my ſafe Arrival from a Place where there are ſo many Obſtacles to be met with, before you can poſſibly return from it.

The End of the AMUSEMENTS.

LETTERS

SERIOUS and COMICAL,

Suited to the Present AGE.

LETTERS to the LADIES.

To Madam ——, shewing how a young Gentleman that had try'd all other Methods unsuccessfully, made his Mistress comply with him, by threatning to starve himself in her Closet.

YOU will excuse me, Madam, if I have made bold to send you a *remarkable Accident* which lately hapned in *these* Parts of the World; and for the Truth of which, I dare pawn my Reputation to you. It will give you a *wholesome Testimony* of the power of *Love*, and serve to instruct you, That when a Lover is once positively *resolved* to gain his Point, the best thing a Woman can do, is to strike up a Bargain with him, and lose no more time in *Capitulating*.

Monsieur——had courted a Lady two Years, but was so unfortunate as not to make the least *Progress* in her Affection. All his *Services*, his *Cares*, his *Respects*, his *Complaints*; in short, all his *Tears* and *Protestations*, had proved unsuccessful. One Day happening to be *alone* with her in her Closet, he fairly and plainly told her,

her, that since nothing was capable of touching her, he was *fully resolved to die*, and put an *end* to his *Pains*. This Discourse I must confess, had nothing that was *singular* in it: For a thousand Men have threatned to *dispatch* themselves that never *intended* it; but what follows, you'll *own* to be very *particular*: *And to the end, Madam*, says he, *that you may fully enjoy my Death and have the Satisfaction to see it steal upon me by degrees, I am resolved to die of Hunger here in your Closet.* With that, he flung himself upon the Floor, resolving to put his Design in Execution from that very *Moment*. The young *Lady* only *laughed* at him, and *left* him there, making no question but that he would be gone in less than a Quarter of an Hour. In the mean time the *Evening* approached; yet our trusty *Lover* still continued in the *Closet*. She came to see him and asked him whether his *Brains* were not grown *addle*, and whether he intended to take up his *Quarters* there? To both which Questions our Gentleman made no manner of *Reply*; so that the Lady was obliged to leave him. In short, the Night passed, and next *Morning* the Lady came very early to *advise* him to lay aside this foolish *Resolution*; but all she could get from him was, *Madam, I have already done my self the Honour to acquaint you with my last Intentions.* Having said this, he look'd *Languishingly* upon her, fetched a deep *Sigh*, and turned his head the other way. On the *Third* Day, our Lady, more perplexed than ever, brought him something to eat with her own Hands. 'Tis impossible to tell you with what a *scornful* Look he beheld it: He appeared in this short time to be considerably *weakned*; his Eyes look'd *dead* and *heavy*, his Complexion *pale*, and there seem'd to be something *wild* and *distracted* in his Looks. The fourth Day no sooner arriv'd, but our Lady began seriously and gravely to consider what a cruel Scandal this would be to her, if she did not take Care to *prevent* it. How! a Man die in my *Closet*, kill'd by *Despair*, kill'd by *Hunger*!-I am utterly *undone* if I don't hinder it. What *malicious* Stories will the Neighbourhood raise of me, if this should happen? Perhaps by this time too *Love* had gain'd some Ground upon her Heart; and I am apt to believe, for my Part, that Love work'd as powerfully

erfully with her as the *Fear* of Scandal. However it was, she resolved to go and argue the Matter with him; and after a long *Exhortation*, which he did not seem to *understand*, because he was in a Manner *dead*, she told him that since all the Arguments she had offer'd to him, could not *get* him out of her *Closet*, she was willing to let him go out upon his own *Conditions*: With this our poor *Lover* cast an amorous Look at her, and ask'd her whether what he heard was *true*, or only an *Illusion* of his Senses. She satisfied him that all was *true*; when immediately Life return'd to him; and not only *Life*, but a surprizing *Vigour*, which enabl'd him to pay off Part of his Debt to Madam, before ever he stirr'd out of the *Closet*. Never did *Lover* make a more honourable *Retreat*, that's certain: In all Probability, our Lady was mightily pleas'd with her own *Charms*, since they had *Efficacy* enough to perform so *miraculous* a Cure; and I don't doubt but in Reality they had a good Share in the *Miracle*: But then 'tis as true, that they ought not wholly to assume it to themselves, but to *divide* the Glory of it with a cold *Neat's Tongue*, a Roll of *Bread*, and a good Bottle of *Wine*, which our Lover had dexterously convey'd under a *Couch*, which was in the *Closet*; for you must know, that foreseeing he was to die, he had taken Care, like a good *Christian* as he was, to make some *Preparation* for it before-hand. And now, Madam, methinks I see your Ladyship *striking* your Fan against the *Table*, and crying, was there ever such a horrid Piece of *Treachery* acted? What will this wicked Age come to? And yet, Madam, I must take the *Freedom* to tell you, that I look upon that *Woman* to be happy, *exceeding* happy, who has a *Lover* that can cheat her so ingeniously: For in the first place, she has the Honour of having done all that can be requir'd from a Lady of the most rigid *Virtue*; and, Secondly and Lastly, she has the pleasure of finding her *Apetite* gratify'd without the least Injury to her *Honour*. I dare engage that our young Lady has not been *backward* to testify her Love to Monsieur——and that, to convince him of it. she has sent him Home, an Hundred times since, with as much Satisfaction as then, and less *Hunger*. The Truth on't is, he deserved this kind *Treatment*, if it were only for

for the Fruitfulneſs of his *Invention*. Others take Towns by blocking them up till they ſtarve 'em; whereas our Lover carried the Place before him, by only pretending to *ſtarve* himſelf. Well, this was certainly one of the *prettieſt* Stratagems in the World. All the Miſchief is, that you Ladies, for the future, will take no Notice of us *Lovers*, when we talk of *dying* for you; though, after all, I am apt to believe, that it will do us no very great *Harm* neither. You may find by this ſhort Story, that our Cavalier had come off but bluely, had the Lady's Rigour continu'd; but to our Comfort be it remembred, her virtuous Reſolutions did not hold but ſo *long* as a ſmall *French* Roll, and a ſingle Bottle of Wine.

To Madam de P——, *upon her refuſing to marry her Daughter to a Couſin German.*

With all due Submiſſion be it ſpoken, methinks your Ladyſhip overſtrains the Point a little, in ſo poſitively refuſing to marry your Daughter to Monſieur *de S*——. You tell us you don't approve of a Marriage betwixt two *Couſin-Germans*, but ſurely Madam, you can never believe this to be any lawful *Impediment* in *Hymen's* Spiritual Court.

Would you have Monſieur's—— think Madam *P*——to be leſs *agreeable* becauſe he is her Couſin-German? This ſort of Reaſoning may appear *ſtrong* to you; but has not *Beauty* much *ſtronger* Arguments? Has a Man his *Genealogy* always before his Eyes, and when he ſees a charming young Woman, is he oblig'd to call to Mind, that *He* and *She* came from the ſame Grandfather, when the *Grandaughter* is in the Room, eſpecially if ſhe is beautiful? But after all, what have you to ſay againſt Monſieur *de S*——? For my Part, I think he has behaved himſelf like a very good Relation: For inſtead of *Friendſhip*, he has ſhew'd his *Love* to your Family; and if he finds himſelf *diſappointed*, the Fault will lye at your Conſent. Your Ladyſhip may be pleaſed to remember, that all the good Folks in the *Old Teſtament* always married in their own *Tribe*, and that one Thouſand ſeven Hundred Years ago Monſieur

de

S——had been obliged in Conſcience to love your Ladyſhip's *pretty* Daughter, and no one elſe. I own that things have been ſomewhat *chang'd* ſince that; but then I beg of you to give your *Conſent*, that the young People may ſend to *Rome*, to ſee if the old Gentleman will grant 'em a *Diſpenſation*. I need not inform you, Madam, that ſuch *Marriages* are permitted between Relations, when their *Eſtates* or *Lands* are ſo *entangled* one with another, that there is no *dividing* 'em without endleſs *Law Suits*; I confeſs that our young People have not *this* Reaſon to alledge for themſelves; but what is every jot as *forcible*, they may ſay, that the affairs of their *Hearts* are ſo ſtrangely *embroiled* together, that it is too late now to think of *parting* 'em. If your Daughter were an Heireſs, in whom your Name would *expire*, and who would carry all your *Eſtate* into a *ſtrange* Family, I do'nt doubt but that out of a juſt *Concern* for your Eſtate and Family, you would employ all your Intereſt to procure her a *Diſpenſation* to marry a *Kinſman* of the Name. Now what ought to go much *farther* with your Ladyſhip, your Daughter has *Beauty* and *Charms* that are infinitely more *valuable* than all the dirty *Acres* and *Lands* in the Kingdom, which will aſſuredly *go out* of your Family, and perhaps never come into it again, if your Ladyſhip ſhould force her to marry any one elſe but Monſieur *S*——. As for me that have the *Honour* to be related to you, tho' at a great *Diſtance*, I can't forbear to *concern* my ſelf in the *Beauty* of your Family. For which Reaſon I conjure you not to impoveriſh it by *beſtowing* your pretty Daughter *elſewhere*, and by obliging Monſieur *S*——to make another Choice. You ſee how the whole *Family* of the *L*——'s are *deformed* and *ugly*, ſo that it will take up a hundred Years, I warrant you, before they *recover* themſelves. Let us take *fair Warning* by this Example; and ſince we have Beauty in our *Poſſeſſion*, be ſo wiſe as to preſerve it.

To Madam J——, *upon her talking of him in her Sleep.*

MADAM,

I Receiv'd an Account the other Day of the great *Favour* you have lately done me. 'Tis in vain for you to disown your Passion: 'Tis certain you love me in your Heart, and your *Sleep* has betrayed your deepest Secrets. See, *Madam*, what a *Folly* it is to pretend to conceal ones *Affections*, and hide them from those that occasion them. If you had *frankly* owned all to me, I assure you, I would have given you no Reason to *find Fault* with my *Secrecy*, but you were resolv'd to trust it with no other *Confident* but your self; when as it has happen'd, you have not been so *discreet* as 'twas expected. From hence, *Madam*, you may learn this useful *Doctrine*, not to rely altogether upon your self. You will tell me perhaps that you talk'd in your *Dream* you know not what; but had you not done much better to have freely and honestly told me, what you afterward *own'd* in your Sleep, without knowing it? Had it not been much more *prudent* to acquaint me with your *Passion* in a few Words, than to speak of it thus in the *Night*, like a Person that was beside her self? *Love* loses no Time, and therefore you ought to have communicated this *Secret* to me, which, you see, will escape from you *Women* sooner or later. If your *Reason* enjoins you Silence, yet your *Reason* will take a *Nap*, and then *Love* will not be idle: If your *Virtue* can answer for your *Days*, yet what can answer for your *Nights?* That Interval belongs all to *Love*; and accordingly you see that the *Secret* of so many *Days* was stole from you in one *Night*. But *Madam*, may I make so bold as to ask you under what *Figure* I appear'd to you when you declar'd your self in my *Favour?* For an Opportunity may offer it self when I shall be very glad to re-assume the same Shape. For my part, I am apt to believe that I was very *haughty* and *insolent*; for hitherto I have been able to obtain nothing of you with all my *Submission* and *Respect*. Don't tell me that I ought to draw no *Consequence* from what you said in the *Night:* It was you that spoke then, and you alone; whereas in the

Day

Day 'tis *Constraint*, 'tis *Ceremony*, 'tis *Dissimulation*, that speaks. By this you may find that for the future I shall be *insensible* to all the *Rigours* you shew me in the Day-time; and let your *Treatment* be then what it will, I shall tell you that you will unsay it again at *Night*. In short, I shall take you for one of those cunning *Hypocrites* who never appear as they are, but in the *dark*: But whereas other *Ladies* leave all their *Ornaments* upon their *Toilets* when they go to Bed, you leave that troublesome Load, your *Severity*, upon yours. How happy must the Man be, who can see your Ladyship and the rest of your Sex, such as you are, in your Primitive State, without any of those *Arts* that *conceal* you from us at other times?

To the same L A D Y.

SInce you did me Honour to talk of me in your Dreams, I have not been able to sleep a Minute, so strangely am I distracted between *Joy* and *Sorrow*. It is the greatest Satisfaction in the World to me to find my self so near you Heart; but at the same time I tremble as often as I think that our *Secrets* are in such Danger of being divulg'd. I am not at all *displeas'd* to see you so reserv'd in the Day-time: But this *unaccountable* Affection and Eagerness at *Night* alarms me; for in short, Madam, I am afraid that you'll discover all our Intrigues. What Method then shall we take to manage our Affairs with more *Security*? For my Part, I know but one, which I beg you to take into your Consideration. Be not then, if you please, altogether to *severe* in the Day, and I give you Leave to make it up a-Nights, and dispense with you from thinking of me *then*. 'Tis a plain Case, that *Love* cannot always ride full Speed: There is a certain Time when the *tenderest* things *disgust*, and 'tis impossible to hold out twenty four Hours in the same *Strain* of Passion, and not to find some small *giving back* of the *Spring* But by talking of me in your Sleep, you have gain'd that *Ascendant* over my Heart, that for the future it will wholly be *devoted* to your Service. A *Favour* so undeserv'd and so unexpected makes me *disregard* all the Ladies I see; it effaces all

their Charms, ſpoils the Luſtre of their Eyes, and ruines all their Shapes. What is more, I am not at all moved with the Converſation of the *Wittieſt Women:* For what can the happieſt of her whole Sex, with all her Pains and Application too, ſay, that is comparable to what you ſpeak at random in your Dreams, even when you don't think on't? This Kindneſs of yours has entirely baniſh'd my *Flemiſh* Miſtreſs from my Thoughts, and has done her a Prejudice which all her other good Qualities will never be able to *retrieve*. I am inform'd ſhe ſleeps very *profoundly*, and that her Imagination, which is not over-active in the Day, enjoys a more profound *Repoſe* at Night. Now this is a Fault which I can never pardon the fineſt Woman upon Earth. I cannot apprehend how 'tis poſſible for a Man to *love* a *Woman* who does not *rave* now and then, and talk of him when the Fit ſeizes her. May I be hated by the whole Sex, if I would not refuſe *Venus* if ſhe had not this *Qualification*. Therefore, Madam, take *good* Advice from your humble Servant, and continue theſe affectionate Fits. *Love* it ſelf is a ſort of *Diſtraction*, but ſo *pleaſing* and *delightful*, that the Wiſdom of *Philoſophers* is not to be brought in *Competition* with it.

LETTERS to the MEN.

To Monſieur de O——, *upon asking his Advice, whether he ſhould marry a young Gentlewoman that was very beautiful, but had no Fortune.*

Dear Couſin,

YOU little imagine what a ſevere Task you impos'd upon me when you deſir'd me to adviſe you in the preſent *Poſture* of your Affairs. On *one* Hand you are up to the Ears in *Love* with a pretty young *Lady*; on the *other*, your Father ſends you Word, that he will certainly *diſinkerit* you if you marry her. To be plain with

with you, I don't know what Advice to give you. There are but two Ways for you to take, the *Heroick*, which is to prefer your *Passion* to every thing on this Side Heaven: and the *Prudent*, which is, not to lose *fifteen Hundred Pounds* a Year for a *Mistress*, tho' she was as beautiful as an *Angel*: Now you need only consult your self to be able to determine this Point. I make no Question but your *Inclination* leads you to act the *Heroe*; but the *Difficulty* is not what you are at *present*, but what you may be *hereafter*. I would advise you to follow your *Greatness* of Soul, if you could be certain that it would never leave you: But the Mischief on't is, there is no *relying* upon it; for perhaps it may take its Farewell of you, even before the *Honey-Moon* is over. In short, a Man soon grows weary of playing the *Heroe*, but the Devil is in him that grows weary of a *good Estate*. You never yet saw fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year make People forget their vows, tho' *Beauty*, to its Mortification, has often seen it. I know full well, that these Arguments will appear very *gross* to you; and that they are decry'd in all the *Metaphysick* Systems of *Love*: Yet it vexes me, that the *Experience* I have of this wicked World, will not permit me to recommend these Ideas to you, which I own to be much more *Noble* and *Delicate* than those that are built upon sordid *Interest*. 'Tis not my Fault, if I don't believe that *Love* is sufficient to make a Man *happy*: I should be glad to believe it with all my Heart: But why has *Love* deceiv'd so many Thousands of his Votaries before my Face, whom he promised to provide so plentifully for, that they should want nothing? If he deceives us when he has his Arms at *Liberty*, I have much stronger Reason to believe he'll do it when he's *manacled* with a Family. You may flatter your self perhaps, that you will find a Thousand *Charms*, and all the *Obsequious* Respect that can be imagin'd, in the Person you are going to marry, because she *owes* all to the Man that *sacrific'd* his Fortune to her. Take Care that this be not the very *Rock* on which your Marriage splits. As the World goes at present, a Woman's Gratitude may easily fall short of the *Obligation* she has receiv'd, and yet it ought not to pass for a *Prodigy*. I should be very loath to marry a Woman

whom I might have as juſt a pretence to quarrel with, as you will have with yours. In my Opinion, that Man is an unhappy Wretch indeed, who has other Matters of *Complaint*, beſides thoſe that *Matrimony* naturally furniſhes of it ſelf. A Woman, take her in the beſt Circumſtances you can, has but too many *Obligations* to her Husband, why then ſhould you involve her *deeper* in your Debt? Conſider that this will make her much *more* your Wife than any other Woman could have been; and conſequently make you leſs happy with her; Beſides, you can't imagine what a cruel Puniſhment it will be to you, that you dare never open your Lips to complain of her, but muſt carry on with *Honour* what you began in a fooliſh *Freak*. Thus you muſt always ſeem to be charmed with her Behaviour, even at the very time when you are angry with her in your Soul. For my Part I make no Scruple to own to you, that I would not for all the World *deprive* my ſelf of the *Liberty* of railing a little at my Wife, whenever I ſhould have a Fancy that Way. Beſtow a little Conſideration upon theſe Reaſons; but before you wholly determine your ſelf, abſtain from reading *Romances*, and Books of that Nature, that will rather ſerve to feed than extinguiſh the *Flame*. Thus, Sir, I have ſent you my Thoughts freely upon this Head, without perſecuting you with a long *Sermon*, after the Manner of a Cholerick *Father*, or an ill-natur'd *Uncle*. I am not *wiſe* or *moroſe* enough to pretend to ſpeak to you in that Language. However, I fancy I have in a very little Compaſs told you all that needs to be ſaid to you upon this Occaſion by People that are more wiſe or *moroſe* than,

S I R,

Your moſt Humble, &c.

To Monſieur de B——, *How he had brought a Quarrel upon his Hands for ſtanding up for Lean Women, againſt the Fat.*

I Am going to ſurprize you with an *odd* Adventure. Although I have liv'd ſo many Years in the *Army* without a Quarrel upon my Hands, I am now engag'd in a very ſtrange one; and what d'ye think was the Occaſi-

Occasion of it? You must know, I dined very *peaceably* at my own Lodgings: And after Dinner was over, I took a Walk with four or five Gentlemen in the Garden. We had *exhausted* all the Publick News at Dinner: We had drain'd the *Gazettes* and the *Mercuries*, talk'd over all the Disorders of *Poland*, and the Troubles of *Hungary*; and what should our Discourse run upon now but Women? You cannot expect that the Conversation of Soldiers should turn upon Matters of *Gallantry* in so fine and delicate a Strain as the Conversations in *Clelia*. Thus we did not amuse our selves about the Difference between *Love* and *Friendship*, or assign the precise Limits between *Esteem* and *Inclination*. The Question in Debate was, who were the handsomest of the two, the *Lean* Woman, or the *Fat*? Since I was obliged to chuse one of these two *Extremes*, I resolv'd to declare my self in Favour of the *Lean*. There happen'd to be a broken Captain in the Company, who began to maintain the opposite Side, but with as much *Fury* and *Eagerness*, as if he had been going to engage an *Enemy*: so that I was forc'd to raise the Pitch of my Voice to keep up with him. He pretended that there was *Grace* and *Majesty* in a fat Woman, which commanded Respect and Adoration from all that saw her: All this I turn'd into *Ridicule*, and perform'd my Part so *happily*, that I had all the *Laughers* on my Side. When it came to my *Military* Man's turn to jeer the *Lean*, not a Man of us seconded his Raillery. This went to the very *Heart* and *Soul* of him. As for me, I express'd my self in the Language of a Conqueror; and I must own to you, that my Vanity was not a little puff'd up with having gain'd so important a *Victory* for the *Lean*. My spark enrag'd at his *Defeat*, began at last to be scurrilous, and address'd himself personally to me; but the Company thought it became them in Point of Prudence to put a Stop to the Controversy. They told me, that the Captain was a passionate Admirer of a *fat Lady*, which made him espouse the *Interest* of al that were in her Circumstances; but this they ought to have inform'd me of before, by some Sign or other. And as I was not in Love with any *lean* Woman, I should not have contested the Point with him. 'Tis about fif-

teen *Days* ago since this Dispute happened; since which time, I have made several Advances to my furious Antagonist, to make him forget this Affair, but he does not seem dispos'd to hear of any Terms of Accommodation. I suppose by this means he hopes to ingratiate himself with his Mistress, and that among other Protestations, he has swore to her by all that is *good* and *sacred*, never to forgive the presumptious Wretch that should think *irreverently* of a double Chin and a Tun Belly. *Yesterday* I had engaged to wait upon a pretty young *Lady*, at a certain Hour, when I knew I should have an *Opportunity* of finding her all alone. The time was just approaching, and my Chairmen being out of the way, I was forc'd to trudge it on Foot as hard as I could drive. Passing through a narrow Lane, I came full Butt upon my Captain, who cried out in an angry Tone to me, *'Slife, Sir, I have not forgot your late sawcy Language:* But not having a Minute then to lose, I answered him with the same Bluntness, and without so much as looking at him, that I was not at leisure to fight, and so on I march'd, having something else to do. He would have been ravisht to have had an *Opportunity* to tilt with me; but to deal plainly with you, I did not think it worth the while at that time to go to Loggerheads with him. The Lord knows what will become of this Matter, but it would be a very pleasant thing, if our merry Dispute about *Fat* and *Lean* Ladies should bring us two before those *worthy* Gentlemen the *Marshals* of *France*. I am inform'd that my *Adversary* goes about from House to House, stirring and prepossessing all *Fat* People against me; and indeed I have observ'd of late that they look upon me with a very evil *Eye*. Now what shall I do, dear Friend of mine, in so pressing a Danger? I think I have no other Card left me to play, but to arm all the *Lean* ones in my own Defence.

SIR,

Yours, &c.

To

To Monſieur B——, *about a nice Fantaſtical Widow that was very difficult in her Choice of a Husband.*

I Have ſent you an Account of all that has happen'd here at my Lady *L*——'s ſince ſhe has been a Widow. To be plain with you then, ſhe is fully reſolv'd to have another Husband; but what ſort of a Husband do you think will content her? Why ſhe will have one that is *truly, really,* and *ſincerely* in Love with her, but is afraid the World has *wicked* Deſigns upon her *Eſtate* rather than her Perſon, which is a very nice and reaſonable *Diſtinction,* I muſt own, but ſuch a one as her Ladyſhip ought by no Means to remember at this time of Day. She is obſerved all along in her Diſcourſe to leſſen her Eſtate as much as ſhe can, to hinder her humble Servants from loving her for the Sake of her unrighteous *Mammon,* and at the ſame time ſhe makes her Age leſs than it is: but 'tis not in her Ladyſhip's Power to prejudice either her *Eſtate* or her *Age,* for all the World knows to an Acre and a Month how far each of them does extend. I could wiſh with all my Heart you were here to ſee with what Contempt ſhe talks of her Daughter's fine *Complexion,* whenever ſhe has the leaſt Occaſion to ſpeak of it. *Child, it is not the Lilies and Roſes in your Cheeks that you muſt truſt to, thoſe Trifles are but of a ſhort Continuance; but what will make you longeſt beloved, is your Air and Shape, Child.* Now, what makes her trump up this Diſtinction? Why, I muſt inform you, the old *Lady* has ſtill a very noble Air, and a very handſome Shape, but as for her *Complexion,* it has given her the ſlip many a Year ago. On the other Hand, the Daughter endeavours all ſhe can to hinder her Mother from *marrying* again, becauſe it nearly concearns her in Point of Intereſt to do ſo; and this is the Reaſon why ſhe uſes all her Addreſs to prevent it. If any *Pretender* happens to take the right Way to gain the old *Lady*'s Heart, the Daughter throws her ſelf in his Way, and to make him leave off the Purſuit of that Game, ſhe employs thoſe never failing Charms that always attend *Youth* and *Beauty.* This makes her Mother wonderfully jealous, and that is Plague enough in all Conſcience: For when ſhe is once

poſſeſs'd with that Devil, ſhe makes as great a Hurricane, and is as difficult to be reconcil'd as a bilk'd Girl of Fifteen. This young *Lady*, after all, might perhaps find herſelf miſtaken in her Politicks, if a Man of good Senſe made his Court to her Mother, who without ſtopping ſhort by the Way, would go and attack her *regularly*, and reſolve not to raiſe the Siege till he carried the Town; but it falls out luckily for her, that the old Lady admits none but young Fellows to make their Addreſſes to her; and young Fellows, you know, will always be cullied by a young Face. I made her uneaſy for ſome time, for I pretended to be mightily in Love with her Mother, who gave me no unkind Reception; and immediately the Daughter employed all her wheedling Tricks to make a Diverſion. As I had no other Deſign than to alarm her for a while, I took care not to fall into the Trap ſhe had laid for me; but at laſt I put her out of her Pain a few Days ago by a Letter which I wrote to her. I have ſent you a *Copy* of it enclos'd in this, becauſe it may ſerve to give you ſome Light into the *Hiſtory* of the Widowhood of my Lady *L*——, which you are ſo deſirous to know. I am.

SIR,
Your, &c.

To Monſieur de S——, *Upon his being in Love with a* Lady, *whom he was to marry after her Husband's Deceaſe.*

SIR,

ACcording to the laſt Advices, I find you pretend to ſucceed Monſieur *de R*—— in his Wife: I mean, you have engag'd to *marry* Madam *de R*—— ſo ſoon as Providence is ſo kind to her as to make her a Widow. Let me tell you, this is a bold Engagement; not but that her good Man is ſixty Years old: But what will you ſay, if the *Fancy* ſhou'd take him to live till *Ninety*: Or how do you know, but he may prove ſuch a croſs *Dog* as to make it up a full *Hundred*, when his Hand is in.

'Tis now *ten* Years compleat ſince Madam *de R*—— married him, by the ſame Token ſhe was then but *Fifteen*;

teen; and I'm afraid she is resolv'd to give him half a Score Years out of her own Stock, and make her self Amends out of his Estate; which was the only Reason for which she married him. Not that, properly speaking, she is a Miser in her Temper, or cares much to heap up Wealth for her self; she only did it for a certain Gentleman that shall be nameless, for whom, it seems, she had no *Aversion*, and whom she reckon'd to *marry* every Day in the Week: For it was agreed on all Hands, that the old Gentleman would soon take his Leave of this *Transitory* World. But to see how *ineffectual* and *dark-sighted* Human Prudence is! The superannuated Husband still *lives*; he surviv'd the abovemention'd Lover's *Passion* and *Constancy*, who foreseeing there was no good to be done, was e'en forced to *marry* elsewhere in his his own Defence. Another *worthy* Gentleman succeeded him, who after some Years spent in the same *Expectations*, was glad to throw up his Pretensions to a Woman, whose Husband was so *obstinately* resolved to live: And now *worthy* Friend, you are coming into his *Post*; but I'm afraid the old Man will serve you *exactly* as he has done your Predecessors of unlucky *Memory*, and that you will not be a Farthing the better either for the *Money*, or *Charms* of his Widow. As you have a peculiar Ascendant over her, I don't doubt but this virtuous Lady makes use of all the *Ways* and *Means* which a young Woman may *lawfully* employ to dispatch an old fumbling Fellow; but finding him look as brisk as ever, I am of Opinion he is not to be murdered between a Pair of Sheets; and that he that laughs in his Sleeve, when the Spouse of his Bosom would oblige him by her Caresses to do that which would soon make a Man of his Years a *Bankrupt* in Love. I don't question, but that 'tis the best *Cordial* and *Elixir* in the World to him, to see that he enjoys more Health than all his Wife's Humble Servants can boast of *Perseverance*. He has already seen her Court chang'd twice or thrice, and yet he is still in the Land of the Living. He is so far from being jealous at all these obsequious *Services* that are paid his Lady, that he enjoys a perfect *Tranquility* of Mind upon it, which would make me stark mad, if I went upon the same Design as you do; For I am sure

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I ſhould take it for one of the greateſt *Affronts* in the World. This one may gather by him, that he looks upon himſelf ſure to live long enough to *weary out* your Expectations, nay, to do the ſame by your Succeſſor. The *Autumn* now approaches; and I know both you and his Wife flatter your ſelves more than ever, to do his Buſineſs for him. For this reaſon you never let him ſup till *Twelve*, ply him hard with Bumpers, look over the *Weekly Bills* to ſee what Diſtemper is *likely* to have the Honour to ſend him to his long Home, and at laſt conclude it muſt be a Defluxion upon his Lungs, or an *Apoplexy*. However, I dare lay you what Wager you pleaſe, that he will weather this Seaſon; and that the Fall of the Leaf will bring you no good Tidings. 'Tis an old poſitive ill-natur'd *Hunks*, that will not die till his Wife's *Beauty* is expir'd, and her Face has gone the Way of all mortal Faces. If he ſhould be ſo wonderfully complaiſant as to kick up his Heels before you, he will take care that his Wife's Charms ſhan't ſurvive him, and will end his *Days* with *Satisfaction* after ſo pleaſant a Piece of *Revenge*. As for me, were I in your Place, I wou'd not engage in this *Paſſion*, nor fill my Head with ſuch *Chimera's* as you do, unleſs a whole *College* of *Phyſicians* wou'd give it me under their Hands and Seals, that the old Fellow wou'd not live above a Month, or at leaſt, promiſe me to give him a *Civil Lift* out of the World by a Time appointed. Unleſs a Man cou'd propoſe ſomething like this to himſelf, he might perhaps make ſome People think well of his Affection, but none of his Judgment.

To Monſieur B——, *giving an Account of an old Gentlewoman that was Caned by her Lover, and how vain ſhe grew upon't.*

I Am going to ſend you the moſt ſurprizing News you ever heard. Madam *D*——, whom you are ſo angry with for talking of *Love* and *Gallantry*, and ſprucing up her *decay'd* Perſon, flouriſhes and triumphs in ſpite of her Age, which the malicious ſay exceeds *Fifty*, and lately had the moſt *glorious* Adventure befallen her that ever ſhe could have hop'd for. In ſhort, ſhe receiv'd

ceiv'd a few Days ago some hearty Drubs with a good *Oaken Cudgel* from her Lover, for some Suspicion of *Infidelity*, as she pretends; nay, the Spark was so strangely transported, that going out of her Chamber, he thrash'd the Lanthorn on the Stair-case all to Pieces. *Old Puss* is grown so unsupportably proud, upon receiving such *visible* Tokens of her Gallant's Affection, that there's no enduring of her. She maintains in all Companies, that 'tis the Womens *Fau't* if they don't make themselves as much belov'd as they please; and that if they had but the Wit to make a right Use of their Advantages, there is ne'er a Man in the World whom they might not easily *manage* with a single Thread. She mightily commends the kind Gentleman, before those Persons whom she honours with any Share of her Confidence. She says he has *Charming* Transports, and *bewitching* Extravagances; and that whoever is concerned with him, ought to know when his different Sallies of *Passion* and Tenderness come in; and that he is the *Easiest* Man in the World, if but rightly *humour'd*. Imagine you heard this Discourse deliver'd in a *trembling broken* Voice, and coming from a Mouth, where not a Tooth, or the least Remainder of one is to be seen: She thinks that this cudgelling has set the Clock of her Life Twenty Years backward, and mercilessly *insults* the rest of her own Age, that have not Merit enough to deserve a Drubbing; This I find, has made some of them as jealous as Furies. So they take all the Pains in the World to *undervalue* the Merit of the Favours which she has so lately receiv'd. One of her Neighbours, who is her Contemporary, and what is more, one that envies her from the Bottom of her Heart, told me, when her *Gallant* thrash'd her, he was just come from the *Chocolate House*, where he had lost all his Money; and that in the Heat of this ill Humour he had laid his Cane upon this *charming* Person: That as for the Lanthorn, it was not he, but an ill contriv'd Rogue of a *Lacquey* that broke it. Thus you may see, Sir, what strange things Envy will make some *People* talk; and with what Artifice and Subtlety it endeavours to *lessen* every thing that makes for the Honour of its Neighbour: Nay, even the *Men* are angry with our poor Spark, for

for *employing* his Cudgel ſo *unworthily*, as if a Man were not allow'd to uſe it where and when he ſaw fit; but was obliged to give the *Publick* an Account of every Woman's Age whom he vouchſafed to chaſtize. So that according to this Doctrine, if in one of your amorous Tranſports you ſhould happen to *fall foul* upon ſome amiable *Old Gentleman*, the World has a Right to cenſure thoſe Favours as *ill beſtow'd*, and blame you for not making them *light* upon a younger Back. Now, in Truth, this is very hard Dealing; but the People of this Age are ſo *ill-condition'd*, that there's no *pleaſing* them. Farewell, Sir: Make a right Uſe of this Example; uſe your Cane *diſcreetly*, and be ſure to remember, that when a Woman has once ſeen Twenty five, ſhe does not deſerve to be ſaluted with it.

To Monſieur de C——*upon a Friend's reſolving to marry an* Old Woman.

THis comes to acquaint you, that our Friend *S*—— notwithſtanding all the *Advice* of his Friends to the contrary, is reſolv'd to *marry* Madam *D***. All the *Reaſon* that he can give for ſo doing, is, that he is *poor*, and the *Lady* has a Thouſand Pounds a Year. Well then, do you think this a ſufficient *Reaſon*? I preſume you don't; for there is ne'er a ſingle *Feature* about her that does not want the abovemention'd Sum to keep it in Repair. If want of *Beauty* implies want of *Fortune*, ſhe is the *pooreſt* Woman upon the Face of the Earth. I would willingly know what Method he takes to delude her. In the firſt Place, I take it for granted, that his Deſign upon her muſt be wicked: And tho' ſuch a Reſolution, in my Opinion, is not eaſy to take, yet ſince he has fallen upon it, I long to know what ſucceſs he has had in his Pretentions. I have heard this *Venerable Perſon* often ſay, That Heaven knew her *Heart*, ſhe had no Deſign to *marry* again: But that if ſhe was *predeſtinated* to commit ſuch a *Folly* the ſecond time (and Widows, by the bye, are mighty Stickiers for *Predeſtination*) ſhe would at leaſt take Care not to chuſe that Man for her Husband, who ſhould propoſe nothing elſe to himſelf but to

to make himself Master of her Estate; but one that had a real and sincere *Consideration* for her *Person*. I own this Word *Consideration* was a modest Word; but in the Lady's *Dictionary* it signified *Love:* And since *Satan* has put it into her Ladyship's Head to make a Distinction between her *Estate* and *Person*, I can't imagine what Method a Man can take to satisfy her that he has a *Fancy* to the *Former*, and not at all to the *Latter*. Can so *superannuated* a Piece of *Mortality* believe, that she has any Merit to boast of, exclusive of her Thousand Pounds a Year; or is she so *vain* as to think that the World looks upon her *Acres* to be nothing but an *Appendix* to her other Perfections? What, has she ne'er a *Looking-glass* in her House, to convince her of her *Mistake?* Have her *Gentlewoman* and her *Dressing-Maid*, her *Chaplain*, *Steward*, and her *Butler*, her *Cook-maid*, and her *Gardener*, her *Coachman* and her *Groom*, have they all conspired to *abuse* her and keep her in *Ignorance*; It almost makes me *mad* to think on't. For Heaven's sake what can be the Meaning of so *strange* an Infatuation? But, to return to our Friend; whatever *Sins* he may have to answer for, I am sure he ought not to be taxed with *Cowardice*. Bless me! to have the Impudence to throw himself at an old painted *Dowdy*'s Feet, and there to tell her in a scoundrel whining *Tone*, that the Divine Lustre of her *Eyes* forsooth, has burnt his Heart to a Coal: That her Company is Heaven to him, and her *Abscence* the greatest Hell; in short, that his Life, his Happiness, his All, depends upon the Sentence of her *Celestial* Lips: To say all these *Sottish* Flatteries, and do all these *wicked* things, is *certainly* above any Man's attempting, but one that has the Courage of *Hercules*. For my Part, I could sooner run up to the Mouth of a *Cannon*, leap down a Precipice, or, what is *worse*, tye up my right Leg behind me, and beg upon a Bridge, that reconcile my self to such little Practices. Instead of loading my tender Conscience with so many horrid Lyes, I wou'd *honestly* tell her Ladyship, that I was most wonderfully in love with her *Bags* and her *Acres*; and that if she would be pleas'd to make me *Master* of them, she shou'd find me a complaisant, grateful *Drudge* to the end of the Chapter; but

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the Devil a *Syllable* wou'd I tell her of her *Beauty*. I wou'd moreover take Occasion to inform her, that she was *bound* in Honour, and all that, to *marry* me, because I did not go about to banter her as the rest of her *humble* whining Rascals did, who pretended to be smitten with her irresistible *Charms*. A Woman of good *Sense* and *Discretion*, if such a Monster as that is to be found above Ground, wou'd be better pleas'd, one wou'd think, with so frank an *Acknowledgment*, than with all those fulsom Compliments, of which the common Herd of Lovers are so *profuse*. You will tell me perhaps, that above three Parts in four of the Women are Fools. Why, so they may be: However, I am such a good natured *Fool* to believe they are not altogether so *foolish* as we make them. Besides, to open my self farther to you, there are *some* People in the World, whom, as *wicked* as I am, I shou'd make a Conscience to *cheat*. 'Tis some Pleasure to put *false* Dice upon a cauti us solemn *Coxcomb*, that stands eternally upon his *Guard*; but what kind of Satisfaction can it be to angle for *Gudgeons* that will swallow a *Hook* without a *Bait?*

When you write to me next, pray send me Word whether the abovemention'd Lady be not a down-right Natural: For if she is not, I am resolv'd to *renounce* all Manner of *Acquaintance* with our Friend: For if he has cunning enough to perswade her that he is in Love with her Person, she must certainly be the most dangerous Impostor in the World; and an Impostor, as I take it, is none of the fittest Men to make a Companion.

The End of Letters Serious and Comical.

Vol. III p. 113

A DECLAMATION in Defence of W—— and GAMING, againſt DRUNKENNESS.

Written in Latin by BEROALDUS, made Engliſh by Mr. THOMAS BROWN.

The ARGUMENT.

A Father had three Sons, one a Whoremaſter, *another a* Gameſter, *and the third a* Drunkard. *Being Sick he made this Will,* That the moſt wicked of his Sons ſhould be diſinherited. *He being dead, they go to Law which of 'em was by this Will diſinherited: The Cauſe is heard before the Judges by way of mutual Accuſation of each other; the* Drunkard *having made his Defence, the other two gave the following Anſwer.*

ÆSOP, that admirable Deliverer of fine Morals in pleaſing Fables, (*moſt Reverend Judges*) tells us, That Men are furniſh'd with two Wallets, one hanging before, and t'other behind: That we put our neighbour's Follies and Vices in that which hangs before; and hide our own in that which is more out of the way, behind. In which ingenious Apologue he, with a great deal of Wiſdom and Knowledge, informs us, that mortal Men have a *Hawk's Eye* in the Diſcovery of the leaſt *Bliſter* or *Scar* in their Neighbours, but are as blind as Moles in their own *Ulcers* and unſeemly *Blotches*; extremely ſharp-ſighted in other People's *Peccadilloes*, but purblind in their own *greateſt Defects*: Thus no body looks back into the Wallet behind, as if of no Concern to 'em. This, tho' of common Experience, yet has never been more viſible and evident, than

than in our Brother's pleading before this *Honourable Bench* this Day, who being very ſhort-ſighted in his own Affair, has diſcover'd ſo ſharp an Eye in ours, while *he could ſee a Mote in our Eyes, but not a Beam in his own*; who has been very copious and eloquent againſt the *Whoremaſter* and *Gameſter*, but has endeavour'd to prove *Drunkenneſs* (his peculiar and beloved Vice) not only pardonable, but very pleaſantly defends it, as a Quality extremely worth our acquiring, and meriting the greateſt Applauſe.

But we ſhall not preſume to banter this *Honourable Bench* with ſuch an Abſurdity, nor put a Gloſs upon our Errors, or cover our Warts; but ſhall ingeniouſly confeſs, that both *Gaming* and *Whoring* are really Evils. But all we contend for is, that *Drunkenneſs* is yet a greater than theſe; and this we hope to make good by the moſt evident Arguments and Demonſtration: We only moſt humbly beg *your Lordyſhips* to ſhew us the ſame Favour you have our *Brother*; and as with a patient and equitable Ear, you have given attention to his Invectives againſt his *Brothers*, you will, with the ſame Benignity and Conſideration, liſten to our reply and excuſable Recrimination; that if he has gratified himſelf with any ill-natured Pleaſure in his Raillery, he may loſe that Satisfaction in hearing his own Follies expos'd in their proper Colours; who having taken the Liberty of ſaying what he pleas'd, may be oblig'd, without any Injuſtice, to hear what he has no mind to. 'Tis your Buſineſs, *moſt reverend Judges*, when you have heard both Sides, and compar'd and nicely weigh'd our Follies and Vices, to make ſuch a Decree as ſhall to *your Wiſdoms* ſeem moſt equitable and juſt.

To begin from the *Root* of the Cauſe: Man conſiſting of *Body* and *Soul*, knows nothing more near and dear to him than *himſelf*; whence it comes to paſs, that the chief Object of his Care and Concern is, to preſerve the Health of his Body and Mind, that he may be *Mens ſana in corpore ſano, a ſound Mind in a ſound Body*: and to adjuſt firſt of all, and make agree thoſe things which the *Greeks* call τὰ πρῶτα φύσεως, and the *Latins*, *Prima Naturæ*, or *Primogenia*. i. e. *the Firſt* or *Primitive Things of Nature*; in which Number are plac'd

plac'd *Health*, the *Integrity of the Senſes*, and the *Preſervation of all the Parts*, which moſt Men make the Meaſure and Rule of the *Summum Bonum*, or *ſupreme Good*: And ſince *Prudence* is the proper Act of Life, and which makes the greateſt and moſt valuable Figure among the *Goods* of the Mind, our firſt and chief Care ought to be the *Preſervation* of that, leſt we fooliſhly quit the Method and Means of Living.

Since therefore this Health and Safety of the Body and Mind is the moſt precious and valuable of all things in Nature, ſince the *Goods* of the Mind and Body are allow'd to be the greateſt of *Sublunary Goods*, is there any Man ſo wilfully blind, as not to eſteem that, by much, the greateſt Vice and Folly, which deſtroys the moſt valuable of *Human Goods*? But 'tis moſt plain and evident, all theſe ſuffer the greateſt Shock by *Drunkenneſs*, and grow dull and heavy by the perpetual Inundation of *Wine*. *Drunkenneſs* obſcures the Mind in dark Clouds, and ſuffocating Fogs of unwholeſome Vapours; drives away the Health and Robuſtneſs of the Body, and is at once the Rock, on which both our Subſtance and Reputation ſuffer Shipwreck. 'Tis an old Proverb, That *a Drunken General is a bad Commander in the Day of Battle*, ſince Wine throws a Miſt over his Conduct, and enervates the Vigour which is neceſſary for the Onſet. This gives us an Idea of the *Wiſdom* of the Ancients in the meaning of their Words, eſpecially ſuch as were compound, for they call'd Wine *Temetum, quod teneat Mentem, ac lentet*; from being a Clog and Impedient to the Mind, and bent to Evil: Hence alſo is *Drunkenneſs* call'd *Temulentia*.

What, *O ye Judges*, is there more ſcoundrel? What more beaſtly, than a Man depriv'd of his Manhood, robbed of his Senſes by an Inundation of *Claret*? He knows not himſelf, and has no more Underſtanding than an old Fellow in his Dotage, or a Child of two Months old; the Health of the Mind is waſh'd away by the *Flood of good Liquors*, and a total Forgetfulneſs of all things enſues, and the perfect Death of the Memory. The Mind of a *Drunkard* drown'd in Wine, and vanquiſh'd in Ebriety, is not in his own Power, which never is the Fate of either the *Whoremaſter* or *Gameſter*; and as

Seneca

Seneca the most severe Censor of the *Drunkards*, says, *Drunkenness* is only a *voluntary Madness*. Is there, can there be any greater and more scandalous Shame in Nature, than that a Man should be pleas'd and delighted with a *spontaneous* and *voluntary Delirium*, whose greatest good is to be in his true Senses, and enjoy a perfect Health of Mind?

In *Drunkenness* we find a *Vertigo* of the Brain, all things turn round, the Head swims, the House whirls about, and the Feet reel: For as *Plautus* wittily remarks, Wine is a cunning Wrestler, that first trips up the Heels; and *Archimedes*, eminent for his Wisdom, justly observ'd, that as *Hemlock* is Poyson to a Man, so *Wine* is to *Hemlock*; intimating by this, that *Wine* was even *Poyson* to *Poyson*.

Who is ignorant how many Distempers arise out of intemperate *Drinking*? For hence comes running Eyes, weak Nerves, trembling Hands, malignant Fevers, ulcerous and gouty Feet, a stinking Breath, and a thousand more which I might here enumerate, so that we may with a great deal of Justice, say, *Drunkenness is close follow'd by its Companion* Pain.

'Tis evident that *Wine* is of a very injurious Nature to human Bodies, when the Use of it is by the Physicians always forbid in our Distempers, as if that were the Food and Fuel of the Disease.

We may add to these Evils of *Drinking*, which we have mention'd already, that the Man who is a Devotee to that, is but a very bad Husband of his Affairs, while he ruines his Estate in the Purchase of Wines from all Parts of the World, and pays the Vintner for odd and whimsical *Names* triple the Value of the Liquor, while he values Wine more than Gold, and is more pleas'd to *look on* a sparkling Glass, than to the Beams of the all-chearing Sun. Every Day furnishes us with examples (tho' in a manner so *notorious*, so *known* to all Men, particular Instances are not necessary) of Men who have brought themselves to Beggery by *drinking* at so expensive a rate. Its Force and Extortion is so great, that it turns the *Head*, and begets *Madness*: There is no more obvious Argument of its Infamy, than that it is us'd in common Abuse, as the last and most despicable Exprobation that

can

can be made to any Man; nor could *Homer's Achilles* find out any more ſhameful Reproach to throw at *Agamemnon*, than that he was οἰνοβαρὲς, i. e. *one laden with Wine*. The Mother of St. *Auſtin*, formerly being by her Maid upbraided and called in the Height of her Anger a *Wine-bibber*, was ſo ſhock'd at the infamous Raillery, that ſhe left off Wine, and only mix'd Water with it for the future.

Examine, *moſt equitable Judges*, the Opinions of all Men, make Enquiry of every one, and you will ſcarce be able to find ſo much as *One*, who had not rather be call'd a *Whoremaſter* or *Gameſter*, than a *Drunkard*. Of ſo general and receiv'd Infamy is a Vice ſo abominable and ſenſeleſs.

Let us add to this the Conſideration of how many Quarrels, even among the neareſt and deareſt Friends? How many Murders and abandon'd Wickedneſſes have Men committed in their *Drink*, which they might well (tho' in vain) wiſh undone, when the *Bacchanalian* Fury was over, (for *Wine*, as it is in *Eſdras*) *ſeduces the Mind, and the drunken Men take up the Sword*, who coming to themſelves and riſing as it were from a ſhort ſort of Death, remember not any of their Actions? Let us inſtance in *Alexander* the Great, of whom my good Brother but now made his Boaſts, did he not ſtab his beſt Friend *Clytus* in the Heat of his Cups? *Perſepolis* fell a Sacrifice to the Heat of his Liquor, and many of his moſt intimate Favourites felt in their Deaths the *Frenzy* of his *Wine*. Nor is this recorded by *Hiſtorians* as a Precedent for *Drunkards*, as you vainly and weakly imagine, but to deter all Men from the ſhameful Vice that had produc'd ſuch fatal Events. Let us ſee what Slaughters publick Debauches have brought forth in this Kind; 'Tis this has betray'd the moſt Warlike Nations into the Hands of their Enemies; this has brought under a Foreign Yoke the moſt obſtinate and impatient of Thraldom; this has vanquiſh'd thoſe that could not be overcome in Battle.

Thus the *Syracuſians* fell into the Hands of *Marcellus*, and the Juriſdiction of the *Romans*; thus the *Maſſagetes*, drown'd in Wine, were routed and made captive by the *Perſians*: What Vice therefore, *O Equitable*

ble Judges, can be more infamous, foul and shameful, than *Drunkenness?* It assaults the *Health of the Mind*, destroys the *Vigour* of the *Body*, wastes the *Estate*, and sinks the *Reputation*, of which the Consequences are Quarrels, Murders, unheard of Wickedness, and even the Extirpation of Nations.

Our Life is a perpetual Refutation of the *Stoick*'s Paradox, which shews more of Cunning than Truth, *viz. That all Sins are equal.* This is contrary to *Common Sense*, and our Vices too visibly contradict it, whose Inequality, and greater and lesser Degrees of Mischief is obvious to every one. Thus 'tis apparent, even to the Blind, that *Drunkenness* is by so much the more *odious* and *abominable* than *Whoredom* and *Gaming*, by how much more valuable and precious *Goods* are destroy'd by the former than by the latter.

But to comply as much as possible with you, out of *Brotherly Love*, and depart a great deal from those Advantages which we have, let us allow you, that *Drunkenness* in all other things is a less Evil than *Whoring* or *Gaming*; let us grant *Fornication* and *Dice* more abandoned Vices in all other things, yet you must be compelled to allow this whether you will or not, That *Drunkenness* overclouds the Wit and Understanding, that it makes all the Senses languish, and puts a Man out of his own Power and Conduct; by which Concession, which you cannot yet deny, 'tis evident that *Victory* declares on our Side, since nothing is equal to this very Vice alone, and nothing wicked and odious enough to demand the second Place. Suppose you make what Compound you please of our Vices, yet you will not be able to prove, but that we are always *Compos mentis*, Masters of common Sense and Understanding; which *Drunkenness* in you shocks and throws into a perfect *Delirium*; but in this Madness, and the Shipwreck of the Mind and Senses, a Man loses the Name of *Man*, and voluntarily casts away that only Distinction betwixt the *Human* and *Brutal* kind, which must render him the most abandon'd, most shameful, and most infamous of Men, if he yet deserve that Name.

As for the Praise my Brother has been pleas'd to bestow on *Wine*, agreeing with the Opinion of *Asclepiades*, that

that it almoſt equals the Power of the Gods, he fights with a *Bulruſh*, not a *Sword*; ſince we are not averſe to *Wine*, and drink it with Pleaſure: For 'tis not *Wine*, but Exceſs of it, which we contend againſt. We are ſenſible there are two Liquors extreamly grateful to human Bodies, *Wine* within, and *Oil* without; *Wine* for the Stomach, and *Oil* to anoint the Limbs. We allow, that nothing contributes more to the ſtrengthning our Bodies, than *Wine* taken with Moderation; we know very well, that *Wine* refreſhes the Stomach, whets the Appetite, abates the Edge of our Cares, expels Cold, and invites Sleep; but all theſe Advantages are confin'd to a very moderate and extreamly temperate Uſe of it; that Excurſion therefore in the Praiſe of *Wine* no body denies: But however, what Excuſe, what Juſtification can thence be drawn for *Drunkenneſs*, or the *Drunkard*, who is the Subject of our preſent Debate? Does the Excellence of *Wine* juſtify his perverting it to the moſt infamous Defect? Can any Authority defend him? What, will you venture to ſhelter your ſelf under the Shield of *Plato*, whom, as the drunken Advocate of *Drunkenneſs*, you have falſly quoted? For you muſt know, my very good Brother, that he is far from praiſing, or authoriſing by a Law, that odious Ebriety which uſes to weaken, and make languid Mens Minds and Underſtandings, the Guilt of which is this Day laid to your Charge; but he would by this Law let us know, that he does not condemn ſometimes a little larger, and more pleaſant Carouſe at Set Banquets, under the Government and Direction of ſome certain prudent and ſober *Sympoſiarchs*, or Maſters of the Feaſts. But that you may know how far the *Platonick* Laws are from countenancing or authorizing *Drunkenneſs*, that it is to the greateſt Degree condemn'd by him, give a little Attention to what we ſhall ſay.

This Philoſopher orders only a little meer *Water* for Boys, and wholly interdicts the Uſe of *Wine* to them, as adding Fire to Fire. The ſame Philoſopher commands a new marry'd Pair, both Bride and Bridegroom, to apply themſelves wholly to the getting an Offspring, and to be very abſtemious, that the Conception be ſolid and quiet; becauſe *Drunkards*, like *Madmen* and *Fools*, are

are not proper for Generation; since 'tis very probable, that from a drunken Man's Coition, the Child would proceed, both in *Limbs* and *Motion*, *crooked* and *untoward*.

As for your Boast of imitating *Hercules*, *Alexander*, and *Cato*, telling us, that the first was a good *Drinker*, the second *drank*, and the third apt to *raise up his Spirits with Wine*; give me leave, good Brother, to ask you one civil Question upon this Head: Would you really imitate these great Men or no? Would you place them and their Lives and Actions before you for an Example to follow, and a Copy to write after; If you will, pray let your Imitation be compleat, follow them closely thro' their whole Lives, tread in the Steps of their Virtues and excellent Qualities, as well as in their Frailties. Let us see you, like *Hercules*, Free the Earth of Monsters; equal *Alexander* in the Wonders of his Acquisitions and Actions, and come up to the Sanctity, the Integrity of the Manners of *Cato*, then we shall allow Ebriety as excusable in you as it was in them; then no body will molest you; then our Suit with you for our paternal Inheritance would be at an End; we should of our own accord give way to the *Good*; we should give up the Cause to Merit, and you should, without any Hazard hear the Contest betwixt me and my other Brother, for our Share of the Estate, allowing yours not fit to come into the Controversy. But what a Perverseness, Impiety and Iniquity is this of yours, which makes you like these great *Heroes* in their *Vices*, but most unlike them in their *Virtues*; which makes you desire to follow them in what should be avoided, and shun them in what you ought to follow them; to imitate them in their *evil* Deeds, but have no Regard to their *good?* If you are pleased with *Cato* in his *Cups*, be pleased likewise with him in his *Frugality*, *Gravity*, *Integrity*, *Learning*, *Manners*, and all his other *admirable Virtues*, of which he is proposed as the *Rule*, *Author*, and *Example*.

But you must not think these great Men like you, returning every Day to their Vomit, spending your whole Life, Day after Day, in the mad, thoughtless Revels of *Bacchus*; for Virtues and Vices so opposite in their Nature, could never inhabit the Breasts of those great Men, but they indulg'd a Glass now and then, to rouse them

Day

up from their pepetual Labours and Fatigues, which Day and Night employed either their Body or their Thoughts, whoſe Peccadilloes are hid in th ir Virtues; to which, ſince you have not the leaſt laudable Ambition of aſpiring, for ſhame never pretend to ſupport your Infamy by their Examples, whoſe Virtues you are ſo far from attaining, that you don't ſo much as deſire them.

Ceaſe, ceaſe, to boaſt of thoſe whoſe Authority you have fondly ventur'd to produce in your Defence, becauſe they only make your Cauſe worſe, more ſhameful and infamous, than if you had not nam'd them. But we are really ſurpriz'd to find that you have in your Liſt forgot *Tiberius Cæſar*, ſince the Practice of one of the greateſt of the *Roman* Emperors would have brought ſome ſeeming Force to your Cauſe, who from his exceſſive drinking of *Wine* was call'd *Biberius Caudius Mero*, inſtead of *Tiberius Claudius Nero*; who made *Piſo* Prefect of *Rome*, for ſitting out his Hand at the Bott'e for two Days and two Nights without Interruption. But Examples, though they are never ſo illuſtrious, of vicious Men, are more prejudicial to the Perſon guilty of the ſame Crime, than beneficial; for their *Acts* are a perpetual Monument of their Folly, and for ever condemn their *Cauſe*.

But *moſt Equitable Judges*, if in Excuſe or Defence of our Vices, we may be allow d the Authority of Princes in their Practice, we are able to produce not a few Emperors guilty of thoſe we too juſtly ſtand accus'd of; for Hiſtory aſſures us, that *Auguſtus Cæſar*, who was eſteem'd a God even in his Life-time, than whom none was thought greater or better on Earth, was very fond of Dice, and the Emperor *Claudius* made a Book of the Art of Dice, of which he was ſo great an Admirer, that he would play even as he rode in his Coach or Litter.

But for *Whoremaſters*, there have been a thouſand Patrons; *Solomon*, who was the wiſeſt of Men, as Holy Writ aſſures us, had almoſt innumerable Troops of Concubines; and *Cæſar* the Dictator was call'd *Every Woman's Husband*.

But 'tis not our Purpoſe to pretend to waſh out our own Offences by the Examples of great Titles, and of

Men of the first Figure in the World; nor shall we make use of even that Defence, which without doubt carries with it the greatest Force and Power of any, as if we should urge, that there is nothing in Nature so necessary as Venereal *Coition*, which being banish'd the Earth, all the various kinds of Animals that render the Earth so glorious, would soon come to nothing, and certainly perish. *Let* Venus (to use the Words of *Seneca*) *leave Mankind's Affairs, and the whole World wou'd be neglected and uncultivated.* Take from human Commerce *Meretrician Amours*, you would find a horrid Confusion of all things, and incestuous Lusts disturb every Family.

'Tis of no Use in this Cause before you, most Reverend Judges, to urge, that *Lice* are the seasoning of a Life of Pleasure, the Delight of the Mind, with which Men deceive the Hours, in their cool Retreats, from the burning Heats of the Clime or Season, which they make use of after Dinner, for the Sake of their Health, when all Agitation of Body and Application of Mind is of no Advantage in the Opinion of the best Physicians. But we pretend to draw no Force to our Cause from any of these things, but we fairly and plainly do acknowledge that we are *criminal*, we are *vicious*, but then, without all doubt we must assert, that our Brother is more *criminal*, and more *vicious*. And this we have, in our Opinion, thus far prov'd by Arguments of the highest Probability: But that this may be more evident to you, that the *Filthiness* of so great a Vice be made yet more apparent, and set in a better Light; in short, that not the least Scruple remain in your Minds, but that a *Drunkard* is far more criminal, and guilty of a Vice far more odious and infamous than a *Whoremaster* or *Gamester*, we shall in this Place endeavour to convince you.

But because our Adversary has attempted to fortify himself by *Examples*, and the *Opinions* and *Sentences* of Authors of the first Forms, we shall therefore in the same manner evince by *Examples*, and the Sayings of *Philosophers*, *Orators* and *Churchmen*, that *Drunkenness* was by the wisest and best of the Ancients esteem'd always detestable, and declaim'd against with the utmost Reproaches, as a Vice of the most pernicious Consequence. And since

ſince theſe things will not be unpleaſant to be known, or unuſeful to be told, or to be rejected by the Ears of the Learned, we hope, as you have hitherto heard us with Attention, that you will continue ſo to do in what we have yet to ſay.

The frugal *Lacedæmonians*, under the happy Laws and Inſtitutions of *Lycurgus*, deſigning to deter their Youth from Ebriety, as from a moſt baſe, mean and ſervile thing, took this Method on their Feſtival Days. They cauſed ſome of their Slaves, the *Helotes*, to be brought into their Refectories drunk, that ſeeing the ridiculous Figure, the fantaſtick Actions, the beſtial Ignorance, and all the filthy Effects of *Exceſſive Drinking*, they ſhould have a perfect Abhorrence of a Vice, which like the Cup of *Circe*, threw off the *Human*, and put on the *Brutal* Form. *Plato*, *Ariſtotle*, *Euſebius*, and the greateſt of Phyſicians, *Galen*, have given an unanimous Applauſe to that *Carthaginian* Law, which forbid all Wine during the Campaign, ordering all to abſtain from it during all warlike Expeditions, as ſoftening and rendering them unfit for Labour and Fatigue. *Cæſar* in his Commentaries informs us, that the *Suevi*, a People of *Germany*, utterly forbid the Importation of *Wine*, believing it would enervate their Bodies, and deſtroy their Strength. The Stoick *Cheremon* relates, that the ancient *Ægyptian* Prieſts always abſtained from *Wine* and *Fleſh* from the time that they addreſs'd themſelves to the divine Worſhip, that the Senſes being unclogg'd with Vapours and Fumes, might be more robuſt and ſprightly. Among the *Romans*, and through all the *Latin* Territories, the Women were exemplarily abſtemious all their lives; that is, they drank no Wine; nay, if we may believe *Dionyſius* in his Book of Antiquities, if they were caught drinking *Wine*, they were put to Death; and ſome of our celeb ated *Latin* Writers have delivered it as a Truth, that the Wife of *Ignatius*, who had drank ſome Wine out of the Cask, was killed by her Husband, and he acquitted of the Murder by *Romulus*. *Fabius Prætor* tells us in his *Annals*, of a Lady that was ſtarved to Death by her Relations, for having the Keys of her Wine Celler in her Pocket *Cneius Domitius* being Judge, condemn'd a Woman to the Forfeiture of her Dowry, for drinking *Wine* without her

Husband's Knowledge; for this Reason, if we credit *Cato*, and from him *Tertullian* in his *Apologetick*, the Friends and Relations of the Woman kiss her, to find whether she has been drinking *Wine*. And indeed it must be confess'd, that the inordinate Use of *Wine* shuts the Door fast against all Virtue, but sets it wide open to all manner of Vice. *Apollonius Tyanæus*, a Man of the first Character among the Heathens, was a Water-drinking, fearing and shunning *Wine* as the Bane of the Understanding. St. *Hierom* directs his *Christian Virgin* to avoid *Wine* as *Poyson*; he likewise makes almost a total Interdiction of it to the Priesthood (which we hope they observed better in his Days than ours) who writing to *Nepotian*, *Never*, says he, *suffer your Breath to have the frowzy Hautgoust of Wine, lest you should be liable to that Rebuke of the Philosopher, This is not to offer a Kiss, but a Glass.* One of the chief and most scandalous Objections of *Cicero* to *Piso*, and which he urges as the greatest Reproach, is, that being an eternal Guzzler of *Wine*, his Mouth smelt like a Vintner's Vault. But not to accumulate Examples from profane History, God himself in *Leviticus* says thus to *Aaron* the High-Priest, *Wine*, says he, *and all that can inebriate, thou shalt not drink, nor thy Sons, when you enter the Tabernacle, lest you die.* Thus likewise th *Follower* o *God*, the *Ve el* of *E ection*, and the Bulwark and Defence of the *Holy Scriptures*, St. *Paul* the Apostle condemning the Debauches of the Bottle in his Epistle to *Timothy*, declares, *That a Bishop should be sober, and not at all given to Drinking.* And hence that memorable Passage in the Canonical Decrees, that the Apostle condemns, and the old Law forbids a Priest much Drinking. The Priests that minister in the Temple, or Church of God are forbidden *Wine* and *Strong Drink*, lest their Hearts and Spirits be overburthen'd with Surfeits and Ebriety.

Before the Flood Men were sober and abstemious in their Liquors, the Use of the Vine not being found out, nor any Vineyard planted; after the Flood, as we find it in Holy Writ, *Noah* was the first who planted a Vineyard and drinking of the Juice of the Grapes, became *drunk*; so that *Wine did not so much as spare the Author of its Being.* We find likewise in the *Pentateuch*,

tateuch, that *Wine* was the cauſe of *Inceſt*, the Daughters of *Lot* having made him *drunk* with Wine, drew him into the abominable Act of Inceſt. From which time the heat of *Wine* has invaded mortal Men with *Fury*, that *Fury* with *Drunkenneſs*, and in *Ebriety* Modeſty is loſt, and then Impudence, which enſues, produces *Inceſt*, and all manner of monſtrous Conjunctions. From this time *Wine* began to affect the Minds of Men with various and different Motions. So that ſome grew quarrelſome and frantick; others pleaſant, facetious and talkative; others drowſy and ſleepy; others maudlin and full of Tears; for *Wine* has the ſame Force as *black-Choler*, that is, various and manifold, on which we have an excellent and noble Problem of the moſt celebrated Philoſopher *Ariſtotle*, from which *Horace* ſeems to have borrow'd the Beginning of the Twenty-firſt Ode of his Third Book.

O Nate mecum conſu'e Manlio, &c.

O charming Cask of ſprightly Wine,
Whoſe Life bears equal Date with mine;
Born both upon the Latian *Shore,*
When Manlius Rome's *great Taxes bore;*
Whether from thee Complaints ariſe,
Or Wit around the Table flies,
Or jarring Quarrels intervene,
Or fickly Love, or biting Spleen,
Or from the friendly Vapours creep
Upon my Temples eaſy Sleep, &c.

Dionyſius, vulgarly call'd *Bacchus*, (whom the Heathen Writers make the Inventer of the Grape) is feigned to be horn'd; not ſo much becauſe he brought Oxen to the Yoke, (as *Didorus* believ'd) as that Men overpoſſeſs'd with the Spirit of *Wine*, by its Force are rais'd up to any raſhneſs imaginable, and are made impetuous, and as it were arm'd with Horns to defend or aſſault. Then is the poor Man's Horn exalted, then forgetting his *humble State* and *Poverty*, he admits the Inſinuations of Pride, and ſwells with the empty Imaginations of his own Worth.

As for that vain and insignificant Boast of our Brother's, that *Bacchus* was made a God, a Vineyard-keeper, a Constellation, that does not afford the least Help, nor bring the weakest Buttress to his Cause; but if the Fictions of the Poets may serve for Arguments, and be allow'd a good Defence, let us likewise have the Advantage of the like Instances; let us remember that our *Venus* is the brightest Star in the Firmament, that she exercises her Authority among the very Gods and Goddesses, by whose Nature or Influence all things are born on Earth, whom the most celebrated Authors of Fables call, *The Pleasures of God and Men.*

To these let us add *Anacharsis*, who was born to Wisdom among the barbarous and dull *Scythians*; he tells us, that the Vine bears three sorts of Grapes, the first of *Pleasure*, the second of *Drunkenness*, and the third of *Contumely*. *Æsop*, the Author of the *Fables*, is said to have express'd himself much after the same manner. The Observation of *Anacharsis*, *Æsop*, or any other wise Men (for its real Author is not much to the Import of the Saying) is, that *at Dinner the first Cup is offer'd to* Thirst, *the second to* Mirth, *the third to* Pleasure, *but the fourth to* Madness. But if the fourth Cup makes the Drinkers mad, what will four times four, nay, forty Cups do? Must they not drive them beyond all manner of other Madness, and make them what we call *stark mad?* But 'tis evident by great Drinkers, that the more they drink, the more they thirst; and the more they use themselves to drink, the more they covet it; so that they seem a Generation of Men born on purpose for the Destruction of *Wine*. *Nivellius* of *Milan* drinking off near four Gallons at a Draught, was not ashamed of the Sirname he acquired by it, of *Tricongius*, or *Three Gallons*, seeking as it were an awkward sort of Glory from his Vice. And since every Vice is so much the greater, as the Person that commits it is more eminent in his Station and Dignity, what Title of Infamy can we give *Bonosus* the *Roman* Emperor (whom I wonder my Brother should omit in his List of *Royal Drunkards*) who excell'd all mankind in Drinking, of whom *Aurelianus* was wont to say, *That he was not born to live but to drink*; who being vanquish-

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ed by *Bobus*, when he had made his Exit in a Halter by his own Hands, gave Riſe to this Sarcaſm, that not a *Man*, but a *Hogſhead* was hanging up. *Solomon* cries aloud, *Wine is luxurious, and Ebriety tumultuous, and whoever is delighted with theſe can never be wiſe.* The ſame cautions us, *not to be in the Feaſts of Drunkards.*

I could not but ſmile, my Lords, when I heard my Brother but now calling thoſe *incontinent* and *intemperate*, who are Votaries of *Venus*, at the ſame time confirming it out of *Ariſtotle*'s Problems, as if *Ariſtotle* had only called Men inclined to Women *incontinent* and *intemperate*. But, my good Brother, pray do us the Favour to repeat the whole Problem of *Ariſtotle*, and then you will find your ſelf under the ſame Cenſure, and incurring the ſame Denomination. But to make this plain, my Lords, you muſt recollect, that this moſt eminent of all the Philoſophers ſays, that ſince all *Pleaſure* accrues to Man by his Senſes, all immoderate Pleaſure by theſe Organs is criminal and odious; but, ſays he, thoſe which proceed only from the *Taſte* or *Touch*, are the moſt contemptible of all Pleaſures; and they who are moſt addicted to thoſe two beſtial Pleaſures, are moſt generally called *incontinent*, as if thoſe ſhould be thought but a ſort of *Brutes* and *Savages*, who participate chiefly of Delight proper to them; while the others, which proceed from the other three Senſes, ſeem peculiar to *Men*. This is the Sum and Subſtance of what *Ariſtotle* ſays; from whence it is apparent, that the Pleaſure of *Taſte*, in which that of Drinking muſt certainly be included, falls equally under the Cenſure, with the Pleaſure of the *Touch*, under which the Enjoyment of the Fair is alſo placed: But every body knows how ridiculous a thing it is to object that to another, which may be immediately retorted againſt one's ſelf.

But before we quit the Proſecution of this abominable and odious Vice, let us take a View of the *Deeds* of *Drunkenneſs*, in the Deſcription of which we ſhall not make uſe of our own Words, but thoſe of *Pliny*, which ought to be in every one's Mouth, and in every one's Heart, and are worthy to be mentioned every where as well as in his Book, to correct the inexplicable Avarice of Drink. Let us therefore hear *Pliny* de-

claiming against the Vices of *Drunkenness* in this manner: *Then do the voracious Eyes devour the Nation's Beauty, then are the Secrets of the Soul betrayed; some make their last Will's and Testaments, speak things that are the Occasion of Death, and can't hold their Peace even after the Slaughter of many; so that now* Truth *is vulgarly attributed to* Wine: *But the best of the Lot is, they never see the rising Sun, and live a shorter time than otherwise they might. Hence come Paleness, and pendulous and skinny Cheeks, running Eyes, paralytick Hands bumbling full Cups; and the present Punishment they are troubled with is, disquiet Nights, and frightful Dreams, the chief Reward of Drunkenness, prodigious Lusts, and pleasing Wickedness. The next Day they breathe from their Mouths contaminating Scents, have an utter Forgetfulness of all things, and a Death of the Memory. They boast, that they anticipate Life as it flies; whereas they not only lose the former, but the coming Day.* Is there any so besotted to the *Bottle*, whom this Discourse of *Pliny*'s (this censorial Correction, so severe, so plain, and so true) cannot reclaim to Sobriety, from the Debauches of *Wine* to the Temperance of *Water*, from the Suppers of *Roarers* to the Dinners of the *Cynicks?* Who is there that can hear this, can read it, and not fly from *Drunkenness* as a *Pest*, and execrate the *Bottle* with his utmost Detestation, as the most filthy, scandalous, odious and infamous of all Vices whatever? What Judge, endow'd with such Authority and Wisdom as you, my Lords, would not immediately pronounce Sentence against *Drunkards* and *Ebriety?*

But now I think we ought to sound a Retreat, lest while we take the Advantage of the *Lex Talionis*, the *Law of Retaliation*, while we recriminate on the Reproaches and Accusations of our Brother, while we endeavour to give as good as he brought, in tallying Crime, with Crime, Vice with Vice, and Folly with Folly, we should seem too violent, and discover too great a want of Moderation.

We believe, my Lords, that you have observ'd how we have pass'd over in Silence some Objections made to us by our Brother, without any Denial or Refutation.

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We readily confeſs, my Lords, that we are far from denying ſo plain a Matter of Fact; for he only who can boaſt himſelf free from all manner of *Fault*, can particularly refute and wipe off all manner of *Scandal*. But we, my Lords, do not pretend to deny our Faults as innocent, nor do excuſe them as many do, nor boaſt of them as our Brother. It is confeſs'd, that 'tis a vile and ſhameful thing to *Whore* and *Game*; the Name of a *Whoremaſter* and *Gamester* we ought to bluſh at. We do by no Means deny but that both our Faults are infamous and detrimental, and extreamly worthy of Reproof; but all we contend for is, *That our Brother's Vice and Wickedneſs exceeds ours*. We have made appear, that *Drunkenneſs* does not only weaken our Fame and Eſtates, (which were our Brother's chief Objections againſt *Us* and our *Follies*) but have with the beſt Demonſtration made it out, that *Ebriety* farther diſturbs, ſhocks, changes and overturns the Senſes, Underſtanding, and all the Faculties of the Mind; than which there can be nothing more vile and criminal. We have ſhewn what great Slaughters, Deſtructions and Funerals *Drunkenneſs* has brought on Mankind; we have likewiſe given you a Liſt of Examples and Authorities of the moſt excellent Philoſophers and Princes, from whence *Drunkenneſs* appears to have always been the Object of their Indignation, and in all Ages to have been condemn'd as the worſt of Vices.

As for what remains, my Lords, it is now in your Breaſts, it lies upon your Prudence and Gravity to weigh with Attention our ſeveral Crimes, and put them as it were in a Balance, and which ever of us Three ſhall appear the moſt vile and infamous Offender, he muſt be the Subject of your Sentence.

Nor are we under the leaſt Apprehenſions in the World, but that your Judgment will be in our Favour: We can't doubt but that you, my Lords, who are Men of ſuch eminent Wiſdom, will have the ſame Sentiments of Things with ſo many Writers of the firſt Rank, and with what Reaſon it ſelf perſwades, Examples fortify, and common Senſe confirms. We therefore, my Lords, commit our Cauſe to your Prudence and Conſciences, and if you plainly know (as you moſt certainly do)

that *Drunkenneſs* is by much the more infamous Crime, exclude our Brother, and by your Sentence abſolve *Us*, that by your Favour and Juſtice we may enjoy our Paternal Inheritance. *Dixi.*

Diverting Letters and BILLET-DOUX, (Both Originals and Tranſlations) to GENTLEMEN and LADIES.

Diverting LETTERS to Gentlemen, in Imitation of *Monſieur de Pays.*

To Monſieur de P——*That Women have ſold their Favours in all Ages of the World, confirm'd by the famous Story of* Lais *and* Demoſthenes.

TAke my word for it, Sir, you were exceedingly in the right on't, to refuſe *buying* of Pleaſure at ſo dear a Rate. When a Man is ſo *honeſt* as to beſtow his *Heart* upon *Phillis*, ſhe ought to be ſent to the Devil for a *mercenary* Strumpet, if not content with that *Preſent*, ſhe demands the fingering of his *Purſe:* For, as Love's *Caſuiſts* have long ago regulated the Matter in Caſe of *Services* render'd, the *Workman* ought to be paid, and not the *Maſter* that employs him. I always told you, if you remember, that this wheedling young *Gypſy* loved you for the *Inſide* of your Pockets, and not for your *outward* Merits. And ſince you have found it by Experience to be *true*, I hope you'll *take* my Word for the future. However, don't be dejected at the Matter for you are not the *firſt* Man by a Million that has ſuffered this Misfortune. The Generality of the Sex in all Ages of the World, have ſet a *greater* Value on wicked *Mammon* than Integrity. Half a Crown, a Silver Thimble, a braſs Ring double guilt, a Pair of *Jerſey* Stockings, and

the like, will *purchase* you a Chamber-Maid, or one of her Rank at any time: Bribe but *higher*, and you may get at Arm-full of *Quality*, of what Complexion or Age you please: For, after long Observation, I find it to hold truer *no Money, no Mistress*, than *no Money, no Swiss*. 'Tis a most wicked Custom, I confess, and ought to be banish'd out of all civiliz'd Nations; but the *Disease*, I am afraid has taken too deep Rooting to be removed. To convince you that this is *true*, as likewise to give you *Consolation* all under one, I resolved to send you the following Story, which seems to be calculated for the Meridian of your Case.

You remember, my dear Friend, or at least you ought to remember, that silver-tongu'd Orator of *Greece*, who could perform Miracles by his Eloquence, I mean the celebrated *Demosthenes*, who led the Nobility and People of *Athens* just as he pleased, and who was a *greater* Thorn in the King of *Macedon*'s Foot, by the single Power of his *Rhetorick*, than all the Captains of his Republick by their Bravery. At the same time that this notable *Haranguer* flourish'd at *Athens*, a certain Lady of Pleasure, whose Name was *Lais*, flourish'd at *Corinth*, who was as famous for the *Lilies* and *Roses* in her Cheeks, as our *Athenian* for the Tropes and Metaphors in his Speeches. No mortal *Heart* whatever could withstand the irresistible Charms of *Lais*, and no mortal *Ears* could defend themselves against the bewitching *Tongue* of *Demosthenes*. In short, they agreed in this particular, that both of them promoted the *Publick Good* with the *Sweat* of their *Brows* though after a different manner. History now here informs us what Fees *Demosthenes* used to demand, but 'tis agreed on all Hands, that *Lais* would be paid exorbitantly for her Attendance: She was not one of those *generous* Damsels, that think they are sufficient *Gainers* by *exchanging* Love for Love; neither tho' she *fought* for Pay, did she *list* her self to the next Comer for a *small* Matter: No, all her Favours were *taxed*, and at so *high* a Rate too, that she occasion'd the famous *Proverb* you have heard so often mention'd, that *every one could not afford to go to* Corinth. *Demosthenes*, who had been inform'd by common Report, of the *Beauty* and attractive *Graces* of this

this charming *Corinthian*, flatter'd himself that this *Proverb* did not affect him, and that 'twas impossible for *Lais* to withstand the all-conquering *Harmony* of his Periods. Thus being satisfy'd that he should gain his Point, he took Pen in Hand, and sent a *Cart-load* of Love Letters to *Lais*: She, like a well bred Lady, civilly answered him, in order to *lure* him on, being one that lov'd to bring these Matters from Contemplation to *Practice*. Upon this, our Orator gets ready his Equipage, leaves *Athens*, and sets out for *Corinth*. I cannot positively *affirm* at this distance of Time, whether a *dead* or *living* Vehicle carried him thither, that is to say, whether he went on *Horseback* or in a *Coach*, the old *Philosophers* being wholly *silent* as to this Point; but considering how *deeply* smitten he was, 'twas probable that he rode *Post*, if they had any such *Convenience* in his Age. He was no sooner arrived there, but plucking *off* his *Boots*, immediately for I still keep to my Hypothesis, that he took Post) he repaired to the next Barber's Shop, where being most nicely powdered and perfum'd by *Tonsor*, he put on his best Linnen, brush'd his Hat, and now imagining himself as great a *Beau* as *Adonis*, prepared to beat up the Quarters of his new Mistress, whom he fancy'd more beautiful than *Venus*. Coming into her Apartment, he found her infinitely more *charming* than he had imagined; he *seated* himself over against her, he *ogled* her, he exhausted all his *common* Places, he squandered away the *whole* Stock of his *Eloquence*, he said a Hundred pretty things to her, he made her a *Goddess*, and what not! All this while *Lais* patiently heard our *Athenian* Tongue-pad, still expecting when he would open to the *Purpose*, I mean when he would present her with a Purse of *Gold*. After the usual Forms were over, he had *Assurance* enough to ask her the important Question, and she had the Conscience to ask ten Thousand *Drachmæ*, that make up in our Money—let me see—as I hope to be saved, I can't tell you *exactly*; but I dare venture to affirm, it was a very *considerable* Sum. This confounded Proposition put poor *Demosthenes* so to the Dumps, that for a Quarter of an Hour he stood like one *Thunderstruck*, without Sense or Motion: At last recovering his *Speech*,

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Madam, cry'd he, *your Humble Servant: I am not in the Humour at present, to buy Repentance at so dear a rate; and so good Night.* The *Grammarians* and *Antiquaries* have entered into a furious Dispute about the Meaning of this Word *Repentance*, and the most learned are agreed, that *Demosthenes* understood that which we call the *Neapolitan Disease*, and, in his Time, went under the name of the *Corinthian Itch*. Be it as it will, our *Love-sick* Orator got Home, ashamed and confounded at the ill Success of this Journey: And from that Time forward he bellow'd very strenuously against the *Extortion* of the Women, but did not make one single *Convert* in the whole Sex. And now, Sir, I hope I have somewhat qualify'd your Uneasiness, by laying before you this Adventure of *Demosthenes*. This *scandalous* Traffick of *Selling* Favours is no *modern* Invention of the Ladies, but as old as the Creation. As for those *noisy Coxcombs* that pretend to carry the whole *Female* World before them, by their *Rhetorick*, and have the *Impudence* to lay Wagers, that they'll bring the greatest *Coquette* to their Terms in *three* Days, only *laugh* at them for *Fops*, for they are not worth your answering. Let them *pretend* what they please, I'll engage that ten *Pistoles* will go farther than ten Thousand of the finest *Stanza's* and *Letters* in the World; for *Merit* is a Sort of an antiquated *Coin*, which not one Woman in a Million will take for ready *Money*. I am

Yours, *&c.*

To Monsieur *de B*——*In the Beginning of this Letter he rallies his Friend for not writing to him; and afterwards gives him an Account of a merry Intrigue he had with a* Huguenot *Parson's Wife.*

UPON my Word, Sir I am exceedingly *obliged* to you, for the *extraordinary* Opinion you seem to have of my *Friendship*, since you believe it can *thrive* and prosper like the Fruits of *Paradise*, without *cultivating* or looking after. To be plain with you, can you expect I should *entertain* you from Time to Time with my Letters, while you refuse to put your self to the

the *Expence* of one ſingle Line? But you are the *Pleaſanteſt* Gentleman in Nature, I ſwear, when you tell me, I have *Wit* enough to *gueſs* at all you can ſay in an Anſwer, and therefore *forbear* to write to me. What! are you ſo *unreaſonable* to expect I ſhould do like Fryar *Martin*, that is, *ſing* and make the *Reſponſes* my ſelf? Had you the *leaſt* Regard to my *Reputation*, you would never *ſerve* me ſo, for none but *Fools* uſe to talk to themſelves; and for my Part, I begin to be *weary* of it. Beſides, to *diſarm* you of all Excuſes, your *Miſtreſs* can never be ſo *jealous* of you, but you may venture a few Lines to a *Friend*, without incurring her *Diſpleaſure*. With all due *Submiſſion* to the Lady be it ſaid, *Friendſhip* does not interfere with the Intereſt of *Love*, ſo that I may very well be allow'd to find a *Friend* at the ſame time that the charming *Urania* finds a Lover in you. Having made mention of *Love*, I have trumped up a *new* Miſtreſs lately; but thou art ſo *unpardonable* a Wretch, that I hardly think it worth my while to *communicate* this Affair to thee. In ſhort, I am ſo *concern'd* at thy Negligence, that, by my good Will, I could deny thee this ſmall Satisfaction; but *Friendſhip* combates furiouſly within me, and I perceive will get the better of my *Reſentment*. Know then, thou *wicked* Reprobate, that, for this laſt Month I have paid my *Devotion* to a *Calviniſt* Parſon's Wife, who is wonderful pretty and *good-natur'd*; which *laſt* Quality, you know, is ſeldom to be found in the Females of that *ſowre* Perſwaſion. I *daily* make my Viſits to her, and ſhe ſuffers them, ſuffers them, I ſay, without *Reluctance*, and perhaps not without *Pleaſure*. When I firſt made her a Tender of my Affection, the pretty Creature *pelted* me moſt unmercifully with Texts of *Scripture*: But I ſoon turned her *Artillery* upon her ſelf, and convinc'd her, that all the *Orthodox* Commentators were on my Side. Perhaps you laugh at this Gallantry, tho' at the ſame time, you approve my *pious* Reſolution to careſs none but *Huguenots*: For let the cenſorious World make the *worſt* on't it can, People can *only* charge me with *tempting* a Woman to ſin that was above *half-damn'd* to my Hands. But let them talk as they pleaſe, 'tis a Deſign I am reſolved to put

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in Execution this *Lent*, for the *Repose* of my Conscience. I intend, for the future, to *hunt* no where but in the Territories of *Geneva*, where I shall be without the *Jurisdiction* of the Church; so that my Confessor will have nothing to do with any *Game* I spring there; and indeed, if he pretends to forbid me this Sport, I shall appeal from him to some more *competent* Judge. By this time I hope you are satisfy'd, that I have taken the *surest* Method of succeeding, and that a young Fellow cannot better employ his Time, than in making *Love* to Women, that never *go* to *Confession*. That confounded *Church Stratagem*, call'd *Confession*, is a mortal Enemy to all *Gallantry*; by the same Token a Man shall have an *Apostle*'s Day now and then *pop* in unluckily upon him, when he has *almost* brought an Intrigue to *bear*, and so make him *lose* in one *Minute* all the *Ground* he has been *struggling* for so many *Weeks* before. But, the Lord be *praised*, there are no such *Misfortunes* to be fear'd among the *Huguenots:* The good People of that *Persuasion* never trouble their Heads with keeping a *Catalogue* of their Sins, but let them lye at *Sixes* and *Sevens*, whereas we *discreeter* Catholicks pay off our Scores once a *Month* at least, and then begin a *fresh* Tick. The best *Jest* of all is, our *Husband*, according to the common *Fate* of most *Cuckolds*, is the kindest, civillest *Fellow* in the World to me, and imagines the *only* Motive of my coming so *often* to see him, is to be *settled* in some Points of Religion. To *countenance* this Belief in him, I seem to be wonderfully *surprized* at his Discourse, nay sometimes allow him the *better* of the Argument; and, indeed, 'tis merry enough to consider how *harmoniously* the Business of Sin and *Religion* goes forward in his House; for while *old Orthodox* thinks to make a *Convert* of me, I'm endeavouring, by way of *Retaliation*, to make a *Whore* of his Wife.

To Monsieur *de S*—— *Our Author endeavours to comfort his Friend for having lost his Mistress.*

I Commend you for making me the Confident both of your *Love* and *Affliction*; for tho' you had not been

been *oblig'd*, in Point of *Friendship*, to have done it, yet the *Conformity* of our Misfortunes seems to have *challeng'd it* from you. I am *concern'd* at your *ill* Luck, and resent it with as *lively* a Concern, as if it were my own. Were you to be *comforted* after the usual Manner of People in Distress, that is, by citing to you the *Examples* of other Persons as *unfortunate* as your self, I cou'd easily produce *myself* as an Instance of human Infelicity, who have all my Life-time been persecuted by *Love*, as well as a constant ill *Fortune*. If the perfidious *Melissa* has *despis'd* you, my cruel *Calista* has bestow'd the *same* Treatment upon me. At the same Time, I must confess that *Calista* is not altogether so unjust as *Melissa*, since she beholds none of those *shining* Qualities in me, which the other shews in you; for which Reason I ought only to *condole* your Hardships without thinking of my self, who am too *worthless* a Wretch to be comforted. But since you have commanded me to administer to you some *Consolation* out of my own Store, I cannot begin *better*, than by reminding you of the Ancient *Proverb* which says, that *Fortune* and *Love* don't always *favour* the most *deserving*. One wou'd think that a *handsome* young Fellow, like your self, was only made to be *beloved*, and that the Ladies ought to prefer such as come *nearest* to them in Point of Beauty, to those are farthest *remote* from it: However, we find the quite contrary usually happens: Women are the most *Fantastick* Animals in Nature as to their Affections: they love without knowing *why*, or *wherefore*, and *blindly* follow the Direction of their *Passions*, that never advise with *Reason*. What finer *Gentleman* did *Italy* ever produce, than *Jocundus*, witty, generous, gay, and beautiful; yet does not History *inform* us, that the dear *Wife* of his Bosom lov'd the Embraces of her *Coachman* much better than his; a *Rascal* that was as ugly as the *Devil*, and *stunk* worse in his own single Person, than a Convention of *Polecats*? Who has not heard of *Adolphus*, the famous King of the *Lombards*, whose *Beauty* made him *admir'd* by all the World; yet his *virtuous* Queen left him, to *solace* her self in the Arms of a little diminutive crumpled *Brute*, whose very Sight was enough to put *Messalina* her

self

ſelf out of *Conceit* with the whole Sex? And now, Sir, do you think it *ſtrange* that ſhe has *abandon'd* you for that walking Tun of Guts and Garbidge, your *Rival?* Tell me not, that your Misfortune is without *Example:* Were I not afraid to overwhelm you with Variety of *Citations*, I cou'd eaſily *refreſh* your Memory with the ancient, but true Story of the celebrated *Penelope*, whoſe *Virtue* and *Chaſtity* have been recommended to all ſucceeding Women, as *Patterns* to follow. Don't you know, that during the Abſcence of *Ulyſſes*, ſhe was *courted* by abundance of young *Lords* and *Noblemen*, who omitted nothing that cou'd contribute to gain her Affection! There was nothing but Muſick and Feaſting, and Magnificence; yet the Devil of any Progreſs did theſe young *Lords* and *Noblemen* make in *Penelope*'s Heart with all their Muſick, Feaſting, and Magnificence. At laſt, a Crotchet took *Mercury* in the Pate, to *undertake* that which all theſe fine *Princes* had attempted in vain. He flatter'd himſelf, that being a *God*, he might eaſily ſurmount thoſe Difficulties which frail *Mortals* had found invincible; and that *Penelope* muſt be a Statue or ſomething *worſe*, if ſhe cou'd maintain her *Heart* againſt his fine *Shape*, his *Eloquence* and *Addreſs*. But notwithſtanding all this, *Mercury* ſucceeded not a Jot better than the reſt of his *Rivals*. Finding that neither his fine *Shape*, or his *Eloquence* made any Impreſſion upon the Lady, he had Recourſe to *Addreſs*, having had the Honour, more than once, to ſerve his Father *Jupiter* in the painful and laborious Character of a *Pimp*. But he diſplay'd all his *Dexterity* to no Purpoſe; therefore, to bring Matters *ſooner* to an Iſſue, he metamorphos'd himſelf into a Goat, and under that *agreeable* Form, careſs'd this irreconcileable Enemy to Love, the chaſt and virtuous *Penelope*. Now, what will you be able to reply me, dear Friend of mine, when I ſhall deſire you to *remember*, that a Paultry, ſtinking *Creature*, with *Hoofs* and *Horns*, obtain'd thoſe Favours, which ſo many whining Coxcombs, and even *Mercury* himſelf had ſollicited in vain? *Penelope*, who had ſtood *buff* to all the Charms and Courtſhip of *Gods* and *Men*, ſurrenders up her Perſon to a vile, naſty *Animal*; and what was the Effect of this *unnatural* Commerce,

merce, but a cloven-footed Puppy, I mean *Pan*, the illuſtrious Prince of *Fauns* and *Satyrs?* Let me deſire you, Sir, to chew the *Cud* a little upon this *inſtructive* Story; and when you have done ſo, tell me, whether you and I have not ſhewn our ſelves a *Brace* of idle Coxcombs, to *languiſh* and die for two inſignificant, ungrateful *Coquetts?* Were we *wiſe* we ſhould leave off this *Game*, and ſtart a *better*. As for you, 'tis in your Power to chuſe a Hundred Miſtreſſes that will think themſelves *honour'd* with the Leavings of the inſenſible *Meliſſa*, and will be much more capable to comfort you upon the Score of your Loſs, than I can *pretend* to. Deliver your ſelf therefore from a *Slavery* which will be diſhonourable to you, ſince your Miſtreſs has made ſo *vile* a Choice. Conſtancy is often a *Vice* as well as *Virtue*, and all the World will *laugh* at you, to ſhew it upon this Occaſion. For my Part, I adviſe you nothing but what I am reſolved to put in *Practice* my ſelf: Whenever the cruel *Caliſta*, who has not as yet thought fit to declare her ſelf, ſhall beſtow her Affection upon *any* other than my ſelf, that very Moment I will throw off her *Chains*, and not drag them about me to ſet off the *Triumph* of my Rival. I will ſee him *crucify'd* a Hundred times over, before he ſhall have the *Satisfaction* to ſee me drop one ſingle Tear for thoſe Favours which he enjoys at Pleaſure. No, I will *drown* all my Cares in a Glaſs of generous *Red*, put the *ill-natur'd* Jilt in the Front of ſome *glorious* Lampoon, break her Windows, murder her Lap-dog, and wiſh her and her Spark at the *Devil*. This is the *Remedy* I would preſcribe to you in your preſent Diſtemper, and not to let it grow upon you, by humouring it; which would make me as great a *Sufferer* as your ſelf, ſince I *feel* all your Affliction in as *ſenſible* a Manner as I do my *own*. Forget a *worthleſs* Creature, that has forgotten you; nay, remember that *Meliſſa* has oblig'd you by reſigning you up for another, ſince 'twas impoſſible for you to have paſs'd one *eaſy* Moment, with a Woman of ſo *wretched* a Taſte. I am

Yours, &c.

A Letter to Monſieur *H* —— *Giving an account how he ſurprized a famous Miſs of the Town, dining at her Lodgings in an Undreſs, with two of her Female Companions.*

WELL, I have the moſt *Comical* Adventure in the World to recount to thee, that's certain. Ha, ha, ha! I ſhall *kill* my ſelf I think, with *laughing* at it, 'tis ſo ridiculous: Give me leave to *recover* a little out of this Fit, and then, dear Rogue, thou ſhalt *hear* all.

Know then ——but this *wicked* Fit again interrupts me —— Well then, to be *ſerious* ——Know that between the Hours of twelve and one to Day, having gone through my whole *Circle* of Morning-*Viſits*, I bolted *unawares* into the divine *Belinda*'s Chamber, where I ſaw a Sight enough to ——Pardon me, dear *Toney*, I am ſo *tickled* with the *Idea* of it, that I muſt take t'other Doſe of *Laughter* before I can ſtir a Step farther —— to have made the moroſeſt *Cynick* in the World forfeit all his *Gravity*.

A *Plague* on her, you know the divine *Belinda* well enough, that ill natur'd ſawcy *Harlot*, that comes every Night ſo *ſpruced* up and *prim* to the Play-houſe: ſhe that has been the Subject of ſo many *Sonnets*, and deify'd by ſo many confounded *Poets*; ſhe that is never without a *Train* of Marqueſſes, Lords, and Knights, and a *numberleſs* Litter of *ſubaltern* Puppies to *hunt* her from the Pit to the ſide Box, and back again from the ſide Box to the Pit. Well, and *what* of her, you'll *cry*? Why, as I told you before, I *bolted* unawares into her Chamber, and ſurpriz'd her with two of the Siſterhood at a *ſmall* Collation.

The Devil of a *Napkin* or *Table-cloath* was to be ſeen before them. No *Pagan* Ragouſt, nor *high flown* Kickſhaw, but a Platter of humble *Sprats*, attended by ſix boil'd *Eggs* in a crack'd earthen *Pipkin*, a *Dab* of Salt Butter ſtuck upon the *Corner* of the Table, and a Handful of *Salt* wrapp'd up in the greaſy Fragments of a *Seſſions-Paper*. Their Commodes and Smocks were *waſhing* below by the Landlady of the Houſe; judge

judge then what a *rueful* Figure they made in this *Dishabillee*, with their *Hair* about their Shoulders, and their *Udders* swanging down to their Navels. The *Furniture* of the Room was every Way answerable to the *Entertainment*; for, let me see —there stood that *necessary* Utensil, call'd a *Pis-pot*, brim full in the Chimney; a batter'd *Band-Box* upon a broken-back'd Chair; the Skeleton of a *Fan*, with a *Tooth brush*, a *Powder-puff*, and a Box of *Pomatum* in the Closet; a Row of Pins, with the *Academy* of Compliments, and one of *Durfey*'s Song-Books in the Window, and lastly, two or three *little* Deal-boxes upon the Mantle-Tree, which I hope in the Lord had *Turpentine* Pills in them. The Ladies *blush'd*, and so did I; then down Stairs they *flew* without speaking a Word, and I after them, but *lost* them in some of their subterranean *Catacombs*.

No *sooner* was I got into the Street, but I made abundance of *moral* Reflections upon what I had *seen*: These *impudent* Devils, said I to my self, that look so *charming* by Candle-light, bless me! what *sorry* Dowdies they are in their Undress, and how *scurvily* do they fare at Home, who are so *nice*, forsooth, and so *squeamish* at the Tavern! Well, I am resolv'd to *undeceive* all Mankind, and communicate my *Discoveries* to them. With this *virtuous* Resolution I went to all the Chocolate-Houses I knew, to *find* out my Acquaintance, and *unbosom* my self to them; but meeting not a single *Soul* there, I repair'd to my Lodgings, and cou'd not *rest* till I had imparted this *blessed* News to thee. I can't foretel how this Letter will *edify* with you; tho' if you make a *right* Use on't, it may prove a *better* Antidote against Whoring, than a Month's *Penance* in Love's powdering Tub——. But as for the divine *Belinda*, the next Time I see her *Ladyship* in the Side-box, if she's not as civil and *humble* as one of her own Calling before a *surly* Justice, take my Word for't, I'll proclaim the *Nakedness* of her Land to all her *Adorers*.

Farewell.

To

To Monſieur *de C* ——Captain in the Regiment of——
Upon the Concluſion of the War between France *and* Spain, *in the Year* 1660, *by the Treaty of the* Pyrenees.

THIS comes to tell you, tho' I know you'll *curſe* me for my News, that you muſt now reſolve to *live*, whether you will or no. In ſhort, the *Peace* was yeſterday *concluded*, and in a few Days, will be *proclaim'd* all over the Kingdom. I'll allow a Gentleman of your *Gallantry* to be angry at it; but 'tis no little *Conſolation* to us *worthleſs* Fellows, that we are going to enjoy the Fruits of *Peace* and *Tranquility*, which the *confounded* Noiſe of *Drums* and *Trumpets* has ſo long *interrupted*. With the reſt of his Majeſty's good *Subjects*, I have my *Part* in the publick *Joy*; yet at the ſame Time *feel* one that is *particular* to my ſelf, when I conſider that I have nothing more to *fear* from your Bravery, and that you Life is no longer of *Ward* to your *Courage*. The Devil take the *Guardian*, ſay I, that ſhews ſo *ſmall* a Concern for the Preſervation of his *Ward*. Well, I wou'd not for a *greater* Sum, than I am willing to mention here, have *ventur'd* my Life upon the ſame *Bottom* with yours, in any of the late Engagements. A Man that had ſeen how you *expos'd* your ſelf upon every Occaſion, wou'd have *ſworn* your your Life was a *Burden* to you, and that it *coſt* your Father and Mother *no Pains* to beget you. Had the *Muſket-balls* been nothing but ſo many *Paſtiles* or *perfumed Eggs*, you could not have march'd with more *Alacrity* into the Trenches. 'Twas to no *Purpoſe* I remonſtrated to you, that your *Life* was worth the *preſerving*, that there was no great *Leachery* in having one's *Brains* examin'd by a Cannon-ball; and that your Father, as able and experienc'd a *Workman* as he is, might *belabour* the matrimonial *Anvil* a dozen and a dozen times to that, before he cou'd *hammer* out ſuch another *chopping* Youth as your ſelf; for in ſhort, all *Advice* of this Nature was *thrown* away upon you miſled by that *Ignis Fatuus* call'd *Gallantry*; you believed me to be an Enemy to your *Glory*, and thought a Son of *Mars* ought to deſpiſe the *Counſel* that came from ſo *cowardly* a Principle

as

as *Diſcretion*. I own indeed you took the *direct* Road to get a Mareſchal's *Button*; but alas, where one Man arrives to his Journey's *End*, how many thouſand *drop ſhort* by the Way! In my Opinion now, a Man that ſets Honour always *before* his Eyes, ought now and then to look *behind* him, and reflect upon the Dangers that attend it. You Gentlemen in *Red*, think a Man is only born to be *knock'd* in the Head; but we, of a more peaceable *Cloath*, are well enough content to be *diſappointed* of thoſe Honours. Now, as I humbly take it, this *fantaſtick* Idol of yours, this *Spoiler* of fine Shapes, this *Lover* of Blood-ſhed, Valour I mean, is the greateſt *Curſe* that a Man can *bring* with him into the World; for which Reaſon I *thank* my Maker duly every Morning, for not beſtowing this *fatal Talent* upon me. To deal plainly with you, I was never any great *Admirer*, either of *Alexander*'s or *Caſar*'s Glory, which was purchas'd by the *Deſolation* of ſo many flouriſhing Provinces, and the *Slaughter* of ſo many innocent Wretches. Theſe, and the like *Calamities*, have too long over-run all *France*; but now their Reign is *over*, the Lord be praiſed, and we ſhall ſee *no more* of them; for I muſt once more tell you, tho' I *diſpleaſe* you never ſo much, that the *Peace* is concluded, and that I have no other *War* now to apprehend for you, but that which your *Miſtreſs* is reſolv'd to *declare* againſt you at your Return.

Yeſterday I, and four of my Friends, enter'd *Fontarabia*, where the late Prince of *Conde* cou'd not get Entrance at the Head of ten Thouſand Men. *Miſtake* me not, Sir, as if I told you this, with an Intention to magnify my *Bravery*: No 'tis one of the *bleſſed* Effects of the *Peace*. And to *convince* you, that 'tis ſo with us, I muſt inform you, that we live in the ſtricteſt *Amity* imaginable with thoſe worthy Gentlemen the *Spaniards*, who are not ſuch *ill-favoured* Devils as we us'd to *paint* them, but treat us with *Roſa Solis*, *Wine*, and *Chocolate*, as lovingly as if we had tumbled in the ſame *Belly* with them, and not a Soldier of their Nation been *killed* in any of the late Actions. They are a *civil*, well-bred People, as I hope to be *ſav'd*; and the Duce take me if I don't love them heartily, becauſe they carry no

Gall

Gall or *Rancour* about them Not but that you may hear them *complain* now and then, one of having loſt a *Son* another a *Brother*, and another a *Relation*, either in *Flanders*, *Catalonia*, or *Italy*. But this is nothing, the *complaining* Fit is ſoon over with them; and to *repair* the Loſſes they have ſuſtain'd, wou'd be *content* with all their Hearts, that a ſufficient Number of our *ableſt* Troops were ſent into *Spain* to beget as many *Children* upon their Women, as they loſt *Soldiers* in the War. All our *Politicans* here are of Opinion, that this in one of the *principal* Articles of the Treaty; and that, for this *Purpoſe*, abundance of the ableſt *Mathematicians* in *Europe* will be employed to *compute* how many Men the *Spaniards* have loſt, to a ſingle Centinel, ſince the Falling out of the two Nations. As for me, I think it the moſt *reaſonable* Propoſal in the World; and ſince I have not had the *Honour* to be employ'd by his Majeſty in his Wars, am very willing to ſerve him upon this Occaſion, for which Reaſon I will uſe all my Intereſt at Court to procure me a Company in one of theſe Regiments.

Well, certainly this is the merrieſt Country in the Univerſe. The Children here can *dance* before they can ſpeak, and cry for a *Guitarre* more impatiently than they do for the *ſucking Bottle*. Their Mirth begins with their Life, and never concludes but with it: Nay, their very Prieſts have their Share of it, as well as the reſt of their Flock; and I have obſerved, that at all their Weddings and Merry-makings, the *Parſon* is the Man who conſtantly leads up the *Dance*. But of all their *commendable* Cuſtoms, that which I *moſt love* them for, and all the World, in my Opinion ought to imitate, is, that there is a *Probationſhip* here in chuſing a *Wife*, as well as in taking the *Monaſtick State* upon one. After they have *conſummated* for a Twelvemonth together, if *Joan* doth not love *John*'s *Abilities*, or *John* is ſcandaliz'd at *Joan*'s Capacity, they are at Liberty to *part*; and a young Wench that has had half a Dozen ſuch *Husbands* one after another, carries her Head as high as the modeſteſt She in the Pariſh, and no body dare ſay *black* is her Eye. Well! how happy a Place would *France* be, were this righteous Faſhion obſerved in all its Provinces.

Before

Before I conclude this Letter, give me Leave to acquaint you with an odd Accident that has happen'd upon these Coasts, and which perhaps may not be improper to recount to you. Not many Days ago a poor Whale, having heard without Question, that the Peace was concluded between the two crowns, and possest with a laudable Curiosity to see two Nations *united*, which had so miserably infested one another in the late War, *imagin'd* he might come into these Seas, without any *Detriment* or *Molestation* to his Princely Person; for which Reason he left his *native* Shores of *Norway* or *Greenland*, to *assist* at so illustrious a *Reconciliation*, and carry the *happy* News throughout *Neptune*'s Dominions: But the *unworthy* Tars of this Place, who understand neither *Rhime* nor *Reason*, having no regard to the Articles of *Peace*, nor yet to the Rules of *Hospitality*, that are every where *sacred*, no sooner saw this high and mighty Potentate *appear* upon their Coasts, but like a Parcel of Rascals, without any formal *Declaration* of War, or the least *Affront* from his *Northern* Highness, they attack'd him with all the *Posse* of the River, not considering that *two* to *one* is every where *odds*, as well by Water as Land, *mann'd* out a hundred Boats against him, and brought him in a *triumphant* Manner into the Harbour. You know how *corrupt* the Courts of *Admiralty* are over all *Christendom*, and what little *Respect* is paid to the *Law* of *Nations*, where the *longest* Sword puts in its Pretensions. In short, they declar'd him *good Prize*, and made a *Present* of him to Cardinal *Mazarine*, who either out of *good Husbandry*, because he knew it would require so many *Tuns* of Butter to fry him in, or for some other *Reason* best known to himself, wou'd not keep him, but sent him to *Don Louis de Haro*, who out of *Revenge*, sends his Excellence every Week two Mules laden with Ice —— But I have *trespass'd* too much upon your *Patience*. Send me Word in your next, when we may *expect* you in these Parts; and be assur'd that none of your *Friends* wishes your coming with more *Impatience*, than

Your most humble, &c.

St. John de Luz:

A Panegyrick upon Cardinal *de Richelieu*. in a Letter of Monsieur *de Voiture*.

The ARGUMENT.

Monſ. Perrault, *in his* Parallele des Modernes, *oppoſes this Letter to* Pliny's *famous Panegyrick upon* Trajan. *I muſt confeſs 'tis very handſomly written; but I believe that none but ſo great a Bigot for his Country as* Perrault, *would have ventur'd to make the Compariſon.*

I AM not one of thoſe as you would ſeem to *inſinuate*, that love to improve all my Lord *Cardinal*'s Actions into Miracles, and carry his Praiſes beyond their due *Bounds*; and while they would make the World believe *well* of him, ſacrifice all Regard to *Credibility*. On the other Hand, I am not of that baſe detracting Temper, as to hate a Man merely becauſe he is above the reſt of the World; neither will I ſuffer my ſelf to be *carried* away by popular Prepoſſeſſions, which, I know, generally ſpeaking, to be unjuſt. I conſider him with the ſame Eyes, with which *Poſterity* will behold him. And certainly two hundred Years hence, when thoſe who look upon him after us, ſhall read in our Hiſtory, that the great *Cardinal de Richelieu* demoliſh'd *Rochel*, confounded the *Hereticks*, and by one *ſingle* Blow took thirty or forty of their Cities all at once; when they ſhall come to find, that in the Time of his *Miniſtry*, the *Engliſh* were beaten and repuls'd, *Pignerol* conquer'd, *Caſal* reliev'd, *Lorrain* join'd to our Crown, the greateſt Part of *Alſatia* reduc'd under our Subjection, the *Spaniards* defeated at *Vellaine* and *Avem*; I ſay, when they ſhall find that while he *preſided* over our Affairs, *France* had not one Neighbour, over whom ſhe did not gain ſome important Victory or Town: If they have the leaſt Drop of *French* Blood in their Veins, and any Love for the Honour of

their Country, can they read these things without having a great *Affection* for him? Do you think they will *love* or *esteem* him the less, because in his Time the *Payments* of the Town-Hall came in somewhat of the *slowest*? Or because some new *Offices* were erected? *Great* Things cannot be done without a great *Expence*; and to *cramp* 'em for want of *Money*, is to maim their Execution. But if we are to look upon a Kingdom as immortal, and to consider the *Advantages* it will reap in *future* Ages, as if they were *actually present*; let us compute how many *Millions* this Man, whom they pretend to have ruin'd *France*, has sav'd her, by the bare taking of *Rochel*; which Town, two thousand Years hence, in all the *Minorities* of our Kings, upon every Discontent of the Nobility, and upon all Occasions of Revolting, would most certainly have *rebell'd*, and oblig'd us to a perpetual *Expence*. Our Kingdom had only two Enemies to fear, the *Huguenots* and the *Spaniards*. My Lord *Cardinal* no sooner enter'd upon Affairs, but he immediately resolv'd to ruin both. Was it possible for him to form more *Glorious* or more *Advantageous* Designs? He has happily effected the one, but has not compleated the other. However, if he has fail'd in his first Design, those that now *cry out*, that it was a rash, unseasonable *Resolution* to pretend to attack and humble the *Power* of *Spain*, and that *Experience* had sufficiently shewn it; yet would they not have been as forward to *condemn* his Design of ruining the *Huguenots*? Would not they have told us, that he ought not to have *embark'd* in an Enterprize, wherein three * of our *Kings* had successively *miscarryed*; and which the † late *King* did not so much as think of? And would they not have concluded as *falsly* as they do in this other Affair, that the thing was not *faisable*, merely because it was not already done? But let us consider, I beseech you, whether 'twas his or *Fortune*'s Fault, that he has not as yet *accompliss'd* this Design: Let us see what *Method* he took to effect it, and what *Engines* he set on Work: Let us examine whether he has *fail'd* much of *felling* that mighty *Tree*, the House of *Austria*; and has not shaken the very *Root* of that *Trunk*,

* *Francis* II. *Charles* IX. *Henry* III. † *Henry* IV. whose

whose two Branches cover'd the *North* and the *West*, and overshadowed the rest of the *Earth*. He went as far as the *Northern Pole*, to find out that * *Heroe*, who seem'd *predestinated* to lay the *Ax* to it, and bring it to the *Ground*. It was his *Address*, join'd with this *Thunder*, which fill'd all *Germany* with Fire and Desolation, whose Noise was heard by all the World; but when this *Tempest* was dispers'd, and Fortune had turn'd away the impending *Blow*, did he stop short in his Course, or cease his *Designs* for this? And did he not bring the *Empire* lower than it had been by the Losses of *Leipsick*, and that of *Lutzen*? His *Dexterity* and good *Conduct* rais'd us all on a sudden, an Army of forty Thousand Men in the Heart of *Germany*, with a *General* at the Head of them, who was Master of all the great *Qualities* that are necessary to bring about a Revolution in any State. If the King of *Sweden* threw himself farther into Danger, than became a *Person* of his Design and Rank; and if the Duke of *Fridlandt*, by over-delaying his *Enterprize*, suffer'd it to take Air, and be discover'd; was it possible for the *Cardinal*, either to charm the Bullet which kill'd the former in the midst of his Victory, or render the latter *impenetrable* to the Blows of a *Partisan*? And if after this dismal Blow, to compleat the Ruin of our Affairs, the Generals who commanded the Armies of our Allies before *Norlingen*, gave Battle at an unseasonable Time, was it possible for the *Cardinal*, who was above two thousand Leagues from the Spot, to change this Resolution, and stop the unadvised *Rashness* of those, who for an *Empire* that would have been the certain Price of a Victory, would not stay three Days longer? Thus, you see it was impossible to save the House of *Austria*, and hinder the Execution of the *Cardinal*'s Designs, which some People pretend were so rash, had not Fortune wrought three surprizing Miracles, that is to say, three great Events, which in all Probability would never happen; I mean the Death of the King of *Sweden*, that of the Duke of *Fridlandt*, and the Loss of the Battle of *Norlingen*. You will tell me he has no Reason to complain of Fortune for crossing him in this, since she had

* *He means* Gustavus Adolphus.

ſerv'd him ſo faithfully in all his other Deſigns; ſince ſhe put Places into his Hands, without ſo much as laying Siege to them; ſince by her Favour he commanded Armies ſucceſsfully, without the leaſt Experience to direct him; ſince ſhe conducted him always as it were by the Hand, brought him ſafe out of the greateſt Precipices, upon which he had thrown himſelf, and made him frequently appear bold, wiſe, and foreſeeing, without any Merit on his Side: Let us therefore behold him in his evil *Fortune*, and examine if even then he ſhewed leſs Boldneſs, Wiſdom, and Foreſight. Our Affairs were in no very good Poſture in *Italy*; and as it is the Deſtiny of *France* to gain Battles and loſe their Armies, ours was exceedingly diminiſhed ever ſince the laſt Victory we had gained over the *Spaniards*. We had not much better Luck before *Dole*, where the Length of the Siege made us apprehend its ill Succeſs, when we received Advice that the Enemy had enter'd *Picardy*; that they had, at the firſt Onſet, taken *Capille*, *Caſtelet*, and *Corbie*: and that theſe three Places, which ought to have ſtopp'd them ſo many Months, ſcarce held them eight Days. All was in Fire and Aſhes to the Banks of the River *Oiſe*: We might behold from our Suburbs the Smoke of the Villages which the Enemy had burnt. All the World was alarm'd at this ſudden Progreſs; and the *Capital City* of our Kingdom was in the higheſt Conſternation. In the midſt of theſe Calamities, Advice came from *Burgundy*, that the Siege of *Dole* was raiſed, and from *Xantoigne*, that Fifty Thouſand *Peaſants* were up in Arms, and that 'twas feared the *Infection* would ſoon ſpread it ſelf in *Poitou* and *Guienne*. Ill News came pouring upon us from all Parts; the whole Face of Heaven was overcaſt; the *Tempeſt* invaded us on every Side; and we had not the leaſt Proſpect of good Fortune to ſupport us in theſe *Extremities*; we could not ſee through the leaſt Hole. But in all this Darkneſs did the *Cardinal* ſee leſs clear than at other times? Did he loſe either his *Judgment* or *Reſolution*? And during this Tempeſt, did he not always keep his *Rudder* in one Hand, and his *Compaſs* in the other? Did he call out for the *Long-boat* to ſave himſelf? And if the great Veſſel which he ſteer'd was deſtin'd to be

caſt

cast away, did he not shew that he was the first Man that resolved to perish? Was it Fortune that deliver'd him out of this *Labyrinth*, or his own *Prudence* and *Magnanimity?* Our Enemies were within fifteen Leagues of *Paris*, and his were in the Town: He receiv'd daily Advice, that Cabals were held, and Designs form'd to ruine him. *France* and *Spain* were, if I may so express my self, join'd in a *Conspiracy* against him alone. Now amidst all these threatning Concurrences, in so dreadful and black a Conjunction, how did this Man look, who they pretended would be cast down upon the least ill Success? And who as they gave out, had fortified *Havre de Grace* on purpose to make it a Place of *Retreat* in Case of any *Disaster?* He does not go one Step backward for all this: He is taken up with the Dangers of the State, and not his own: And all the Alteration we could observe in him at this time, was, that whereas he never us'd to go abroad without two hundred Guards before, he now walk'd out every Day only attended by *five* or *six* Gentlemen. All the World must own, that an *Adversity* supported by so good a *Grace*, and with so much *Bravery*, is much to be preferr'd even to *Victory* and *Prosperity* it self. He did not appear to me so great and victorious, even when he made his Entry into *Rochel*, as then; and the daily Visits he made to the *Arsenal* were, in my Opinion, more glorious to him than his famous *Expedition* on the other Side the Mountains, when he took *Pignerol* and *Susa*. Therefore let me conjure you to open your Eyes, and to prepare you for beholding so bright an Object, lay aside your *Aversion* to the Man, who is so happy in revenging himself on his *Enemies*; and cease to wish ill to him, who knows how to turn it to his Glory, by behaving himself so undauntedly under it. Leave your Party, before they leave you, as a great Part of his Enemies have done, that were converted by the last Miracle they saw him perform. If the *War* comes to be concluded, as there is Reason to *hope* it will, he'll soon find a Way to gain the rest over to his Side. Being so *wise* as he is, he must certainly know, after so much Experience, what is best for us, and will turn all his Designs to make us the most flourishing People in the

World, after he has made us the most *formidable*. He will content himself with an Ambition, which is to be preferr'd before all others, and is practis'd but by few; I mean, to make himself the best and most belov'd Man in the Kingdom, and not the greatest and most fear'd. He knows that the most noble and most lasting Conquests are those of *Hearts* and *Affections*; that *Laurels* are barren *Plants*, that afford nothing more than *Shades*, and are not to be compar'd with the *Harvest* and *Fruits* with which *Peace* is crown'd. He *considers*, that it is nothing near so *meritorious* to *enlarge* the Limits of a Kingdom a *hundred* Leagues and better, as to *lessen* our Taxes Twelve-pence in the Pound; and that there is less *Grandeur* and real *Glory* in defeating an Hundred Thousand Men, than leaving twenty Millions in their Ease and Security.

Thus this *mighty* Genius, which has hitherto been solely *employ'd* in contriving and raising Funds for the Support of the War, in raising Recruits, taking Cities, and gaining Battles, will for the future wholly busy himself in establishing *Peace*, *Wealth*, and *Plenty*. The same Head which was delivered of a *Pallas* in Armour, will shew us the Goddess with her *Olive Tree*, peaceable, gentle, and learned, accompanied with all those Arts which generally march along with her. He will publish no more new *Edicts*, but such as may serve to restrain *Luxury*, and promote *Trade*. Those great *Vessels* that were built to carry our *Arms* beyond the *Streights*, shall for the future only conduct our Merchant-men, and keep the Sea open: And we shall have no more War but with the *Algerines*. Then the Enemies of my Lord *Cardinal* shall not be able to speak, as hitherto they have not been able to act against him: Then the Citizens of *Paris* shall be his Guards, and he will be convinc'd how much more *pleasing* and *satisfactory* it is to hear his *Praises* in the Mouth of the People, than in that of the *Poets*. But I beseech you not to keep out till this happens, and stay not to be his Friend till you are forc'd to be so: But if you are resolved to persist in your Opinion, I shall not pretend to use any Violence to make you leave it. However, be not so unjust as to take it ill that I have defended my own, and

I free-

I freely promiſe you to read over whatever you think fit to write to me by way of Anſwer, when the *Spaniard* have retaken *Corbie*. I am,

Your moſt Obedient Servant,

VOITURE.

Diverting Billets to LADIES.

A Billet from a Lady to the Author, wherein ſhe deſires him to carry her to ſee the Lion and Tiger.

IF what you have ſwore to me a Hundred Times, be true that is to ſay, if you are ſo much my *Humble* Servant, as you pretend, ſo ſoon as you have dined, you'll come to our Houſe, and carry me and my Siſter to ſee the *Lion* and the *Tiger*, and ſome other odd *Curioſities* that are lately come to Town. How great your Stock of *Courage* is, I can't tell; but if you are not a rank *Coward* indeed, you'll be glad of the Opportunity to be Maſter of the *Ceremonies* to us, and conduct us into the Preſence of the aforeſaid outlandiſh Gentlemen. Thus I have given you a fair Occaſion of *diverting* me, without putting you to any great Expence. Judge then, whether I am not the kindeſt Woman upon Earth, ſince I am willing to be *oblig'd* to you for ſo *ſmall* a Trifle.

The ANSWER.

'TIS but reaſonable, Madam, you ſhould go and pay a Viſit to two ſuch near Relations as thoſe you mentioned in your Billet; and God forbid that I ſhould hinder you from diſcharging your Conſcience in ſo *neceſſary* a Point. Yes, Madam, I will certainly wait on you after Dinner, and not loſe the *Satisfaction* of attending you to an *Interview*, where, no doubt on't, there will be a World *Careſſes* and *tender* things on both Sides. If *Sympathy* is the Mother of *Friendſhip*, I am

confident the *Tiger* and your *Ladyſhip* will be Hand and Glove, and ſtrike up the ſtricteſt *Alliance* that ever was known. I fancy 'twill be a moſt *pleaſant* Sight to ſee thoſe two ſavage Creatures *humble* themſelves before you, *lick* your Hands and Feet, give you a gentle *Squeeze* by the Arm, and tell you in their *Language*, that ſince you are a Hundred times more a *Lioneſs* and *Tiger* than they, 'tis but reaſonable they ſhould own you for their lawful and rightful *Queen:* So that Madam, tho' both theſe Animals are let *looſe* about the Room, I ſhall have nothing to fear from them while you are there: Or if they have never ſo much a Mind to make a *Meal* of my Carcaſe, yet you may eaſily conjure them by the *Friendſhip* that is between you; or, to expreſs my ſelf more properly, you may command them by the *Authority* you have over them, not to deprive you of the *Glory* of my Death: For in ſhort, Madam, it will be a moſt horrid *Shame*, if their *Teeth* and *Paws* pretend to invade the Office of your Eyes. Therefore, be aſſured my *Cowardice* will not hinder me from ſeeing this Shew, ſince I will have your Company thither.

A Billet from the ſame Lady. *She deſires him to write a few Lines in Anſwer to a Copy of Verſes ſhe had received from a Lover.*

I Here *unſay* all the angry things I ſaid to you laſt Evening. You are good for ſomething, I muſt own; nay, now and then I cannot be without ſo *neceſſary* a Gentleman as your ſelf. If I *loſe* you for good and all, I ſhall *loſe* the better Part of my *Diverſions*; and as *chearful* as I am in my Temper, I believe *ſincerely* in my Conſcience, that I ſhould at leaſt *lament* you three Hours by the Clock. I dare lay any *Wager* with you, that you are not Conjurer enough to *divine* why I ſweeten and collogue with you ſo *furiouſly* this Morning. Know therefore, that I want your Aſſiſtance to anſwer four of the fineſt, prettieſt Stanza's I ever ſaw, ſent me this Morning by a worthy Gentleman, who ſwears and vows he loves me *better* than his Eyes. Let me *die* if any thing can be *tenderer*. Therefore invoke me the Aid of that *Familiar* your *Muſe*, and employ all your Wit to anſwer them, ſo

that

that both the Gentleman and I may be satisfied: Otherwise I revoke all the *ob iging* things I bestowed upon you in the Beginning of this *Epistle*.

The ANSWER.

MADAM,

YOU fancy, I perceive, that you have said abundance of *complaisant* things to me in your Letters; but the Duce take me if either I do or will *believe* a Syllable of the Matter. Set your Hand now to your *Heart*, and tell me in sober *Sadness*, whether you made me a *mighty* Compliment in treating me like your *Confident*, when you ought to have treated me like your *Lover*. A wonderful *Favour* indeed, to desire me to write a Copy of Verses, and all to please a *Rival*, whom I wish at the *Devil*. Well, for this once, Madam, I am resolv'd to *disobey* your Orders. My Muse is too young at present to set up for a *Goer-between*; and without Vanity, deserves a better Employment than what you would recommend to her. I keep her in my Service only to assist me in my *Amours*; and should I ask her to do any thing else, I am sure she would deny me. Therefore, Madam, you must e'en answer your Gallant your self; and the next time you want a *Confident*, pray employ any one else but,

Yours, &c.

A Billet from the same Lady. *She ra'lies him for playing the whining Lover and sends him his Heart again.*

I Begin to be Dog-weary of hearing you *complain* of your ill *Destiny* so often. Your Letters as well as your Conversation run eternally upon this nauseous strain, though I have told you a hundred times, that this is not the way to *win* me. However, you chuse rather to *displease* me, than leave off this unfashionable way of Courtship. If you are resolv'd to play the *Milk-sop* still, let me intreat you to shew it elsewhere, and not before me. In short, if restoring the *insignificant* Trifle your *Heart* to you, will secure me from all farther Persecutions of this

Nature, take it again a God's Name, for I no longer pretend to it, since 'tis not fit for my Purpose.

The ANSWER.

MADAM,

YOU shew your good Nature with a Witness, to send me my Heart back, after you have us'd it so scurvily above six Weeks. Is this then your way of *requiting* those that *serve* you? Who do you think will receive it in the blessed Condition you have brought it to? No, Madam, e'en keep it to your self, 'tis your own proper *Chattel*, and no body but you has a Title to it. Once more let me tell you, 'twas not *handsomely* done of you to send it home in so wretched a Pickle. *Mangled* as it is, *burnt* to Tinder, what Woman alive will *entertain* it in her Service? If you did not *like* it, you ought in Conscience, Madam, to have *sent* it me back long ago. At the Time when it was *whole* and *chearful*, and such a one it was when I first made you a *Present* of it) I could have found Mistresses *enough* that would have been glad to *receive* it: But since you have so *disfigur'd* it, that I my self hardly know it, you are bound in Honour to look after it, and suffer its *Infirmities*, since you have been the *Occasion* of them. Let it complain and *bemoan* it self never so much, you ought to bear with its *Lamentations*. But if they *offend* you, and break your *Repose*, is it not in your Power to make them *cease* when you please? And have I not told you a Thousand times which way you may may *silence* them? Come, Madam, put my *Recipe* in Practice, and I give you *free Leave* to send my Heart back again, if after you have try'd that Experiment upon it, you do find it as full of *Joy* and *Gayety*, as at present 'tis of *Grief* and *Affliction*.

To CALISTA, *To acquaint her that he's troubled with an Ague.*

I Am up to the Ears in *Love*, Madam, as you know but too well. I have a confounded *Quarrel* upon my Hands, which I suppose is no News to you neither.

Thirdly

Thirdly and laſtly, I have a damn'd *Law Suit* to manage, which you cannot be ignorant of, ſince I have told you of it ſo often. To *compleat* my Misfortunes, I wanted nothing but a *Tertian Ague*, or ſome ſuch Bleſſing to viſit me, which, Thanks to my ill *Deſtiny*, is come at laſt to increaſe the Number of my other *Perſecuters*. Conſidering with what Formality and Circumſpection it began to *attack* me, one may lay a *Hundred Pounds* to a *Penny* that it will keep me Company till next Spring. My *Hand* ſtill trembles with the Extremity of my laſt *cold* Fit, and my *Heart* is almoſt burnt up with the Violence of my Paſſion; and what more *proper* Secretary can there be, than a *freezing* Hand to a *flaming* Heart? As I am naturally of a *gay*, *merry* Temper, and according to the common Opinion, an Ague always proceeds from *Melancholy*, I can't imagine how it came to ſingle me out of the Herd: For hitherto, whether 'twas owing to my *Inſenſibility* or *Courage*, I have not been much diſturb'd either about my *Law-Suit* or my *Quarrel*. 'Tis a plain Caſe then, that my *Love* has betray'd me to this *troubleſome* Companion. For this Reaſon, to *deal* plainly with you, I begin to *ſuſpect* you, and fancy that there is a ſecret *Intelligence* between you and my Diſeaſe, and that the Flames you kindled in my *Heart* prepar'd the way for thoſe that now ſcorch up my *Body*. And will the Queen of my Heart then, to whoſe Laws it ſo chearfully ſubmits, loſe the Conqueſts ſhe has made: Intereſt, one would think, would dictate better Advice to her, and perſwade her not to let a barbarous Enemy *burn* up and *deſtroy* a Place that belongs to her Empire. Revenge your ſelf, then, Madam, and when your *Hand* is in, revenge me, and turn this Impudent Aggreſſor out of your *Dominions*. I need not inform you, that this curſed Aggreſſor I complain of is my *Ague*, that ill-look'd, ill-natur'd, ill-contriv'd *Devil*, that loves to make every one he *poſſeſſes* look as villainouſly as himſelf, that profeſs'd *Foe* to Cherry-cheeks, that *Demoliſher* of jolly Conſtitutions, that *Leveller* of Faces, and *Deſtroyer* of all Mirth. Judge then what will become of my poor *Fortreſs* in a few Days, if this malicious *Engineer* batters it with his great *Artillery* from above.

above, and at the same time *undermines* it from below. 'Tis true, he lies *idle* every other Day; but a Curse light on him, he does more Mischief in *three* Hours, than I am able to repair in *threescore*. In short, I expect to have this wicked *Siege* rais'd by none but you; and this 'tis so easy for you to perform, and unless my *Relief* comes immediately, I shall conclude you don't think the *Town* worth *saving*.

To the same Lady. *He tells her after what Manner he will receive her when she comes to visit him.*

YOU send me Word, that you intend me a *Visit* this Afternoon; but does your Ladyship well consider what may be the *Effect* on't? Do you think 'tis possible to see so doleful an Object as I am, without paying some little *Tribute* to Pity? Or suppose your *Heart* is *insensible* to all my Sufferings, do you know after what Manner I shall *receive* you, and whether you'll be *pleas'd* with your Entertainment? Well, Madam, that you may not be surpriz'd, I will acquaint you before-hand what sort of a Reception you are to expect from me.

In the first Place, Madam, when you come into the Room, I can't *advance* one Step to meet you, that's positive; but keep my Chair, like the great *Mogul*, or the Great *Turk*, which you please; and the same Ceremony I shall observe at your going away. Then when you have seated your self, instead of *Complimenting* you upon your *Beauty* and *Wit*, those two beloved *Topicks*, which you Women are so pleas'd to hear your *Adorers* expatiate upon, I shall only entertain you with the cruel *Usage* of my Distemper; and tho' you look'd ten times *prettier* than ever I knew you, yet I shall fancy you as *pale* and *yellow* as my self. Perhaps I shall not *speak* a Syllable to you in an Hour, or if I *open* my Mouth, 'twill be only to ask your Ladyship what's *good* for a Man in my Condition, to complain of my *want* of Appetite, to tell how many Hatfuls of *Jesuits* Powder I have taken to no Purpose, or relate to you what *odd Whimsies* come into my Head when I am in the Height

Height of my Pain. I ſhall think I entertain you with a very *notable* Diſcourſe indeed, when I acquaint you that my Diſeaſe, by a ſtrange unaccountable *Magick*, carries me, in the Compaſs of twelve Hours, from the *extreameſt* Parts of *Lapland* to *Guienne*; that for the ſix firſt Hours I am ſo *cold*, that a *cloy'd* Lover's Appetite cannot be more, and the ſix next that follow, I am ſo *hot*, that all the Water in the *Volga* would not cool me: that I am the Embleme of *Mount-Gibel*, as they ſay, that is of *Hell*, carrying two *contrary* Extreams about me: That when I *tremble* I make all the *Glaſs Windows* for two Miles about me clatter; and when I *burn*, one had better croſs the *Line* than touch the *leaſt* Part of me. Thus you ſee, Madam, what a *diverting* Scene you are like to find in my Quarters. As for my *Looks*, you never ſaw any thing ſo *ghaſtly* and *terrible*. My very *Sight* is enough to make a Sexton *tremble*, that has made it his conſtant Trade to rifle the Graves of the *Dead*; nay, fright an *unbelieving* Prieſt into an Ague-fit of *Devotion*. My Phyſician, that was as rank an Atheiſt as *Vanninus* t'other Day, believes the Exiſtence of *Spirits* already, by the ſame Token he owes his *Converſion* to me. You may count all the *Teeth* in my Head through my *Cheeks*, and the *Chirurgeons* of the Town beſpoke me this Morning, to do them the Honour to repreſent a *Skeleton* at their Theatre, and ſuffer one of their Fraternity to read an *Anatomical* Lecture upon me. So you muſt not be *ſurpriz'd*, Madam, if I make you a few *ſcurvy* Faces at your coming in; 'tis no *more* than what I do to all the World; nay, even to my dear beloved *ſelf*, when I behold my *Phyz* in the Look-glaſs. All the *Good* you are like to find by me, is, that my *Hands*, of which you have ſo often *complain'd*, are grown the *civilleſt*, quieteſt Hands in the Univerſe, and will not give you the leaſt Occaſion to *complain* of them. Before *George*, in the *Humour* I am at preſent, I would *hardly* draw them from under my morning-Gown, to play with *Helen*'s delicious Bubbies, which undoubtedly were very *commendable* Bubbies; ſince, in Conjunction with her Face, they made the *Greeks* and *Trojans* deal their handy Blows ſo *liberally* to one another. So now, Madam, I leave you to gueſs,

whether

whether you have any thing to apprehend from me, and whether you will not part *peaceably* from me, without calling me sawcy *rude* Fellow, as you us'd to do. This I must tell you too for your Comfort, that I shall be highly *offended* with you, if you presume to *laugh*, according to your laudable Custom; therefore resolve to disguise the *Gayety* of your Humour for a few Moments, or at least pretend a little *Compassion* for me. Thus I have not only inform'd you what you must expect from me, but how you are to regulate your *Behaviour*, so that if you have any Desire, after all this ghostly Counsel, to visit your *dying* Wretch, you are fully instructed how to manage your self. After all, if you continue your Resolution, I would *advise* you to come to Morrow, for 'tis one of my Days of *Reprieve*.

To Madam the Abbess of——*He gives her an Account of his Indisposition, and how uneasily he passes his Nights.*

THE Clock has struck *Twelve*, and 'tis now just *six* Hours, *seven* Minutes, and a *Quarter* precisely, since I have been *rowling* and tossing in my Bed, like a poor *Vessel* in the Bay of *Biscay*. All the Family is fast *asleep*, and that young Rascal my Footman *Snores* as heartily as a *Drunkard* after a Debauch. But all this while, that *Epitome* of human *Misery*, your humble Servant is *awake*, and has nothing else to accompany him, but his *Pains* and his *Despair*. 'Tis to no Purpose that I make Vows to *Morpheus*, promise him Sacrifice, and invoke his *Relief:* The *ill natur'd* God is either too fast *asleep* to hear my Invocations, or too *tardy* to answer them. Not knowing how to entertain my self better, I built a thousand Castles in * *Spain*; but then again when I soberly consider'd that this was building Castles in a *Prince*'s Country, that perhaps won't *thank* me for my Pains, I immediately got up, quitted my *Chimæra's* and *Castles*, to write you this Letter, and

* A French *Proverb equivalent to ours of building Castles in the Air.*

assure

assure you, that I value you more than all the *Princes* and *Emperors* in the World. But under the Rose, Madam, what Emperour deserves to be mention'd the same Month with you? *Augustus*, who was the *honestest* of the whole Pack, had *only* one Daughter, yet was not able to keep her in *good Order*; for several *grave* Historians affirm, that she wou'd *carry* a Stone in her Ear, whether her Father wou'd or no: But Madam, you have at least *forty* Daughters to look after, yet you keep them all in due *Decorum*; and as for your own Conduct, *Envy* it self cannot find the least Flaw in it. Now tell me fairly and squarely, whether ever you cou'd have foreseen that you shou'd be compar'd and preferr'd to *Augustus*, and of all the *Panegyrists* you have known in your Time, whether any of them ever made you so topping a *Compliment*; but Madam, these *extravagant* Thoughts and *high* Flights are *excusable* enough in a sick Man, whose Brains are *addled* by the *vilest* of Distempers. This *cursed* Ague has thrown me into a Thousand other *Follies*, that wou'd make you burst your Sides with *laughing*, shou'd I undertake to send you the *compleat* History of them. What will you say then, when I *assure* you, that I am grown a wonderful *Admirer* of that *venerable* Piece of Antiquity, your *Aunt*? Cou'd you ever have imagin'd, that a sick Man wou'd have long'd for so *dainty* a Morsel? And won't you now agree with me, that an *Ague* gives a Man a very *strange* Appetite? However, what I tell you, is as *true* as that I am now *writing* to you. I have had the Honour to *receive* only two Visits from her; but in that short Time have discover'd a thousand *Charms* in her, found her more *witty* than your self, and more *beautiful* than *Calista*. In short, I have felt a certain *Emotion*, which I should christen by the Name of *Love*, were I in Health. You wou'd hardly believe how many *fine*, *tender* Things I promise my self to say to her, and how *assiduous* I design to be about her *ancient* Person, so soon as I am *recover'd*. And yet, perhaps, *Thirsis* when he is *well*, will not follow the Inclinations of *Thirsis* the *sick*, but forgive *Calista* all the *cruel* Raileries she has made both upon his Crutches, and other Misfortunes. Since I have *mention'd* her Name, I may venture to tell you,

that

that you are *bound* in Honour to poſſeſs that *inhuman* Creature with a *little* of your own good *Nature*. The *Compaſſion* you have been pleas'd to expreſs for me, gives me *infinite* Satisfaction: But alas! What a *refreſhing* Cordial wou'd it be to me, if my and your *Caliſta* (for ſo I muſt call her, ſince you beſtow'd her upon me) wou'd ſhew me a little of that obliging *Pity*, which you vouchſafe me daily? At the very Moment when I am writing this, I dare *engage* ſhe ſleeps as *profoundly*, as if ſhe had nothing to *anſwer* for; and that if ſhe *dreams*, her Imagination is making *merry* at my Expence, either *playing* with my Crutches, or *drolling* upon my Paleneſs. What is *more*, I dare engage that ſhe'll be ready to dye with *laughing*, when ſhe knows I write this Letter at *Midnight*, and that too, when I had ſo *little* Temptation to write. But let her make her ſelf as *merry* with it, as ſhe pleaſes, I am *content*, if you will but *take* this Occaſion to let her know how *uneaſily* I paſs my Nights. Above all, lay your *Commands* upon her not to *ſpeak* a Word of it, ſince it highly *Concerns* you in Point of *Reputation* to have it kept *private*. 'Tis a *Cenſorious* World, you know, and who can tell what *ſtrange* Stories malicious People may *raiſe* of us, when they come to underſtand, that a Man of my *amorous* Complexion got up at *Midnight*, with no other Deſign, but to give himſelf the Pleaſure of *entertaining* you? Adieu!

To Madam *de H*——— *Occaſion'd by ſending a Bed to her in the Country.*

I Am not *Prophet* enough, Madam, to foretel whether I have executed my Commiſſion to your *Satisfaction*, though no Care has been *wanting* on my Side, I can aſſure you: For I employ'd an experienc'd *Woman* of my Acquaintance, to direct me in this Affair, knowing that we *Batchelors* are not ſo proper Judges of all the good *Qualities* requir'd in a *Bed*, as thoſe that have learnt them by long *Practice*. All our Neighbours that have ſeen it, like it exceedingly: One ſaid, it was the prettieſt *Altar* in the World for a young Maiden-head to be *ſacrific'd* upon; Another that it was one of Love's little *Cabarets*, where

where a Brace of *hungry* Lovers might refresh themselves with a *Bit* from the *Spit*, when they could not tarry till the whole Joint was *matrimonially* serv'd up to them. Although I very well know, that it is not design'd for any such *wicked* Purposes, yet I cannot forbear to *envy* the Pleasures it will be *conscious* to, and reflect what a delicious Scene of *Happiness* you and I might act upon it if you would but give your *Consent*. But these are Thoughts you are never *troubled* with, all your *Concern*, at present, being to know how much it *cost*. If I took as much *Pleasure* to make others *uneasy* as you do, I should leave you in *Suspense* a Month or two longer, and not clear it to you till I came down into the Country: But as I am not *revengeful* in my Temper, be pleas'd to know, that for all it appears so *magnificent* and *stately*, I bought it with the *Money* you gave me; and as for the *overplus*, I fairly laid it out upon a very *fine* Counterpane, for which I pretend that you are very much *oblig'd* to me. Consider then, Madam, that if I have been so trusty a Manager of your *Purse*, how much *better* Manager should I be of a more precious *Cabinet*, if you thought fit to trust me with it? Besides, I must take the Freedom to tell you, that I am in some sort a *Benefactor* to your Repose; and I may without Vanity affirm, that by my *Means*, a certain Person *sleeps* at her Ease, that disturbs the Quiet of so many People. But I am afraid that this *Vanity*, and a small *Compliment* from you, will be all the *Reward* I shall receive for the *Pains* I have taken. Not but that if you were inclin'd to do me *Justice*, this Bed might easily *enable* you to *pay* the Debt you *owe* in this Affair. Could I have found ever a *Conjurer* in this Part of the World, before I had sent down the Bed to you, I would have brib'd him to *inchant* it in so strange a manner, that I might have *revell'd* in your Arms, yet your Husband have known nothing of the Business, and you not slept a Wink in it, 'till I came to prescribe Love's *Opiate* to you. How glad would I have been to have purchas'd so *valuable* a Charm as this, at any *Rate!* And how would I have hugg'd the *honest* Magician, that could have help'd me to it! But no such Conjurer was I *able* to find, after all my *Enquiry*, so that I was forc'd to send you

you the Bed in its true *primitive* State, without any other *Charms*, than what all other Beds in the World may as well *pretend* to I mean the *Faculty* of making People sleep *comfortably*, when Nature calls upon them. Take your Belly-full of it there, Madam; you have my free leave for it; but when the *Domestick* Animal, that lies by your Side, *wakes* you to perform Love's *Mattins*, in that *critical* Moment, *think* ('tis the *smallest* Favour you can grant me) oh! *think* upon

The Languishing THIRSIS.

To four Ladies, with whom the Author was in Love at the same Time.

I Think I have given you a *plain Proof*, that I am as much in Love with you, as 'tis *possible* for a Man to be, since I can *afford* to write to you at a Time, when I *suffer* as much as ever poor Fellow suffer'd. Upon mentioning my *Pain*, I fancy you'll at first suspect it to be *another* sort of a Distemper than really it is: In the next Place I am *afraid* you'll think my Letter *contagious*, and for that Reason refuse to read it; but, Ladies, as I hope to be happy in the Embraces of you all four, there's no Danger in't. My Distemper, in short, is nothing but the *Tooth-ach*; and for that slight Indisposition, which you charged me to have gotten in *Spain*, and I so often *deny'd*, suppose it were true, it wou'd have been so effectually *cur'd* by this Time, that it ought not to hinder you from *keeping* a Correspondence, with me upon that Score. No, Ladies, you need not fear any *Infection*, by reading my Letter. If 'twere possible for you to catch my *Disease* that Way, since *Love* and the *Tooth-ach* generally go together, you might, perhaps catch Part of my *Love*; mind me, Ladies, I say, *Part* of my Love; for should you catch it all, 'twould *scorch* you to Death; for I swear to you, I have the most *ardent* Affection for you all four, which I ever felt. And now methinks, I hear you *cry* out, that a *divided* Heart is not worth a Farthing; and that a Man that loves *more* Women than *one*, loves *none* at all. This, perhaps, may be *justly* enough said of your

puny

puny Gallants, that have not *Heart room* enough to lodge more than one *Phillis* at a Time: But, Ladies, my *Heart* is of a prodigious *Capacity*, and will contain you all four with the greateſt *Eaſe* in the World, and that ſo *commodiouſly*, that you need not juſtle or elbow one another. In ſhort, without being guilty of *Infidelity* to any one of you, I will love you all four both in *general* and in *particular*. Did you but know what ſtrange *Emotions* and Wambling of *Bowels* I feel within me, as often as I think on the *Tears*, feigned or real, which you were pleaſed to *ſhed* at my Departure you'd be ſatisfy'd that I interpret them to my *Advantage*. As often as I reflect upon that *melancholly* Farewell, ſo full of *Tenderneſs* and Concern, I am Coxcomb enough to flatter my ſelf, that I am ſeriouſly and heartily beloved by you all four: And while I am poſſeſt with this Contemplation, I am ready to run *mad*, that I was ſo unhappy a Dog as not to know this *good Fortune* of mine before I parted from you, that I might have made my *Advantage* of it while I was at——But ſince I have receiv'd no *Pleaſure* by it as yet, I am reſolv'd to make my ſelf ſome Amends by *boaſting* of it; for you may ſwear I'll not be *ſilent* of the Honour I had of ſeeing four Pair of the fineſt Eyes in Chriſtendom weep, when I took my leave of them. In ſhort, I relate this Hiſtory to all I meet, Men, Women, and Children, that will give me the hearing; in which Number you may ſafely include a World of *pretty* Ladies, who already begin to *lend* me their Ear. If hereafter they ſhall think fit to lend me any thing elſe, I will make all you four my *Confidents*, and ſend you a *punctual* Account of it. At the ſame time, Ladies, I muſt intreat you to ſend me the *News* of your Parts, as likewiſe to love me a little, or, at leaſt, to make me *believe* you do. For a *Proof* of this, I expect you ſhould all four *kiſs* the Bottom of this Letter where my *Name* is writ. Tho' I am ſo many Miles diſtant from you, yet I ſee as plain as my Hand, Mrs. *Mary* and Mrs *Betty* going to do it; but as for Mrs. *Lætitia* and Mrs *Honour*, they ſcruple at the Buſineſs, and make wry Faces; however, I know they'll come to't at laſt to oblige a Friend ——— So, ſo, now *all* of you have done it. But, Ladies, a *Word* before

before parting; For God's ſake, not a Syllable of this to your Husbands, or any one elſe; for we muſt expect a terrible Noiſe indeed, ſhould it be known that you *kiſs'd*,

Ladies,
Your moſt Humble and
Obedient Servant.

To the Fair——— *A Letter of Gallantry.*

ALtho' my Love parted from you laſt Night in a great Paſſion, yet as for my ſelf, Madam, I ſwear to you I went away very well *ſatisfy'd*. 'Tis a peeviſh, froward Child that's certain, and has ſtrong Humours with him. When you have *granted* him one Favour, the young Son of a Whore *demands* another, and another after that, and ſo on to the *End* of the Chapter, that is to ſay, till you have granted him the laſt Favour of all. But I preached all Night to the ſquauling Puppy, that he had Reaſon enough to be ſatisfyed, repreſenting to him how that languiſhing Softneſs he ſaw in your Eyes, thoſe tender Words interrupted by ſo many Sighs, that feeble Reſiſtance attended with ſo much Tranſport and Emotion, were ſufficient Proofs you were not angry with him, but wou'd *content* his Longing one of theſe Days. Then, to refreſh the young Raſcal's Memory I reminded him what an agreeable *Diſorder* you were in all the while, by the ſame Token you hardly *knew* what you did, or what was done to you. Laſtly, I gave him Reaſons to hope, that at our next favourable Meeting, he ſhould have no Occaſion to complain. In ſhort, to appeaſe the Child, I paſs'd my Word for you, ſo he *quietly* took a Nap, and ſtill continues very *orderly*. Therefore, Madam, I muſt conjure you to be aſſiſting to me, that I may keep my Promiſe to him; for this little *God*, in Caſe he's diſappointed, will lay about him like a *Devil*, and prove a greater *Thorn* in your Side, than

Your moſt importunate Lover.

To

To Madam *de B* —— *The Author excuses himself for not writing a Love-Letter for her, as she desired him.*

THE last Time I had the *Honour* of your Company, you were pleased to enjoin me two different things. The former I now acquit my self of, in sending you the Gloves you desired me to buy for you; but as for the Love-Letter you commanded me to write, let me die, Madam, if it's in my *Power* to obey you. Not but that I have used all imaginable *Endeavours* to bring it about. Upon my Word now I have harass'd and teaz'd my poor Head beyond Expression, and all to dictate me a few fine *Compliments*, in order to give you this small *Satisfaction*; but this Head of mine is the most *perverse*, fantastical Head in Nature; and when I have most need of his Assistance, is then sure to play me the scurviest Tricks. In short, 'tis a giddy, hair-brained *Rambler*, and so great an Enemy to all *Constraint* whatever, that when my Heart honestly advis'd him t'other Morning to obey your Orders, *I must*, replies he, *be as implicit a Slave as thou art, to do every thing that is order'd me; but Thanks to Heaven, and my own good Conduct, I am free, and will obey no body but my self. Hark you me Friend*, cries my Heart to him, *you are Blockhead for calling me Slave, I will maintain it before all the World, that it is an Honour to obey* Calista, *and little less than Rebellion to dispute the meanest of her Orders. What! an Honour to be a Slave*, says my Heart in a Fury; *you may preach up the Merit of Passive Obedience as long as you please, but 'tis a Doctrine I shall never swallow; for know I am a Republican in my Nature, and declare against all Tyranny whatever. And how! dares thou call* Calista *a Tyrant*, says my Heart, *she whose Goodness is equal to her Beauty, and who, if she delighted in making Conquest, might drag all Mankind after her triumphant Chariot? If she tramples upon the Liberties of a freeborn People*, replies my Head, *if she sees her Subjects suffer without endeavouring to save them, if she keeps up a standing Army of little* Cupids *in her Eyes contrary to Nature's* Magna Charta, *all which is undeniably true, why then I positively affirm, that*

that she's a Tyrant, and ought not to be obey'd in her arbitrary Injunctions.

You'll be *surpriz'd*, Madam, without Question, to hear that I am plagu'd with such *intestine* War within me; and perhaps, having never heard 'till now, that the *Head* and *Heart* can be of two *different* Factions, you may question the *Sincerity* of this Relation. But, Madam, I once more assure you 'tis *true*; and what will more *amaze* you, this *Heart* of mine became your *Slave* chiefly through the wicked *Insinuations* and Counsels of my *Head*, which was eternally telling it how gentle and good condition'd a *Mistress* you were, and by that Means engag'd it to part with its *Liberty*. But after it had once prevail'd with my *poor Heart* to surrender up its *Freedom* to you, like a malicious *Traytor* as it is, it *refus'd* to follow its Directions, pretending that it wou'd always continue *free*; lest it might believe it ow'd you any manner of *Service*, and to give you a Proof of it, positively refus'd to write the Love-Letter you demanded of me. Pardon me therefore Madam, if I cannot obey you upon this Occasion; and be assured that my Heart utterly disproves this Obstinacy of my Head, condemns its Rebellion, and will dispute the Glory of being entirely yours, with the *proudest Heart* in the Universe.

And now, Madam, may I be so bold as to ask you your Opinion of this Letter? Is it not a *nonpareille* in its Kind? And is it possible to write any thing more *extravagant*? I dare not pretend to determine beforehand how you will relish it; but if 'tis so happy as to contribute to your Diversion, I shall be infinitely pleased with my Performance, since to *satisfy* you is the greatest Satisfaction that can be to,

Your most Faithful
and Obedient Servant.

To Madam *de L——*. *A Billet written one Morning when the Author had taken Physick.*

I Know you are in Town, and am impatient to see you; and yet, as ill Stars will have it, cannot *satisfy* this Impatience. What vexes me most, is, that I am asham'd

to

to acquaint you with the Reason. All I dare tell you at present, is, that 'tis an absolute incontroulable *Reason*, which I am forced to submit to in spite of my Teeth; and if I went about to *contradict* it, I should find my self in the wickedest *Disorders* imaginable. Thus I am constrained to obey this *haughty* Tyrant, who, to be free with you, so *imperiously* summons me to dance *Attendance* after him, that he has made me lay down my *Pen* half a Score Times at least while I have been writing this short Epistle. But I hope his Reign will not last above two Hours longer, that so soon as I have din'd I may do my self the Honour to wait upon you, and tell you in Person with what Zeal I am

Yours, *&c.*

To Calista. *Upon seeing her bathe her self in a River.*

WELL, Madam, all your Tricks and Artifices are to no Purpose. Last Night my good Fortune led me to the happy Place where you were bathing your self; and though I saw a Sight infinitely *finer* than that of *Diana* naked as she was born, yet *Actæon*'s cruel Destiny did not attend me. But Madam, if I might ask you a civil Question, why should you take so much Pains to conceal your Beauties? Upon my Word now, I saw nothing like a shameful Part about you; or if I did, 'twas only the Thighs, and *something* else of your Sister and Cousin, which ought to be ashamed to appear in your Presence. The first Doctrine I rais'd from my Text was, that those very Members you give your self so much Trouble to *hide*, are not a jot inferiour to what you expose to common Sight, from whence I drew this Inference, that there are a Thousand pretty Women in the World that have more Reason to hide their Faces, than you have to hide your ——Had you lived in that happy Time, when the good Folks of *Syracuse* dedicated a Temple to the fair-buttock'd *Venus*, your Ladyship had certainly been *Goddess* of the Place, every one would have brought his Offering to you, and saluted your plump *Posteriors*, according to the Ceremony there observ'd. Pardon me, Madam, this Quotation is too just and natural

to

to deserve your Censure. As I never beheld any thing in all my Life so *charming* as I beheld you last Evening, I want Expressions to tell you how much I am enslaved by your Beauty. If I were now in my Poetick Vein, I should proclaim to all the World, that the *red-hair'd Charioteer* of the Day, meaning the *Sun*, quitted the Ocean last Evening, where he uses to *solace* himself in the Arms of his beloved *Thetis*, to sport away the Night in that fortunate River where *Calista* was bathing her self. Heavens! how often was it in my Thoughts to plunge Head foremost into the Water after you, and try the Adventure of the Nymph *Salmacis*. But, Madam, as these were the first Motions of my Passion, so they are excusable, because the wisest Philosopher upon Earth is not *Master* of them. The next Moment I made some sober Reflections upon this Design, and must own, I was terribly afraid of you, although you were naked and disarm'd, and carried not that unmerciful Fly-flap about you, with which you use to correct the Insolences of my Hand, when it presumes to touch your Bubbies, or examine the Fringe of your Petticoat. After all, Madam, 'tis more for your Advantage than you are aware of, that I saw you last Evening; for whenever you act the *reserved*, I must own you carry Treasures about you that deserve to be well look'd after, and not exposed to unsanctified Eyes. Having seen the Beauties of your Body, I cannot but approve the Severity of your Soul; therefore you need not quarrel with me for presuming to see you, since it turns so much to your Advantage.

A Billet from CALISTA to the Author. *She is angry with him for not knowing her at a Masquerade.*

YOU are a Man of the least *Gallantry* that ever was known. I am inform'd, that a Lady in a *Masque*, and who, notwithstanding her Disguise, seem'd to be well shap'd enough, took you aside yesterday from your Company, and said a Hundred obliging things to you, to all which you reply'd so coldly and dully, that she went away very *ill-satisfied* with you. This Lady had an indifferent *good Opinion* of your *Wit* before, and had the Charity to think you might act your Part tolerably well in

in a Frolick of this Nature; but you have moſt effectually undeceiv'd her. As this Lady's Sentiments are always the ſame with mine, don't come to tell me any more Stories of your *Proweſs*, for I ſhall certainly ſend you back to the Lady in the Maſque.

The Author's ANSWER.

BEfore I received your Billet, I was told that you were at the fine Maſquerade laſt Night; nay, that you were the very Perſon with whom I *diſcours'd* ſo long. But why ſhould you think it *ſtrange* that I did not *know* you, you that never ſpoke four *kind* Words to me in all your Life, and then entertained me with ſo much ſeeming *Tenderneſs?* In ſhort, your *Soul* was infinitely more *diſguis'd* than your *Face*, ſo that had your Maſque been off, I ſhould never have been able to know you through ſo much *Fondneſs* and good Nature. I ſhould have ſworn that my very Eyes *deceiv'd* me, and that it was not *Caliſta* that talk'd with me. Since I was taken up with theſe Thoughts, judge you whether all the ſoft Expreſſions and Careſſes of a Stranger were like to operate with me, and whether I was in a Humour to begin an *Amour* with a Perſon who ſeemed to have ſome wicked Deſigns upon your Property. Thus you could not but obſerve with what *Indifference* I entertained you, ſo that, my dear *Caliſta*, inſtead of complaining of me, I think you ought to commend my Fidelity, and from thence conclude, that you have no *Rival* to apprehend.

Æneas Sylvius's Letters: and his Satire on the WOMEN of the TOWN.

A Letter of ÆNEAS SYLVIUS, *who was afterwards Pope* Pius II. *to his Father, about a Baſtard Son whom he ſent to him.*

Æn. Sylv. Oper. *p.* 513. Edit. *Baſil.*

YOU ſent me word in your laſt, that you could not tell whether you were to rejoice or grieve at the late *Preſent* that *Providence* made me of a Son. For my Part, I ſee Reaſon enough for the former, but not the leaſt Pretence for the latter: For tell me, what prettier Sport is there, than for a Man to beget his own Likeneſs? Or what more refreſhing Sight can there be on this Side of Heaven, than to ſee one's Table well ſtock'd with Olive-branches? As for my ſelf, without Bluſhing I own to you, that 'tis an unſpeakable Pleaſure to me, to find that I have not beſtowed my Pains in a barren Soil, and I daily return my Thanks to Heaven for ſending me no *cloven Preſent*, no whimpering ſilly Girl, but a fine chopping luſty Boy, who will help to divert you and my Mother with his innocent Prattle. Now, Sir, if you took any Satisfaction at my Birth, why ſhould not the Cockles of your Heart dance upon this Occaſion? Or why ſhould you not be as well pleaſed to behold my Picture in a Grandſon? But perhaps you'll tell me, that your Conſcience is ſomewhat uneaſy, becauſe the poor Child was begotten of Sin, and out of the Pale Matrimony. If the Shoe pinches you there, I muſt ask you a few civil Queſtions before we part. Pray, Sir, what Materials was I compoſed of? As I take it, I am not made of Stone or Iron, or any ſuch unrelent-

unrelenting Ingredients. You begot me true Flesh and Blood; and if I have committed any Crime in making use of my Parts, I'll e'en place it to your Score; for I'll swear I had all the peccant Utensils from you. In the next Place, do but consider how it was with your self at my Years. You know well enough, without my refreshing your Memory for you, that you never lay under the Scandal of a Fumbler. I am your own lawful Son; no Blot to your Family I hope: No *Eunuch*, or any thing like it. Neither am I Hypocrite enough to pretend to more Sanctity than the rest of my Neighbours. I frankly own I have been a Trespasser, a vile abominable Trespasser in my Time; but to my great Comfort *David* and *Solomon* went the same Road before me: And as I am modest in my own Nature, a Curse light on me if ever I desire to be thought holier than King *David*, or wiser than his Son. If 'tis a Sin, it can say Abundance of shrewd things for it self: It can plead Antiquity and Universality, and quote the Lord knows how many Texts out of the new and Old Testament; and to deal plainly with you, I don't believe there's one Man between the two Poles, unless he has a very scurvy confounded Body indeed, that has not at one time or other been guilty of it in Thought or Deed. This Corruption, if it may be call'd a Corruption of a Man to employ his Natural Talent, is of all Countries and Regions: But under the Rose, Sir, why should *Copulation* be treated with such ill Language as generally 'tis? Or why should our *Casuists* so furiously condemn it, since Nature, that never does any thing in vain, has interwoven this Appetite with our very Constitutions, and inspired the whole Creation with an eternal Desire to continue their own Species? But I suppose you'll reply, that there are certain Limits within which 'tis lawful, and that this Action ought never to be done without the Church's Consent. Well, for once, let us take it for granted that a Man ought never to get up and ride without the Priest's Benediction: But how does this mend the Matter? Was there ever any Sin, do you think, committed within the Matrimonial Sheets? I hope, old Gentleman, you'll not advance such false Doctrine as that is. There are

fix'd Rules too for our Eating and Drinking; but what Man in a Thousand is such a slavish Coxcomb as to be confin'd to them? Some whining grave Rascals may tell you they were never guilty of Sin, and demurely wipe their Mouths after they have said it, but I hate all Liars; and since I carry human Infirmities about me, scorn to conceal or deny them: So much for this Point. But because you seem to distrust that other People have had a Finger in the Pye, and would fain be satisfyed whether the Child really belongs to me or no; Pray Sir, be pleased to take this short History of the whole Affair. I had been Envoy at *Strasburg* some two Years, and, as it happened, had no great Business upon my Hands, when a Woman, newly arrived from *England*, who had Youth and Beauty enough to please a nicer Palate than mine, chanced to come to the same Inn where I lodged: She spoke the *Italian* Tongue perfectly well, and I had a long Conversation with her in that Language, which was so much the more entertaining to me, because I so little expected to meet one that understood *Italian* in those Parts of the World. In short, what with her Wit and Beauty, she gain'd an absolute Ascendant over my Heart; so that as often as I beheld her, I could not help thinking on the famous *Cleopatra*, who, chiefly with the Gaiety and Charms of her Discourse, made such a Pair of Asses of *Julius Cæsar* and *Mark Anthony*. Thought I to my self, who can blame such an inconsiderable diminutive Fellow as I am for doing what the most illustrious Heroes of Antiquity have justified by their own Examples? Sometimes I supported my self by the Precedent of *Moses*, sometimes of *Aristotle*, and sometimes by famous Instances in the Christian Church. To make Short of my Story, I was passionately in Love with this *Belle Tramontane*, and attempted her with all the *Rhetorick* I was Master of. But she, deaf to my Vows and Passion, slighted Protestations; so that for three live long Days (an Age in the Chronicles of *Love*) I found I had made little or no Progress in her Affections. Whether this was the Effect of her *Virtue*, her *Fear*, or *Discretion*, I won't be positive, but am inclin'd to the latter: For as it appeared, she stood in some Awe of

the

the Houſe, from whom ſhe expected certain Kindneſſes.

The fatal Night now approached, and next Morning early ſhe was to purſue her Journey. What *Fears*, what *Apprehenſions* reached my Soul, leſt the *Quarry* ſhould eſcape me? I threw my ſelf down at her Feet, embrac'd her Knees, and conjur'd her not to bolt her Door; adding, that in the Silence of the Night I would ſteal to her Chamber, and give her the laſt Convictions that I was her moſt devoted Vaſſal. She refuſed to comply with my Deſires, ſtood much upon her *Virtue*, and gave me not the leaſt Hopes of ſucceeding. I ſtill importun'd her upon the ſame Chapter, but ſhe ſtill made me the ſame Anſwer, and inſiſted upon her *Virtue*. Well, when all the Family was gone to Bed, ſaid I to my ſelf, ſhall I ſee whether the Lady has done as I deſir'd her, or no? All Women are Riddles; perhaps ſhe has ſince thought better of the Matter; and after all, 'tis no great Trouble to try the Experiment. Finding all was huſh'd, I grop'd my Way to her Chamber in the dark: The Door was ſhut, but not bolted; ſo in I came, ruſh'd into Bed, and after a little fooliſh ſtrugling, got Poſſeſion of her Body, the Fruit of which Night's Work was this hopeful Boy. This merry Scene befel me about the Beginning of *February*; and nine Months after my dear lovely Bed-fellow, whoſe Name was *Betty*, dropped in two, and was delivered of the above-mention'd Babe. This Account I had from her own Mouth at *Baſil*, where it was my good Fortune to meet with her again. At firſt I thought ſhe had invented this Story on Purpoſe to wheedle a Sum of Money out of me, and gave no great Heed to it: But then conſidering that the Enjoyment of her at *Strasburg* had not coſt me a Farthing, but only put me to the Expence of a few fooliſh Oaths, and ſo forth, which are eaſily coin'd in a Lover's Mint, I began to alter my Opinion. She acted before upon a generous Principle of Love, and no indirect or mercenary Ends; therefore, why ſhould I now ſuſpect her Integrity? Beſides, the Time and all other Circumſtances agreed ſo well, that I could no longer doubt of what ſhe told me, eſpecially it being a Juncture when ſhe could expect no great Matters from me.

These Reasons induc'd me to believe that the Child was begot by the Sweat of my Brows: Therefore, pray, Sir, take him into your Family, bestow some little *Greek* and *Latin* upon the Rogue, breed him up in the fear of his Maker, and afford him Shelter in a Garret, till he's big enough to find the Way to his Daddy. *Farewell.*

A Satire on the WOMEN of the TOWN.

In a Letter from Æneas Sylvius, *afterwards* Pope PIUS *the Second, to* Nicolaus *of* Waterburgh.

I Remember the other Night you were complaining to me, that you were engaged in the pursuit of an Amour, and that your Mind was so taken up, and bound with those amorous Bands, that it was no longer in your Power to set it at Liberty. You owned to me, that the Object of your Passion was neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow. but a Woman; who, as she must be confest extremely beautiful, was yet a mercenary Whore, that for her Price would expose her self to every Chapman. This you told me was that which troubled you, assuring me, that you would willingly cast off this fatal Engagement, but that you were ignorant what Measures to take to regain your Liberty, and deth one so infamous a Passion. You told me, that though you had applied your self to several Priests upon this Head, yet none of them had discover'd such Remedies for the Evil, as promised you any Hopes of Success. For this Reason you sought of me, and with the most earnest Sollicitations press'd me to furnish some Medicine for your Disease; and that I would point you out the Path by which you might surely make your Escape from so terrible a Conflagration.

I will

I will now comply with your Desires, and will offer you such wholesome Remedies as must effect the Cure, if you will but observe my Prescriptions. Nor shall I be under any Apprehension of the Physician's Foible, provided you will act the obedient Patient with Sincerity; although I am apt to believe that the Medicines which were prescribed by the Priests, did by no means want their Efficacy, if you could but have observed their Directions; but the Course perhaps seemed to you too violent and severe. For when they bid you fly her, exchange not a Word with her, nor suffer your Ears to hear a Word spoken of her, you imagined these new Precepts too hard for mortal Man to obey. With the same Reluctance, a Wretch in a Fever hears his cool Draughts forbid; yet if he designs to recover, he must keep his Physician's Direction. Thus, my dear *Nicolaus*, if you will make your Escape from Love, and regain your wish'd-for Freedom, prepare your self to listen to, and know the Precepts I shall give you.

Know then, that you are now infected with a most dangerous Distemper, and there is no Way of recovering your Health, but by undergoing many *Fevers* and *difficult Operations*. For, my dear Friend, every Man who is in Love is sick; nay, not only sick, but in *Slavery*, and *possess'd* with a perfect *Madness*. I speak of *unlawful Love*; for it is a Virtue, not a Vice, to love God, our Parents, Country, Wife and Children: This is the full State of Health, not that of Sickness. Your Case is very different; for you are in the Pursuit of unlawful Love. But tell me, what do you believe this unlawful Love of which we speak, is? The Ancients held him to be a little naked, blind Boy, born of *Venus* and *Vulcan*, with Wings at his Back, and Arrows in his Hands, with which pricking and wounding the Bosoms and Hearts of Men and Women, he infus'd into the Wounds the Ardour of Love. Thus *Virgil:*

Now do I know what 'tis that LOVE *we name,*
Born among Rocks, from Rhodope *he came,*
Or Thracian Ismarus, *or* Garamant *extream;*
Not from our Race has sprung the fatal Boy,
Who only does our Happiness destroy, &c.

But this was but the vain Day-Dream of mortal Wights, who walking in the Mist of Ignorance could not arrive at the Truth. Love, as *Seneca* has it in his Tragedies, *is nothing else but a certain Force and great Energy of Mind; a kindly Heat of Youth, begot by* Luxury *and* Idleness, *and is nursed and foster'd up by the Ease and Plenty of a flowing Fortune.* This robs a Man of his Understanding, perverts his whole Judgment, stupifies the Senses, and extinguishes the Soul. For when you love a Woman, your Life, your Soul dwells in her, and not in your self. What therefore can be a more wretched State, than not to live while you are alive; or to have the mere Functions of Life, without the Benefit? Than to have the Senses without Sensibility? Than to have Eyes and see not? And Ears, and yet not be able to hear? A Lover is transformed by an unhappy Metamorphosis into another Man; he neither speaks nor acts as he was wont to do. From hence that of *Parmeno* in *Terence*——— *Ye Gods!* says he, *what sort of Distemper is this I have got? Are Men used to be changed by Love, that no one can know them to be the same Persons?* The Comick Poet, you find, thinks Love a *Disease*; nor is his Sentiment without Reason: For *Hippocrates* in *Macrocius* calls *Luxury* (either the Mother or Daughter of Love) a Part of the most desperate *Malady*. This *Distemper* is generally the Companion of Youth; but it likewise vexes Men of *Middle* and *Old Age*. And by so much is the Disease both the more virulent, dangerous and ridiculous, by how much the Party affected is the more eminent in Knowledge or Years.

Since therefore you are taken Captive by *Love*, and are his Vassal confess'd, know that you are *sick*. But if you are sick, make it your Endeavour to get a Cure: For where is there any Man who is afflicted with a Disease, who would not be cured? Certainly the greater, more virulent and dangerous the Disease is, by so much the more earnest is the Care and Desire of the Patient for a Remedy. Your *Sickness* is great, let your Care of your Recovery be as great. Think, my dear Friend, think in what a Condition you are. You value not your self at all; you are not at all concerned about what-

whatever may befal you; your whole Mind is fixed on your Miſtreſs; her it is you love; ſhe is the Object of your nightly Slumbers: Of her is your Diſcourſe; and ſhe it is that ſwells up all your languiſhing Sighs; and every thing you do ſerves only to renew your Memory of her. Behold the moſt peſtiferous Folly, Madneſs and Diſeaſe in the World! Do you yet think that there is no need of ſeeking after a Cure? Who, in ſuch a *Diſtemper* as this, would not deſire the Return of his Health?

But, my dear Friend, theſe are the Medicines neceſſary for your Health; which if you make uſe of, you ſhall again be a ſound Man, but if you neglect them, your Diſeaſe will accompany you to your Grave, nor is there any one that can help you. The firſt and moſt neceſſary Ingredient is the Reflection, how far you have receded from the Precepts of God, whom, when you ought to love with your whole Heart, and your whole Strength, you have diverted your Paſſion to a Creature, and in her have you plac'd all your Delight; and thus you are fallen into the Worſhip of Idols; for he that prefers a Creature to the Creator, is an Idolater. You will, perhaps, deny your being an Idolater, as not preferring the Created to the Creator; but if you could be brought to ſpeak the Truth, you would fairly confeſs, that you *love* your Miſtreſs more than God himſelf; as indeed the Effect will demonſtrate: For you are negligent of what God commands, that you poſtpone and contemn; but you take Care to execute the Commands of your Miſtreſs with the utmoſt Diligence; and this very thing is to prefer a *Woman* to *God*. Alas! How great an Evil is it, how dangerous, how deteſtable, to love a *Creature* to that Exceſs, that in the Balance with her you value not the *God* that made you, at all! God, when you were *Nothing* gave you a Being, made you capable of knowing the divine Sacraments, and the Path to Heaven; but your Miſtreſs has perverted you from that noble rational Animal that God had made you, to the Brute; and leads you through the Myſteries of Iniquity to the ready Path to Hell. This ſame good God, when you and the reſt of Mankind had, by the Tranſgreſſion of your firſt Parents, loſt

Paradiſe, vouchſafed to be born for you, to be made Man, to be taken into Cuſtody, to be ſcourg'd, and at laſt crucified, and died to redeem you with his precious Blood: Conſider what a monſtrous Ingratitude it is, what Iniquity, what Inhumanity, what Barbarity, to relinquiſh and deſert him who has done all this for you, for a *vile*, *worthleſs* Woman! This is, or ought to be ſufficient to move you and all other Chriſtians, to quit *unlawful Loves*, and to ſerve God alone.

But, my Friend, let me intreat you to conſider farther what it is you do. You ſay your Miſtreſs is beautiful, is charming in your Eye, nay, in Reality: Do you believe ſhe will always be thus beautiful and charming? *Beauty*, as the Tragick Poet ſays, *is a fleeting Good*; and the Women that to Day is ſo inchanting, to Morrow may fright you; her Charms in a Moment are chang'd into Deformity; and ſhe paſſes inſenſibly from an Angel to a Devil. Why are you ſo very ill a Husband? Why of ſo weak and fooliſh a Conduct, to barter your laſting, your permanent perpetual Goods, for ſuch periſhable Commodities?

But let us grant what you ſay, and allow, that her Form, her Beauty, is admirable and ſurprizing; that is but a trifling Advantage, a Good of no Value, a mere tinſel Bauble, and glares, and is without any infinite Worth. A Woman's Beauty, unleſs adorn'd with Chaſtity, is of no Price; for that is the true Praiſe of a Woman, not her Form or Beauty. But you purſue her not for her *Chaſtity*; you are not enamour'd of her *Virtue*, but her *Looks*. And thoſe, alas! have but a fading ſhort-liv'd Glory, a Flower, that like a Roſe, bluſhes like Crimſon in the Morning, and languiſhes, and dies with the Evening Sun. There is nothing more beautiful, or has greater Charms, than *Virtue* and *Honour*; if you could with a ſerious View look wiſely on them with the Eye of your Mind, you would confeſs them infinitely more tranſporting than your *Miſtreſs*. Not *Lucifer*, in his Morning Beams, nor *Heſperus*, in his Evening Glory, has half the Beauty that is in *Virtue* or *Honour*; which whoever forſakes for a *Woman*, I beg you reflect, how mad and diſtracted he muſt be.

But,

But, my dear Friend, that I may not multiply Words with you, the Woman you doat on is not yours alone, but several more are admitted into her Arms: Nor can her Love be so confin'd to you, but that she has some still to bestow in the Caresses of her other Admirers. What can *you* do in the Crowd of her Customers? Remember you are now in the Evening of your Age; that you are old, nay, on the Verge of Life, and almost within the harder Embraces of Death it self. Consider, are you qualify'd for the *Combats of the Fair?* Can you enter the Lists of the strong and robust? What seek you in that Fight, where the Victor falls to the Ground? You will find it a difficult Matter for an old Man to carry off the Lady from the young. But suppose you are of Strength sufficient to bear off the Prize, when it is the very Nature of the Fight, that he that conquers is only last slain. For what is a *Woman, but the Spoiler of the Young, the Pillager of the Middle-ag'd, and the Death of the* Old? *The Devourer of our Estates, the Destruction of our Honour, the Fodder of the Devil, the Gate of Death, and the Supplement of Hell!* Recollect my dear Friend, what numerous Evils have from Women sprung! Since *Solomon, Holofernes, Sampson,* were deceiv'd by Women, do you think your self so well fortify'd, as not to be abused by her? But by how much more weak, incautious, and imprudent you are than those Men, with so much the more Care remove your self from a State of being subject to their Deceit, against which they could not defend themselves. A Woman's sinful *Love* is of no Value. In such a Woman there's no Stability, no Constancy: She who seems fond of you to Day, to Morrow will be so of another; perhaps laugh the Moment you have left her, with her young Gallant, at your Dotage. What Esteem can you have for that *Love,* which is divided into so many Shares? There never was yet a Woman found whose Love was so sincere, but would change for the Addresses, Gifts, and Prayers of a new *Lover.*

A Woman is an imperfect Animal, various, fallacious, subject to a Thousand Diseases, and a Thousand turbulent Passions; without Faith, without Fear, without Constancy, without Piety. I speak of those Women, who

who admit of criminal Paſſions. Theſe are never fixed and ſtable; for when once they have deviated from the Paths of *Right*, they think themſelves free to ramble as they pleaſe, and ſtand no longer in Fear either of their Husband, or their Friend. I cannot imagine, that the filthy Pleaſure of *Coition*, can now be delightful to you, who are almoſt exhauſted with old Age. For what Advantage can that fooliſh, naſty Pleaſure bring to you, who are old and dry? Or even to Youth, tho' not moiſt and dry, ſince Repentance treads on the Heels of the Fact? Is not that Admonition, Citation, or certain Change, which troubles and vexes the Mind immediately after the Commiſſion of the Fact, of ſome Weight in your Conſideration? How wicked is the Man, that on ſo many Admonitions does not yet give over his Folly? Who mends not on Puniſhment, nor grows better by Correction? What does that carnal Act produce, but the Ruine of the Fleſh? I wiſh indeed nothing periſhed by it but the *Fleſh*, and that it did not likewiſe kill the Soul! But when the Man and Woman are in this Conjunction, they ſeem to me to be like two earthen Veſſels, which are rubb'd againſt one another, till they break, and are crumbled into nothing.

But, perhaps, you are not taken up with the Enjoyment of your *Miſtreſs*'s Perſon, but only are pleas'd to look upon her, and hear her talk. But pray tell me, what do her Looks carry in them ſo very tranſporting, but that you may elſewhere find ſomething as beautiful? The Beauty that we ought to ſeek and admire is in Heaven, with which nothing in this World can compare; in thoſe is all Perfection, in theſe perpetual Defects; thoſe are perpetual, theſe frail and ſhort-liv'd; thoſe are fix'd, theſe fleeting. This *Form*, which you ſo much admire, a Fever will ſteal away; but if it be ſpar'd by the Diſeaſe, *old Age* will be ſure to make an End of it; which will render that Face ſo juicy, ſo plump, and blooming now, in a little time ploughed up with Furrows, and drain'd up of all its Moiſture, whither'd and dry'd. And thoſe fine Limbs, which ſo take your Eyes, and infatuate your Heart, Time will dry up, blacken, and defile with Sores and putrid Ulcers, and quite transform into another Figure. Thoſe ſprightly

ſprightly Eyes, which now ſhoot ſuch killing Glances, will not always do ſo; the time will come, when they will be mere beamleſs Fires, weak and dead, all dim and faded, unmoving and unminded. That Mouth, which now breathes all the fragrant Odours of the ſpicy Eaſt, will dart a poiſonous Stench, like ſtinking Vaults or Carrion: That Neck, that bares it ſelf up with ſuch a ſtately Pride, will bend beneath the Weight of Years, and veil the Honours of the Head it bears now ſo lofty, in a weak, trembling, and crooked Bow, down to the very Breaſt: And all that lovely Body ſequacious to the Touch, ſo finely turn'd, ſo plump, ſo warm, ſo juicy, will become a cold, ſhrivell'd, dry'd, ſapleſs Trunk, if her Vices attend the *lazy* Puniſhment of *old Age* for her Follies, and other Diſeaſes carry her not off in a more loathſom Condition in her Youth.

Let theſe things ſeriouſly ſink into your Mind, and cut off the fallacious Promiſes of *Hope*. Fly from her before ſhe flies from you; for it is much better to contemn a thing than loſe it. But I am wonderfully ſurpriz'd to hear you talk of being ſtrangely pleaſed with her melting, ſweet, charming, and melliſluous Tongue, when ſhe ſpeaks. For what can a Woman's Diſcourſe in it ſelf, have ſweet or alluring? What does your Miſtreſs ſay to you? Either ſhe complains, grieves, threatens, flatters, or tells you idle Tales; repeats what ſome neighbouring Female did, or what her Dream was; how many Eggs her Hen has laid, and of what Flowers her Noſegay is compos'd; the Colour of her Knots, Furbeloes, Flounces, and all the ſilly Whimſies of Mode and Faſhion. All the Diſcourſe of a Woman is of ſome ſlight, vain, fooliſh thing or other; which to be pleas'd with, a Man muſt be guilty of as much Levity as *ſhe*. Sometimes ſhe tells you her Affairs with ſome other *Lover*; as how they lay, the Manner they embrac'd, what Gifts he gave her, what Supper he treated with, and what Joys and Tranſports ſhe found in his Arms; but this, methinks, ſhou'd rather give you Pain than Pleaſure. Or, perhaps ſhe tells you how much ſhe loves you, how agreeable your ſilver Hairs and Beard are; that your Arms tremble with Eagerneſs, not Age; that the Fewneſs and Weakneſs of your amorous Efforts is the Effect

fect of *Desire*, not *Impotence*; that your hollow Cheeks and Eyes are the Beds for *Cupid* and *Graces*; your toothless Gums agreeable as the Coral and Ivory of Youth; that your cadaverous Smell is a Perfume of *Arabia*; that she hates *Youth*, is fond of *Age*, and *only* admires *you*; and yields only to the Necessity of her Fortune, when she admits any other into your Place. But this, my Friend, is imposing on your Understanding, and is a Wheedle so nauseous, that Folly itself can't sure take a Pleasure in it; being a Banter on common Sense, the Cant of her Profession, and an Abuse to your Face.

But let the Pleasure you take in her Discourse be what it will, can you be so mad, and so far out of your Senses; as not to take more Delight in the Discourse of some ingenious and learned Man? Reflect, take a View of all that is pleasing and *comfortable* in *Love*, and then all that is *troublesome* and *grievous*, you'll find the former few, the latter so many, that you will agree in his Opinion, who said, *Love* was a little Drop of Honey mix'd with Abundance of Gall. Since therefore my Friend, all *Love* (of which we talk) is *vain*, *short*, *bitter*, and *damnable*, and sinks a Man into most deplorable Diseases, you must take Care to be deliver'd from it.

But the Cure is this, that you perswade your self, and convince your Mind, that *Love* is an *Evil*: After which, avoid your Mistress's *Syren* Tongue; fly Idleness; be always doing something; associate with good Men, by whom you may profit; frequent no Play or Sport, nor any Feast or Entertainment. If you have any Presents of your Mistress, throw 'em from you; have nothing in your Power, that ever belong'd to her; believe her to be the *Devil*'s Messenger, that wou'd destroy your Person and Happiness. Keep in your Memory the Benefits you have received from Christ; reflect on the Celestial Rewards of those who do well, and the infernal Punishments of those who do ill. Remember, that your Days are every Day fewer in Number, and that your last Day is just thrusting into your Company. Reflect how ridiculous a Thing it is to be in *Love*, especially a Man of mature Years, and past the inconsiderate Heats of Youth. Think of the fickle

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Temper of Women; think of the Loſs of your Time, than which nothing is more precious; think of the Waſte of your Fortune, which is not eaſily repair'd; think that the Life, that we live in this World, is but extreamly ſhort, tho' ſpent in Pleaſure it ſelf, and that in the other World, which we ſeek, has no End.

If you carefully, and ſeriouſly think of theſe Things, and make them thoroughly enter into your Mind and retain thoſe Precepts I have given, you will ſoon baniſh that *Love*, which now torments you, and will prove your ſelf a Man grateful to God, and worthy of Heaven. *Farewell.*

Letter XLV. *Ed. Baſil.* *Æneas Sylvius*, Poet Laureat, and *Imperial* Secretary, to *Petrus Noxetanus* Health.

A Perſwaſive to marry the Woman he had lain with: The Praiſe of Union, *and Conduct of a* Foreigner *in any Prince's Court.*

I Own my Obligation to my good Friend *Compiſius*, for his engaging you to write to me; but then pray be not you leſs grateful, who owe him ten Times as much. After a tedious Silence, he got me your Letter: But ſtray'd and wander'd from your Nature, he pick'd you up, and reſtor'd you to *your ſelf*. Who ſo agreeable, communicative, and complaiſant as you in your own Temper? But ſome ſtrange Chagrin or other had ſtol'n you away, and loſt you in a Forgetfulneſs of your Friends, and an odd, ſullen, ill natur'd Silence: No more like the honeſt *Peter* I always knew you, than a *Carthuſian* is like a Cavalier. But well fare the Heart of honeſt *Campiſius*, who, by reſtoring your former good Temper, has given me new Life. I was on my laſt Legs, gaſping and giving up the Ghoſt, for want of the Cordial of your Correſpondence; but this Letter has ſet me up again, given me new Life, and made me a ſound Man again. 'Tis true, ev'n this Comfort is not without Pain, the Remedy is not without its Bitter; but it is like the diſagreeable Reliſh of a Potion, it cures my Mind while it diſguſts my Taſte; for what diſ-

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quiets you, muſt make me uneaſy. But I have my Refuge ſtill, by giving more Credit to others in your Affairs, than to your ſelf. *Deſpondence* or *Aſſurance* always mingles in our Account of our ſelves, according to our Temper. But I ſuppoſe you do like a true Man of Courage, not magnify your ſelf, and are averſe to Thraſonical *Rhodomontado's*. Thus you tell me, you are poor, while *Compiſius* aſſures me you are rich, and *Caſtellanus* confirms his Report. But you may be both in the Right, you may be rich in Fact, and poor in Spirit, or you may be poor in Opinion; or you may diſguiſe your real Wealth under the Pretence of Poverty, as not avaricious of vain Glory, or not valuing your ſelf on Riches. Perhaps in Affluence, you fix not your Mind on your Poſſeſſions; or you may not be content with what you have, or do not make Uſe of it, but this is indeed to be poor with a Vengeance; but this you are Maſter of too good Senſe to be guilty of: It is the Vice of Fools, and cannot therefore be your Caſe. But be it as it will, 'tis nothing to me, to whom you are equally valuable in Poverty, and Wealth. I lov'd you for your Virtue, not Bags; and therefore while you retain that, Affluence and Neceſſity are the ſame thing to me, my Love and Value are the ſame; whatever belongs to Fortune, has no Influence on the Endowments of the Mind. As for your Father and Childrens being on your Hands, Nature and Gratitude oblige your Care. And tho' there are, and have been Monſters in the World, who have broke through the eternal Bands that tye Parents and Children together, and run to that Exceſs, to deſtroy the very Source of their Being; yet nothing ſo black and infamous can affect you, or render the Duties of Nature uneaſy. But letting theſe things paſs, I come to a Part of your Letter, which I confeſs made me do more than ſmile; for I could not forbear laughing at what you writ about your *Philocrium*, or if you had rather have her call'd your *Antiphila*. And your two Letters made me fancy my ſelf converſing with my old Friend and Acquaintance, honeſt *Terence*, of *Poetical*, tho' *Pagan* Memory; for ſometimes you ſeem'd to me to be *Pamphilus*, ſometimes *Eſchinus*, and ſometimes *Clinias*. But yet I comfort my ſelf, that your

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Luck has not been ſo damnably bad in this amorous Affair, ſince you have met with a Girl to your Heart's Content, of a good Education, tolerable Qualities, agreeable Humour, complaiſant to your Temper, obſequious to your will and Commands, and not a termagant damn'd Virago, that wou'd fight for the Breeches, and follow the wicked Devices of her own Inclinations, lead you a Life that is worſe than the Gallies; that wou'd ring you a Peel from Morning till Night, and can then allow you no Reſt, what betwixt importunate Duns for conjugal Duty, and new Cloaths. I prithee then leave off this Cant of Poverty, and no Dower, ſince I hope my dear Friend, your Deſi n is no: to take her Bags for better and for worſe, but her Perſon; ſince you propoſe to wed ſoft Fleſh and Blood, and not the glittering Metal. As for my own Part all that I ſhould deſire in a Wife, is, that ſhe ſhou'd be handſom, young, and good-humour'd, fruitful and confin'd to me alone; free from wandring Deſires, at leaſt free from rambling in Action; tho' I am afraid, it wou'd puzzle a Logician to ſeparate the Deſire and the Action in a *Woman*. For when once a *Woman* has got it in her Head, Opportunity is only wanting to have it ſomewhere elſe; and that is a Defect her Induſtry for her Pleaſure will eaſily ſupply. But as I was ſaying, all I ſhould demand in a Wife is Beauty, Chaſtity, good Humour and Fertility. For, believe me, my good Friend *Peter*, *Experto fide Roberto*, gives Credit to my Obſervations, a great Fortune in a Wife brings a great many Inconveniences. A Woman that brings a large Portion, thinks ſhe may do what ſhe pleaſes; ſhe'll be drunk, proud, haughty, imperious, impertinent, ſaucy; ſhe'll think ſhe may make bold with your Bed, when ſhe ſupports your Grandeur; ſhe'll think ſhe may ſay any Thing, when ſhe furniſhes your Equipage; ſhe'll ſcold when ſhe pleaſes; and that is as often as her Inclinations ſhall lead her, by your Diſquiet, to make room for her Gallant; ſhe will have a Tongue with ſuch an everlaſting Twang, that a Husband may find as much Eaſe in a Crowd, and Quiet in a Paper-mill. Others are deform'd, ſickly, barren, and have a Thouſand other Defects, from which you know your deſign'd Wife is free. What an odd

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fantaſtick Whim is it therefore for you to hanker after the frothy Trifle at a Feaſt, when you may fill your Belly with good ſubſtantial Food? You like her Perſon, but find fault with her Poverty; that is, you are pleas'd with what ſhe has, and are vex'd at what ſhe has not. I prithee, Friend *Peter*, remember you have a comfortable *Modicum*, enough to make the Pot boil; and bleſſed be Providence you have a good Place, which with the tolerable Management of the Age, may turn to a pretty Account. If Reaſon will not ſatisfy you, let Example direct you: The Marqueſs of *Saluces* pick'd up a Nut-brown Laſs from tending her Hogs, whom he found in a wood where he was hunting, and preſently marry'd her, to eſcape the haughty Pride of a Wife of Quality. And yet this poor Country-Girl, advanc'd to the Marqueſs's Bed, by the Conduct, Humility, and Reſignation of her Humour to her Lord's, left an Example to all the Ladies of her Time. What then have you now to ſcruple in your Amour, ſince you find Princes themſelves leading you the Way, and ſhewing what you ſhou'd do for your own Happineſs? I muſt tell you, dear Friend of mine, if what you write be true, if the Girl be ſo ſequacious of your Humours, agreeable to your Inclination, and pleaſing to your Reliſh, I wou'd not have you defer the Matter. Delays are dangerous; and the Liquor often palls, while you preach o'er your Can; or your Neighbour, that is more thirſty, may drink off your Glaſs. Beſides, I wou'd have you conſider, that you have better Luck than moſt People meet with, who deſign a Voyage to the Iſland of Matrimony; you have had a *Sample* of the Commodity you deſign to buy, before you part with your Money. You have try'd how and how, before you venture on Matrimony: Nay, you can ſcarce ſay, *For better, or for worſe*, when you know already how Matters ſtand; and buy not a *Pig in a Poke*, like your Neighbours. Moſt Men are cheated in the *Barter:* For they, good credulous Souls, marry their Wives, before they know whether they are *Fiſh, Fleſh, or good red Herring*. 'Tis true, they meet, perhaps, with a ſparkling Eye, a pretty pouting Mouth, an artificial Complexion, and the like: But the Devil on't is, that a fine

Face

Face to a Woman, is often like a fair carv'd Sign to a Tavern, it ſerves to draw you in; but then you find nothing but ſtumm'd Claret, and other diabolical Mixtures. 'Tis like the Gilding to a Pill, the Gold makes the nauſeous Doſe go down, which without it you wou'd keck at. Thus a gaudy Out-ſide often ſets off ſecret Defects: The ſilk emboſs'd Manteau, and lac'd Petticoat frequently cover crook'd or gouty Legs, and boulſter'd Shoulders, beſides nameleſs Evils, more diſagreeable. *Paint* and fine *Waſhes* ſham a Complexion, which is none of their own; and thoſe Bubbies, which ſeem full and ſwelling in Stays, fall down flabby and lank, when the Lady's undreſt: The Diſguiſe thrown off, the Monſter appears: And when you hope to preſs a Goddeſs, you find an *Incubus* in your Arms. But theſe are Evils you cannot dread in *Antiphila*; you know the ſnowy white of her Body is of a Piece with her Face and Boſom; you know the Symmetry and Proportion of her Parts, the round Hardneſs of her Breaſts, the Fulneſs of her Thighs, the eaſy Swelling of her Belly, and all thoſe hidden Beauties of her Perſon, that are inviſible to all beſides, you know to be wonderfully and really tranſporting You have experienc'd the Vigour of her Embraces, endearing, active, ſprightly, acted by Nature, not Art, nor yet inſipid, languid, and dull Yes, yes, dear Friend of mine, Women commonly hide ſuch Defects in an agreeable Appearance, that after the firſt Hymeneal Rites are over, come to Light, and give ſuch a Diſguſt, that inſtead of a Heaven, they are perpetual Hell to their Husbands all their Life after. I tell you truly, I form my Judgment of others by my ſelf, who have ſeen, and known, and lov'd many a *Bona Roba*, whom after Enjoyment I cou'd heartily have kick'd: And the Pleaſure of the Chaſe has been deſtroy'd, by the Diſagreeableneſs of the Quarry: Nor were I ever ſo deſperate as to think of Committing Matrimony, wou'd I like a Wife, whom I had not been ſo very familiar with, as to know her *intus & in cute*, that is, perfectly well in all her Paces before hand. I am a true *Plain-dealer*, I hate to mince the Matter, with a Friend. Theſe are my Sentiments of the Point, and theſe were wont to be yours. You us'd to declare, that

that you wou'd not ſacrifice your Liberty to any Woman, but ſhe who ſhou'd have Cauſe to own, that ſhe was infinitely oblig'd to your Generoſity. Well, you have now found juſt ſuch a Woman, according to your Heart's Deſire: Why the Devil an't you happy while you may? What makes you ſtumble at the Gates of Bliſs? Stand to your Principle, keep to your Reſolutions, or confeſs your ſelf weaker than a Woman, and know not what you wou'd have. But perhaps you'll ſay, what will the People ſay of me to marry my Miſtreſs? (to give it the ſofteſt Word.) I ſhall be the Subject of all the Lampoons of the Town, every diminutive Wit will have a fling at me. Terrible Bull-beggars indeed! as formidable as *Bevis* and *Gargantua*, Fogh, Fogh! meer Scare-Crows to fright Children and Jack-Daws. He that is afraid of what People will ſay, he that dreads the Bounce of the Paper-pellets, will never be eaſy or happy; he can't eat, nor drink, nor ſleep, nor wear his Hat; nay, he can't ſo much as walk to pleaſe himſelf, but if theſe Scandalmongers take a Whim, ſlap-daſh he's down in black and white. I tell thee, dear Friend of mine, he that will govern himſelf by other Folks Humours, can never be happy, nor eaſy, nor conſtant, nor wiſe, nor honeſt. Every Man is fond of his own Doings, his own Thoughts, his own Humours, and every Man has a right to follow his own Thoughts and his own Humour; yet if he do, another over weaning Coxcomb will find Fault; and if he be curs'd with the Itch of Rhiming, will fall upon him. Nay, ſhould you yield to his Temper, and marry any one elſe, 'tis a thouſand to one but you are lampoon'd for marrying at all; the Age is ſo abandon'd, that Virtue is grown a Scandal, and at this rate you muſt turn Knave not to be taken notice of. Follow therefore your own Inclinations, chuſe your own Pleaſures, make uſe of your Natural Right, as the reſt of Men do; and then if *Antiphila* really has your Heart, you will ſoon give her your Body. If ever I have the good Fortune to ſee my own delicious Country again, to reviſit the beauteous and delightful Field of *Italy* once more (which is all in the Hands of Fate to determine)

I ſhall

I ſhall never think my Joys compleat 'till I ſee you, your dear *Antiphila*, your Children, Servants, Horſes, Dogs, and the reſt of your Domeſtick Furniture, and paſs a delicious Evening or two over a Bottle with you. But be not, dear Friend of mine, frightn'd at a Viſit from me, as if I ſhould eat you up with a damned long hungry Equipage; for, Faith, I am none of thoſe lucky Privadoes of Fortune, to have ſuch a long Train of lazy Followers at my Heels, or to hope to return to my Country in ſuch a pompous Magnificence: and indeed I ſhall be very well ſatisfied if I can keep the Wolf from the Door, as the Saying is. If I can get but Money enough to defray the Expence of my Journey, I ſhall think my ſelf as great as the King of *Perſia*. I thank my Stars, I am not troubled with that damn'd jilting Harlot *Hope*, my Deſires are bounded with my preſent Fortune; and if any thing elſe happen to fall into my Mouth, it may be welcome, but not wiſh'd for. You deſire me to be ſerviceable to your Father, and and that for your Sake, if I want other Motives; but that Motive is ſufficient, not only to perſwade my Endeavours, but to compel them. But you know the Prince whom I ſerve declares himſelf of no Party; all his Care and Study is for Union; nor is it fit for a Servant to deſire or urge what may be diſpleaſing to his Maſter. And indeed, the Emperor's Deſires ſeem to me ſo reaſonable and ſo ſacred, that it would be a ſort of Sacrilege to oppoſe them; and I have Reaſon to hope that they will be no Enemy to your Affairs. If your good Fortune depends on him, I am confident they'll be ſo far from being the worſe, that they will be infinitely the better: For then Courtiers and Officers grow rich and thrive, when *Union* is eſtabliſh'd; which, when it will be, I know not. In the mean time, I ſhall inſinuate my ſelf into the Emperor's Favour, be obſequious to his Commands, and follow him cloſely; his Will ſhall direct mine, nor will I oppoſe him in any thing, or meddle with what does not immediately relate to, and particularly regard my own Intereſt; becauſe 'tis a thing of dangerous Conſequence for a Stranger to be too buſy with the Affairs of a Foreign Court. I am here a Foreigner, and therefore I comply with the

the Natives in whatever they do; I assert what they say, and deny what they disallow; so that if they have any Wisdom in their Conduct, I suffer them to reap the Benefit of it; if they are Fools, I let them fall from their own Folly; I am not envious of any Man's Glory, nor would I have the Infamy of any Man's Disgrace. Whatever I am commanded, I write without adding or diminishing; nor would I by Contradiction seem wiser or more foolish than they, but shall always be silent, secret and obedient. If this were not my Conduct, I could do my self no Service here, and I am confident you are too much my Friend to desire me to do any thing against my Interest, lest being now but very inconsiderable, I should then be nothing at all. I shall add no more, but my desire that you would write to me about your Nuptials.

Farewell.

Letter LXXXII. *Ed. Basil.* *Æneas Sylvius* to Mr. *Fund*, Secretary of *Cologne*.

To comfort him for the Loss of his Mistress, who had run away from him.

THE Secretary of *Nuremburgh* called on me the other Day, who is a Man of Probity and good Letters, and very much your Friend. He told me he had left you in a great deal of Grief; that you had some cruel Loss; that something, I know not what, had slipt through your Fingers, which gave you abundance of Disquiet; nay, he tells me you are so extreamly concern'd for this Loss, that it quite mopes you, you utter not one Word, but with more than *Pythagorick* Silence you pass your melancholy Hours. Though I could not make him explain himself but by broken Sentences, when I press'd to know the Cause of so extravagant a Sadness; yet from what he said, I believe I can easily imagine the Ground of your Discontent, which now will admit of no Comfort. For what could ever make so strange a *Metamorphosis* in a Man, but a *Woman?* You us'd always to be a Man, and to meet the Emergencies

gencies of Fortune as a Man ſhould; that is, as one who had expected the Event, and was therefore prepared againſt it, for the Dart forſeen is eaſily avoided. When you have loſt a Friend, you have heal'd up that Wound with a Moral, *That he was born to die.* When your good old Father left this wicked World, you pacify'd the Rage of your Grief with—*My Father has ſhew'd me an Example that I was begot by a Mortal, and that I muſt alſo die.* Nay, I remember when your good Lady was pleas'd to take her eternal Leave of you, you bore it with as much Reſignation as a young Girl the Force of the Man ſhe loves; or a Clergyman a good Benefice; or a Courtier a freſh Grant. 'Tis true, you put on Mourning and a rueful Countenance, with Hat over the Eyes, and Looks fix'd on the Ground, and all the *Pompa Rogi* in wonderful Decency and Order. But dear Friend of mine, when you were come Home, the Relations remov'd, and all Friends departed but my ſelf; did you not ſtop me, and in a Glaſs of good *Rheniſh* waſh away your Tears, and urge the Example of *David*, who waſh'd and eat Meat as ſoon as his Child was paſt Recal? I ſpeak not this ſo upbraid you, but to ſhew that you are a good Chriſtian, for St. *Paul* tells us, *We ſhould not grieve for the Dead like thoſe who have no Hope.* 'Tis true, ſome might be apt to ſay, the Devil's in a Man that grieves for the Loſs of a *Wife*; that a dead Wife is the beſt Piece of Houſhold Goods a Man can have; that it would be as prepoſterous to ſhed Tears at the interring our *Left Rib*, as to go into Mourning for getting out of Priſon, or eſcaping a Shore from a Shipwreck, or from being ranſom'd from *Algiers*, and a thouſand ſuch *good Morrows.* But my dear Friend *John*, I took your Moderation as the Effect of your Philoſophy, not to grieve for a Loſs that could not be retriev'd, and puniſh your ſelf for what you could not help. But then I am damnably puzzled to reconcile your preſent Conduct to your paſt. What has made this ſtrange *Transformation* in you? What has thus alienated you from your own dear ſelf? In ſhort, what the Devil is the Matter with you? Have you had an ill run at Play? Loſt all your *Ready*? Have you been diſappointed in ſome good Place, which

which you thought you were sure of? Has any scoundrel Poet lampoon'd your Understanding, or any Informer accus'd you of Bribery or Treachery? Or have you betray'd a Trust without a Reward sufficient to quash the Law, and baffle your Adversary? If none of these things have been your Lot, what could you lose dearer than a *Wife*, who had brought you so many brave chopping Boys? Yes, a *Mistress*, young, charming, beautiful, witty, gay, wanton, a Mistress of every thing that could give you Satisfaction and Joy.——— This is it. ———I have hit the Nail on the Head! You are sick of Dame *Eve*; *Woman* is your Distemper. *The fickle* Cælia *has given you the slip, is run from your Embraces, perhaps to the Arms of another. Why, so let it be, well fare his Heart who has got her! The Devil and Nine Pence go with her, that's Money and Company, according to the laudable Adage of the sage Mobility!* But what in all this can give you the Spleen? What make you so outrageous in your Grief, as to admit of no Comfort? Was ever Man troubled in a Tertian to find his Ague had left him? *But you plac'd your Happiness in her! She was your Soul's Delight!* The Devil she was? What, could my grave considering Friend *John* at past five and forty, place his Happiness in a Woman? And in a young, brisk, buxom Harlot of fifteen? Is the Inconstancy of the Sex, after all, so little known to him, whose Mind veers every Moment, runs round the Compass as soon as the Sun round the Earth? You might as easily fix the Longitude, as a Woman's Mind; to Day she's pleas'd with the Gay to morrow with the Grave: One Hour she loves the Tall, the next middle siz'd, and a Moment after, a very Pigmy: Now the Fair, then the Black, and now the Brown: Constant to nothing long, nor pleas'd with any thing above half an Hour. Woman is the *Whirly Gig* of Nature; she changes so often and swiftly, that she seldom knows her own Mind, it's soon alter'd from what it was. Woman is a vain, idle, fallacious, various, cruel, deceitful, thoughtless, giddy, ignorant Animal, and can afford no solid Joy to a Man of common Sense. Fools themselves, Fools only can please them; and yet 'tis more than a *young Fool* ca do to fix them to one; what can an *Old* one do thenn

No

No, no, dear Friend of mine, as fickle and unconstant as Woman is, though she whisks round the whole Compass to every new Pleasure, yet she never makes a Stop at an *Old Man*; *Wit* and *Age*, *Learning* and *Understanding*, are Points they never turn to; I mean their *Minds*, their *Souls* (that is, if the *Turks* Article of Faith be not true, that they have no Souls) their Love never turns towards *Age*, their Bodies do indeed pretty often; but not for *Love*, but *Money*; they like an *Old Man* for a *Bubble* well enough; but it is because his Dotage furnishes their *Vanity* and their *Lust*. My dear Friend, we only raise a Devil we can't lay, some young Fellow must do that; and they will have a young Fellow, as long as they have Youth, Beauty, and Dress, and an old Man's Purse at Command. You and I, dear Friend of mine, are plaguily turn'd of the Noon of Life, we are hastening towards its Evening, our Sun is posting to its West amain; and Women are Motes that love to play and gambol in its Meridian Beams. You and I have nothing to engage a giddy Girl, full of Juice and strong Appetites, which we have nothing to appease. You know the wise *Marcus Aurelius* had a damned salacious Empress, that sought other things than Philosophy; and while the Good Emperor busied himself, and spent his Time in writing Morals, she employ'd hers more agreeably with lusty brawny-back'd Fellows, in *Physicks*, or *Natural Experiments*. And when a *Woman* has once given up her *Virtue*, 'tis in vain to set Bounds to her *Pleasures*. We are but a Jest to them and their Gallants, and all our impotent Defects are their Diversion and Laughter. So that I can't for my Life find out the Damage the young Jilt has done you, by running away from you. No, you have reason to bless your Stars for the Deliverance; and the Coxcomb that has her has Reason to envy your good Luck, and will soon wish she may take the same Frolick again. She is gone to plague and ruin somebody else, and left you to enjoy your Quiet and your Fortune, which the silly Jade had not Sense enough to value. Rejoice, rejoice at the happy Chance, in sending the worst of the accursed Race far from you, that would else exhaust your Estate, and kill your Reputation. You will be no longer the

Talk of the Town, the Jeſt and Chit-Chat of the Tea-Table, and Scandal muſt ſeek ſome other Food to feed upon. The Faſcination is removed; be your ſelf again, be a Man, and tye not your Happineſs to ſo frail a Thread as a *Woman's Inclinations*; corrupt, as fickle in their Taſtes, and only Toys for the Leiſure and looſer Hours of Youth. Let your Friend and the Bottle perfect the Cure, and not long for ſo infamous a Slavery, that your friendly Stars have removed. Know your own Happineſs; and know your ſelf, that there will be an End of your Grief. I have ventured on this Way of Comfort, becauſe I gathered from my Friend *Nuremburgh*'s Diſcourſe, that this was your Diſtemper. If I am miſtaken, I ſhall be glad of the Error. And if there be any Cauſe of your Sorrow, cure your ſelf. All Grief is alleviated by Time; conſult your own Eaſe and Quiet, it is the chief Buſineſs of this Life to make it agreeable. Don't you go againſt Nature, and vex your ſelf, and diſquiet your Days for what you cannot help. Grief may puniſh your Mind, but can never retrieve your Loſs; for as the the Country Proverb has it, *An Hundred Pounds of Sorrow pays not one Ounce of your Debts.* Farewel.

THE

The Death of *Lucretia*.

By ÆNEAS SYLVIUS, *Epist.* 4. 11.

Lucretia the Daughter of *Spurius Lucretius*, and Wife of *Collatinus Latinus*, being ravish'd by *Sextus Tarquinius*, Son of *Tarquin* the *Proud*, by Force, and his Threats of killing a Slave, and laying him by her dead Body, as taken in the Fact of Adultery with her; she sends for her Husband and Father, and some other Relations, and tells them the whole Affair; and having made them promise Revenge, declares her Resolution of killing her self; from which her Father and Husband endeavour to dissuade her in the following Words.

The SPEECH of *Lucretius* and *Collatinus*, to dissuade *Lucretia* from killing her self after her Rape.

INdulge not a Grief, Lucretia, *for a Crime so involuntary; you have given abundant Proofs already, that your Assent to the Adulterer was only the Effect of his Force, and in which your Mind had no Share. The Revenge that you demand, and the Accusation you make, are undeniable Evidence of the Compulsion you was under, since the whole might still have remain'd a Secret. The Conduct of your past Life is a sufficient Confirmation of your Innocence; through all which you have ever appeared a faithful and constant Devotee to Frugality and Chastity, both abroad and at Home; in Publick, and in the Eye of the World, and in Private, in the most secret Recesses of your own House and Family. Do you not, my dear* Lucretia, *remember that the other Day, when the cursed Adulterer and I came on thee Unawares, when you expected neither Husband nor Visiter, how did we find thee? Good God! at thy Work among thy Maids unfashionably busy?*

busy? That Day, that Surprize gave my Lucretia *the Victory, the Palm of Chastity from all the* Roman *Dames. For the Daughters of the King, and the Ladies of his Family, in the Absence of their Husbands, were not found more gladly employed in Feasting and Balls, in Mirth and Diversion; such a different Conduct made* Lucretia *shine out in a Glory incorruptible, while the universal Consent gave her the singular Lawrel of Modesty. Be not then so uneasy at your Fate, or bend beneath the Weight of your Disgrace, comforted with this Thought, that we will amply revenge so outrageous an Injury, and he shall pay dear for a Pleasure as imperfect as unwilling, constrain'd from thy Arms by the Embraces of the boisterous young Villain. You shall joyfully behold this impious Heir to his Father's Impieties sink under a Punishment equal, if possible, to the Injury. Having, though unwillingly, feasted his lawless Appetite with the Sweets of thy lovely Body, wilt thou voluntarily add to his Pleasure, by satiating his horrid Thirst of Blood with the Sight of that precious crimson Flood that runs through thy Veins? Alas! my* Lucretia, *is not the Father's Cruelty, and the Son's Inhumanity sufficiently known? What Slaughters among the* Gabii *did this Spoiler of thy Honour perform? And how many Innocents fell there Victims to his Revenge and Ambition? If you hate this Monster indeed, if this Aversion to him is from your Soul, and if you are sincere in your Desires of his Punishment in Perfection,* live——— *Take Care to preserve your Life, that in his expiring Pangs he may behold the Triumph and rejoice; and while he finds himself perishing with Infamy and Detestation, let him have the Pain to behold that Body he had endeavoured to defile and Disgrace, surviving his Assaults, with a Fame entire and* unsully'd. *Ah! my* Lucretia, *precipitate not thy Husband, who loves thee above his Life, into a Widowhood as terrible as detested. Deprive not thy weeping old Father of his Daughter, nor by so violent a Fate, bring his grey reverend Head to the Grave in a Sorrow beyond Comfort, nor rob thy poor Infants, thy tender little Offspring of a Guardian, of so dear and careful a Mother. Oh! rather wish for Life, prolong thy Days, to be a Witness of the Revenge we will take. Reflect but justly on things, and you have no Cause to desire*

fire to die. 'Tis true, the Royal Villain has polluted the Manſion of thy Body by his odious Enjoyment; but then the Lady of this beautiful Manſion is free and incorrupt. your Mind is innocent and clear of a Guilt your Body cou'd not avoid; and there can be no Crime, where there is no Conſent. Who is there ſo ſenſeleſs not to acquit thee of Guilt, when they conſider the Circumſtances? The Time, the Perſon, the Place, betray'd thee to the Miſery; naked in thy Bed, lull'd aſleep by the Cares of the Day, when all things but Luſt and Revenge were at Repoſe, unguarded, unſuſpecting ſo black a Treachery from a Friend from a Kinſman, and from a King. Thus defenceleſs, unwarned, undreſs'd, aſleep and unarm'd, what Reſiſtance couldſt thou make to a young Prince, robuſt in his Limbs, as ſtrong in his Luſt, and impetuous in his Deſires, and violently bent on Murder or Adultery? That Youth, that blooming Beauty in his Face, and Symmetry in his Perſon, that muſt have melted down the Virtue of all other Women, had no effect on a Boſom ſo rigid as thine. The Violence he offered, the welcome Excuſe of the Fair, touched not thy Mind: And while your Body ſuffered the curſed Tranſports of the youthful Adulterer, your Soul was as inſenſible of Pleaſure as he was of Compaſſion or Juſtice. And while the Weakneſs of your Body ſubmitted to the Force of his ſtrength, your Mind was unmoved in the midſt of all his Careſſes. If your Soul is ambitious of a Glory moſt peculiar, this Triumph of Chaſtity is ſo great that nothing can be added to its Perfection. When in ſpite of all the Allurements and Frailty of weak Fleſh and Blood, you made your ſelf a mere Statue of Marble, cold and inſenſible of all the Efforts of a vigorous, handſome, young Prince, full of Love, and with the utmoſt Eagerneſs and Avarice ſatiating his Luſt. *Add to this, my dear* Lucretia, *that you yielded not to his Threats for the Fear of Death, but of an Infamy far more terrible than Death can be to the Virtuous. The Terror that vanquiſh'd you was the Ruin of your good Name, when he ſwore not your Death only, but that of a Slave, to be left by your breathleſs Body, as ſtabb'd in the very Act of Adultery. Your Father, nay your Husband, abſolves you from all Guilt; ah! be not you only a Judge ſo inexorable, as to condemn your ſelf for a Misfortune which*

your frightned Imagination pronounces as a Crime. 'Tis allow'd, that we may fly Infamy by Death; but by yours you corrupt your Fame, while with the Wound you give your Bosom, you kill both Father and Husband. By your Death you pervert the Joy of Revenge which can be but half compleat when it wants you for a Beholder; and by this Self-Murder *you corrupt that Innocence, and proclaim that Shame which our Hands would expiate and secure. If Reason won't prevail, have Regard to Authority; your* Husband, Father, Brutus, *and all your Relations, fairly and fully acquit you of all Guilt, and with one Desire forbid your Hand the fatal Office it has assumed. Why by this Deed will you condemn all their Judgments; Besides, by your Death you incur the Guilt you would avoid; for it will be hard to perswade, that she was innocent, who thought fit to punish her self as criminal.*

Lucretia's *Speech before she stabb'd her self.*

" O My dear Father! and thou my Husband *Collatin!* once more dear to me than the Light to these " Eyes? Do not hinder me from putting an End to " my Life and my Miseries at once! If I kill not " my self, it will never be believed that I was over- " come not by the Fear of Death, but by the Fear of " Infamy? Who, if I live, can be so weak to believe " that the Apprehension of the odious Imputation of " Adultery with a Slave, to be fix'd on my Memory " for ever, with which he threatned me, was more " prevalent than Death, a Fear of which my Life would " discover, but one bold Stroke with my Hand would " remove? What a Blemish, what a Spot would it be " to my Fame, to chuse rather to live the ADULTE- " RESS *Lucretia*, than die the CHAST *Lucretia?* " Ah! let not your Fondness of my Person prove in- " jurious to my good Name! For do not you perceive, " that you preserve me not to Life, but Infamy; my " Reputation dying in the Life of my Person. By a " Con-

" Conduct so fond, you consider not what you in-
" dulge to Injuries of this Nature; the Matrimonial
" Bed should be made with Holiness: and by the Se-
" verity of my Fate, the Slumbers of others should not
" be broke by Suspicions and Jealousies. But if by my
" impunity you open the Sluices to unlawful Desires,
" unbounded Lust will bear down all before it in a
" Torrent so wild, that Women will not be satisfy'd
" to defile the Beds of their Husbands in their Absence,
" but impudently, in their Arms, suffer the Adulterers
" Embraces. For what Woman is secure, when *Lu-*
" *cretia* is corrupted? And you, my dear Husband, how
" can your Soul fall so low to take me to your Arms,
" when you shall remember, that they hold not your
" Wife, but the Whore of vile *Tarquin?* And you,
" my dear Father, how can you vouchsafe to call *Lu-*
" *cretia* your Daughter, who has unhappily lost, and
" impiously corrupted that Chastity, which was instil-
" led into me by the admirable Discipline of your House
" from my Childhood? And oh! vile and miserable
" Wretch that I am, can I bear to see my Children
" look with their innocent Eyes upon me, when the
" chast Womb that bore them has been infamously pol-
" luted by an Adulterer? Shou'd my passive Body be
" pregnant by the purple Villain, wou'd you have me
" live to bring forth the Fruit of Adultery? Place not
" before my Eyes the Splendor of my past Life, in
" which if any thing just and honourable appear, one
" Night, one fatal Night has fully'd all, when I admit-
" ted a mortal Foe, in the Disguise of a Friend to my
" House. My Life is no longer pleasing to me, 'tis
" odious, 'tis a Burthen, an insufferable Weight, which
" I cannot bear, when I find that my Zeal for Chasti-
" ty alone was the Cause of my Ruin: Yes, yes, the
" accursed Adulterer was not so fond of trampling on
" my Beauty, as my *Chastity*; that was the Trophy he
" long'd for. If this has been the reward, this the Fruit
" of my Conscience, what must I expect of my Rape
" and Adultery, but scandalous Prostitution in the pub-
" lick Brothels? Alas! alas! my Mind pure and uncor-
" rupted, cannot endure the Company of my Body
" foul and corrupted! Whether the Laws of the Body are

" subject to the Mind, or not, I can't tell; but I am
" afraid the Soul has not Power enough to stop
" the Motions of Nature, and render the Body in-
" sensible as the Mind. If this corporeal Frailty have,
" in spite of all the Aversion of my Mind, been com-
" pell'd to a Sensibility of any such odious and detes-
" table Pleasure, oh! Father! oh! Husband, forgive me,
" and suffer that Part which has been any way crimi-
" nal, to expiate the Guilt by this Dagger. Had you
" the true *Roman* Spirit in you, you'd be so far from
" hindring my Execution, as to punish the Offender
" your selves. No, no, I will not have the Image of
" these Evils perpetually before your Eyes, and be a con-
" stant *Memento* of my Disgrace and my Guilt. Woman is
" accus'd of Inconstancy of Temper; and Time, that may
" asswage this Anguish and Passion, may raise others
" more dangerous and criminal. Shou'd I defer the
" Punishment, perhaps the Crime might please. Let
" me go, let me go: Give me leave to pierce this Bo-
" som with my Dagger, where that violent Spoiler of
" my Honour gave me the first Alarm to Lust, by pres-
" sing with his trembling Fingers those Breasts that pan-
" ted with Rage and Despair. Move me not to Pity;
" for if I spare my Life, I spare an *Adultress*; if I spare
" an *Adultress*, I spare *Adultery* it self; and if I cou'd
" once be brought to spare *Adultery*, *Adultery* would
" then be agreeable; and if so, then the *Adulterer* him-
" self. Wickedness once begun, never stops when it
" does begin, but goes on in a fatal Progression, till it
" arrive at its *Stygian* Perfection. I have no way of
" Ease; and being without Witness of the Fact, I have
" no way to gain Credit to my Assertions, by by sea-
" ling their Truth with my Blood. That, my Soul,
" shall be my Evidence at the dreadful Tribunal of *Mi-*
" *nos* and *Acheron*: That shall accuse the Royal Ravi-
" sher of the Violation of my Honour, and the Pollu-
" tion of my Body. And you, my earthly Body, be-
" cause you have brought forth the Cause of Adultery,
" betray'd thy self by thy Charms to the Embraces of
" the Tyrant, discharge my struggling Soul; pour out
" thy Blood in Expiation! That it may be a happy
" Omen to the speedy Destruction of the cruel *proud*

" *Fa-*

" *Father*, and *ill-fated Son*. And you my Husband, " once moſt dear to me, and you my reverend Fa- " ther! whoſe tender Eye and once chearing Preſence, " my Shame and my Misfortune make me willingly " fly and all you my Friends, farewel! *Lucretia* ſhall " never be brought as an infamous Example to any " *Roman* Lady, that Infamy and Life, cou'd in her " ſubſiſt together.

With that ſhe plunged the Dagger into her ſnowy Boſom, and only had Life to ſay, *Revenge the injur'd Lucretia*; which was done by the Expulſion of *Tarquin* and all his Race.

The End of Æneas Sylvius's *Letters.*

Letters to GENTLEMEN and LADIES.

To Mrs. Elizabeth Handy, *my Lady* ——'s *Gentlewoman.*

SINCE you have promiſed me to *conſider* me for drawing your Picture, and to be juſter than your Miſtreſs, who has not as yet paid me a Farthing for drawing hers, and a Thouſand other Services I have done her in my Time; I am willing to *gratify* your Deſire, and paint you with all the little *Art* I am Maſter of. At the ſame time I may without Vanity affirm, that your Picture will be a *truer* and more *finiſhed* Piece than hers, ſince you don't expect I ſhould flatter you; for which Reaſon you muſt not take it ill of me, if I tell you without farther *Ceremony*, that you are not handſom. Shou'd I uſe this Freedom with your Miſtreſs, tho' I have the Truth never ſo much on my Side, ſhe wou'd call me all the vile Names under the Sun; but I know

I am talking to you, whom I fear *leſs* than her, by the ſame Token I love you a great deal *better*.

Once more then I muſt tell thee, my deareſt *Betty*, that thou art not *handſom*; but then, I defy the Devil himſelf to ſay, thou art *deform'd*. No, no, my dear Child, thou haſt a ſmiling, roguy Air, and a certain *Je ne ſcay quoy*, which our fineſt Ladies are often without, and ſets all the *Springs* of Nature in *Motion* as often as I think on't. Thy *Complexion* is brown, and none of the cleareſt. Thy *Eye-Brows* are as black as Coal, and by the Aſſiſtance of *Art*, wonderfully becoming. Thy *Noſe* is a little turned up, which is an infallible *Sign*, dear Rogue, that thou art a Lover of the *Mathematicks*. Thy *Mouth* is ſomewhat of the largeſt; but then, to make thee *Amends*, 'tis ſo much more proper for a Man's Tongue to wanton in. Thy *Teeth* are as regular as the Paliſade before thy Ladies Parlour, and as white as Ivory. Thou haſt the daintieſt ſmacking *Lips* in the Univerſe, thou wouldſt invite a Hermite to ſign and ſeal upon them. Thy *Hair*, which reaches down to thy *Waſte*, and is of a lovely Black, gives no little Addition to thy other Charms. As for thy Bubbies, dear Child, they are none of the whiteſt, but they are plump and fleſhy, and riſe and fall ſo prettily, that I am *ſtark mad* to have the Preſſing of them. Were Bubbies to be bought and ſold for ungodly *Pelf*, thou mighteſt ſafely boaſt, that thou art *richer* than thy Lady. As for thy *Shape*, I may venture to ſay without Flattery, 'tis fine and delicate. Thy *Legs* are ſo ſtraight and well proportion'd, and thy *Feet ſteal* in and out ſo prettily under thy Petticoats, that I long to be better *acquainted* with them. If thou hadſt deſign'd I ſhould have painted thy other Parts, thou oughteſt to have *ſhewn* them me; for between Friends, thou ſhouldſt *conceal* nothing from us Painters; and I don't queſtion but that thy Picture would have been ten times more compleat, had I drawn thee *ſtark naked*. However, I have ſeen enough to convince me, that thou art a moſt *delicious* Morſel of Iniquity; and unleſs the Planets *deceive* me, I dare ſwear thy Inclinations are not averſe to the *Fleſh*. Thus, my dear Child, I have *drawn* part of thy Picture, by which a Man, that has

but

but *once* had a Sight of thee, may eaſily *know* thee again: But now I am preparing to ſhew thee ſome of my Maſter-ſtrokes, to ſatisfy thee I am no *Bungler* at my Trade, but can tell how to *draw* People after the *Life*. Not to make thee *vain*, Nature has been wonderful *indulgent* to thee; thou can'ſt *ſet off* thy Perſon with a little *Expence*, and appear in an ordinary Stuff more *advantageouſly*, than any of our *ſtiff rump'd* Counteſſes in their *Silks* and *Sattins*. In the Point of *Dreſſing*, thy Fancy is the moſt *Orthodox* in the World: *Envy* it ſelf cou'd never *charge* thee with putting one *Pin* out of its due Place; nay, even thy very *Negligence* has Charms, and *becomes* thee. As for thy pretty little *Fingers*, nothing in Nature comes *amiſs* to them, they are *perfectly* skill'd in all the Myſteries of *Embroidery*, they can *ſtitch* and *ſow*, cut *Birds*, and *Beaſts*, and the whole Hiſtory of the *Creation* in Paper, *raiſe* Fortifications in *Paſte*, and a Thouſand other *Curioſities*. Thou haſt more *Wit*, than wou'd ſet up a dozen Waiting-Gentlewomen, and can'ſt *ſee* as far into a *Mill-ſtone*, as the *oldeſt* Match-maker in Town: Thou can'ſt *diſcover* a hundred Things, which no Body elſe wou'd have taken any *Notice* of; nay, I have *obſerv'd* more than once, that thou *knoweſt* the Intention of People, let them take never ſo much Care to *conceal* it. I'll defy all the Waiting Woman in the Univerſe to ſhew ſo much *Meekneſs* of Spirit, as thou do'ſt, or ſo *virtuous* a Diſpoſition to bring an *Intrigue* to a *happy* Concluſion. 'Tis true indeed, that in Relation to thy *wicked* Lady, this Talent of thine has hitherto been *unſucceſsful*; but if thou continueſt much *longer* about her Perſon, I don't doubt but ſome of thy *Stratagems* will take Effect. Thou haſt an *amorous* Inclination as I hinted to thee above; and I am damnably *miſtaken*, if thou can'ſt *live* a Day, without *engaging* in ſome *new* Amour: But, then, Child, thy Love is *noble*, 'tis built upon no *ſordid* Principles of *Lucre*; it propoſes nothing to its ſelf, but the *Eaſe* and *Relief* of Mankind, and always *ſoars* above thy Condition. But let the Lovers be of what *Quality* they will, thou know'ſt how to make them obſerve their due *Diſtance*, and govern 'em like a true *Miſtreſs*. Thou haſt Dexterity enough to manage a *laudable* Commerce with *five* or *ſix* Gallants at

once;

once; for, to thy *eternal* Praise be it said, ne'er a Woman in the World is deeper read in all the *Refinements* of Gallantry than thy self. Thou knowest how to bestow thy Favours with *Discretion*, to employ sometimes *Compassion*, and sometimes *Disdain*; to act the *Fond* and the *Indifferent*, according as the *various* Disposition of the *Scene* requires it; in short, to make a *proper* Use of thy *Looks* and *Sighs*. Thou can'st *dart* a favourable *Glance* at one, whilst thou *squeezest* the other by the Hand; and *talk* tenderly to a third, while thou *tread'st* upon the Toes of the fourth; and manage Affairs so *discreetly*, as to make none of them *despair*: Not that thou art so *willing a Tit* neither, as to let every Block-head *get* up and *ride* for asking: Faith, Child, I'll *say* that for thee, thou wast always a *Respecter* of Merit, and would'st vouchsafe thy *Friendship* to none but those that *deserv'd* it. If any young Fellow falls *roughly* upon thee, in one of his *amorous* Fits thou know'st how to *humble* his Insolence, without *tearing* his Ruffles, or playing the *Fury* with his Hair. Should thy Mistress *surprize* thee conferring Notes with a Friend in a *Corner*, or in a *Posture*, that wou'd give *Offence* in another, thou art not a Jot *discomposed* for the Matter; but know'st so *well* how to personate the *Innocent*, that 'tis impossible to find the least Cause of *quarrelling* with thee. Upon all such *Occasions*, thou hast a thousand *Excuses* ready *cut* and *dry'd* for the Purpose; and thy Wit never *displays* it self so signally, as in these *Rencounters*, which wou'd utterly *dumfound* a Person of less *Assurance*. Besides, *Betty*, to give thee thy *Due*, thy Soul is neither infected with *Jealousie* nor *Envy*; thou art no *Enemy* to the Divertisements of *others*, but takest as much Delight to *procure* as to *receive* them thy self, and art never in thy *Kingdom*, but when thou art holding the Door. When thou see'st two *Lovers* under any *unhappy* Circumstances, thou know'st how to *insinuate* thy self into their Confidence with *Address*, and art *ravished* to find any Opportunity to contribute to their *Pleasures*. After all, thou art *generous* to a Miracle, and not at all influenc'd by *Interest*; thou preferr'st an honest Fellow's hearty *Affection*, to the *Purse* of a wealthy *Coxcomb*; and did'st never in all thy Life *stoop*

so

ſo low, as to *value* that glittering *Traſh*, call'd Money. Nay, Child, I dare *engage* for thee, that did thy *Abilities* come up to thy *Will*, thou woud'ſt *give* inſtead of *taking* the Pence, and *allow* thoſe that had a Share in thy *Affections*, a noble Share of thy *Fortune*, And, *Betty*, 'tis this virtuous *Principle*, that makes thy Lovers ſtick ſo *cloſe* to thee: As thou art infinitely more *generous* and *witty*, than all the *Servant-maids* in *Chriſtendom* put *together*, ſo one may juſtly conclude, that thou haſt none of their *Vices* or Imperfections. Thou do'ſt not *trouble* thy Head to *find* out, and afterwards *proclaim* the Faults of thy Miſtreſs; thou raiſeſt no idle *Squabbles* about the Wages or Gettings of thy Fellow Servants; and as 'tis thy chief *Deſire* to *converſe* with People *Face* to *Face*, thou *can'ſt* not endure to ſpeak *ill* of them behind their *Backs*: So much for thy *Morals*. Now to give ſome Specimen of thy *Intellectual* Parts, thou can'ſt *nicely* diſtinguiſh between *fulſome Love*, and Love dreſs'd up in *clean* Metaphors, and haſt *inform'd* thy Judgment, by reading *Romances* and other *good* Books, that talk *feelingly* and *judiciouſly* of theſe Affairs: 'Tis true, that ſo many *ſhining* Qualities make thee as much *envy'd* by the Maids and Footmen, as thou art *admir'd* by the Maſters and Miſtreſſes. In ſhort, my dear Child, thou art the *Heroine* of Waiting-Women, and *Glory* of thy Function; and I make not the *leaſt* Queſtion, but that *one* of theſe Days we ſhall *all* of us ſee ſome *notable* Adventure befal thee, that will *convince* the World, that thou waſt deſcended of *illuſtrious* Parentage.

Thus, my charming *Betty*, I have endeavour'd to *draw* your Picture, which, I hope, will give you ſuch *Satisfaction*, that you won't grudge to *pay* me for't in the ſame *Coin* that you *promis'd* me, who am,

Your moſt Humble Admirer.

Upon a Harlot in St. James's, *that hanged her ſelf for an* Iriſh *Captain, and was unluckily cut down by her Maid.*

AN old acquaintance of mine came to my Lodgings this Morning, and accoſted me after this Manner.

Harry,

Harry, cries he, there's the ſtrangeſt Accident has happened yonder, near *Covent Garden*, that ever you heard, and prithee, try if you can gueſs it. Why, ſays I to him, I have no extraordinary Hand at this Sport; but if 'tis ſo very ſtrange, and the Scene near *Covent Garden*, as you ſay, let me ſee: Has the talking Parrot in *Ruſſel-ſtreet* foretold the Down-fall of the *French* King? Now I talk of a Parrot; when Doctor *Burgeſs* preached laſt, did he make no Body laugh? *No.* A Whore profer'd a retaining Fee at *Rouſe*'s, and deny'd it? *No.* A City-reformer ſurpriz'd between a Pair of red-hair'd Strumpets, at the *Horſe-ſhooe*? *No.* A new Play talk'd of at *Will*'s, and no *Exception* made to it? *No Sir.* Thus *No* was the Word ſtill. At laſt, ſays my Friend, in his old leering Way, to put you out of your Pain, a certain *Harlot* in St. *James*'s ——has run away from her Lodgings, carry'd off all her Effects in her Pocket-Handkerchief, I ſuppoſe, and ——Why, is that ſo ſtrange? *No, no*, but hear me with Reverence and Attention,——decently ſuſpended her ſelf yeſterday Morning between the Hours of Twelve and One, *preciſely*,——the true *Canonical* Hour for hanging, ſays I to him, as I hope to be ſav'd, but, prithee *Jack*, for what——Why, what ſhou'd ſhe hang her ſelf for but *Love*, ſaid he very gravely——The Devil ſhe did, ſays I again: Thou may'ſt as well tell me, a Foot-Soldier wou'd die a Martyr for ſmall-beer, a true Stateſman for his Country's Intereſt, or a City-Apprentice for *Suffolk* Cheeſe——Why, truly, Sir, you may make merry as long as you pleaſe, ſays he, but 'tis even ſo as I tell you, and her Name——Why, that is what I long to know——Don't interrupt me then, 'tis the famous Mrs.——Well, Peace light on her Soul, 'twas *glorioufly* done——But you have not heard all, ſays he, ſhe had not hung a full Minute, when alas, to ſee the great Uncertainty of human Affairs! Her Maid, the Duce take me, if my very heart did not leap up to my very Mouth at the bare mention of her Name, hearing a Noiſe above, run up Stairs, and unluckily cut her down: And a Chirurgeon, with a *Pox* to him, made a Shift to bring her to her ſelf, and recover'd her. And thus, continu'd he, ſhaking his Head

in

in a *ſorrowful* Manner, they have between 'em ſpoil'd one of the beſt Jeſts in *Chriſtendom*.

This is the *exact* Relation my Friend gave me of this *Affair*. Now to do thee *Juſtice*, thou art the *only* Harlot ſince the Creation, I believe, that ever had it put into her Head by the *Devil*, to fall a Sacrifice to *Love*. Who cou'd have imagin'd that a Woman of thy free *communicative* Spirit, ſhou'd fix her Affection, which was diſtributed before to all Mankind in *common*, to *Jews* as well as *Gentiles*, upon one tranſitory Mortal? nay, love him to that Degree, as to *venture* Fire and Brimſtone for his Sake. This is ſo *monſtrous* and ſurprizing, that I much doubt me, my dear Child, it portends ſome *unlucky* Revolution to *Europe*, the Downfal of the *Proteſtant* Religion in the *Palatinate*, the Univerſal Monarchy of *France*, the unkinging of his *Popiſh* Majeſty, or the beating of Prince *Eugene* out of *Italy*. Had'ſt thou adminiſtred a little *Neapolitan* Conſolation to thy *Hibernian* for his Infidelity, thou had'ſt *reveng'd* thy ſelf upon him in thy own Way and *Profeſſion*; but to *hang* thy ſelf for a *faithleſs* Wretch, was ſo wrong a Step in *Politicks*, that I can't imagine how thou coud'ſt fall upon it! Alas, thy *Buſineſs* is living, and not dying; or, if thou muſt needs *reſolve* upon the latter, thou oughteſt to die in thy own *Element*, I mean, of Love's active Diſtemper, and even of that, no where *under* a Garret. *Money* is a Whore's Religion, *Love* is downright Superſtition: Now, why ſhould one of thy Function, in this *Atheiſtical* Age too, die for an *Error*, when our very Parſons won't do it for the *Truth*.

But, my Dear, I only ſay this by Way of Raillery; for, between Friends, I ſo heartily approve of thy virtuous Reſolution, that I am almoſt ready to hang my ſelf for its Miſcarriage.

Bleſs me! what wou'd I have *given* to have been in thy Chamber, when this glorious Scene was tranſacting there; but, Heaven be prais'd, I have a tolerable good Fancy of my own, with whoſe Aſſiſtance I can make a Shift to *gueſs* pretty well how it was. I imagine then, I ſee thee taking ſome half a Score melancholy *Turns* about thy Room, with a *noble* Diſtraction, and *heroick* Wildneſs in thy Looks, like Queen *Dido* a little

a little before she ascended the Funeral *Pile*. Methinks I hear thee pouring out a Volly of hearty *Ejaculations* against thy false Gallant,——then down with thy Looking-glass,———then out with the Cords,———then fasten them to the Staple,———then mount the fatal *Joint-Stool*,———then take the fatal Leap, ha, ha, ha, it makes me ready to dye with the Conceit,——— and then swing,

With an Air and a Face,
And a Shape, and a Grace,

As the Song has it, like a School-boy in a Bell-rope, but so prettily and decently, that I must needs say for thee, with the Knot so *nicely* plac'd under thy right Ear, thy Mouth so *merrily* distorted, and the Humidity of thy Nature so *plentiously* streaming down upon the Floor, that, for my Part, I wou'd rather have beheld this Sight, than any of the *Roman* Triumphs, and sooner seen thee dangling under the Rope, than a Thousand *Lady Mary*'s shewing their Agility *upon* it.

Faith, my dear Child, to be *serious* with thee, I wou'd not have had thee cut down for a *Million*, and a Million, thou knowest, is a *round* Sum, as times go. In the first Place, had thy noble Design taken Effect, thou woud'st have been immortaliz'd in all the *News-Papers* about Town, and thy *Phiz* most curiously engrav'd in Wood, by honest *John Overton*, to *adorn* the Walls of every Coffee-house in *Drury-lane*. The poor Sister-hood of *Wild-street* wou'd have quoted thy Name with as much Veneration, as the Boys in *Cheap-side* talk of the *London* Apprentice, that kill'd his Brace of *Lions*, and kept the Anniversary of thy *Suspension* more *religiously* than the good People of *White Friars* do that of their *Matyr*, Captain *Winter*. Then there wou'd have been half a Score mournful Odes made upon thee, that's certain, sung most harmoniously at *Holbourn-bars* and *Fleet-ditch*: The Ballad-Woman wou'd have cry'd, *Here's a new and true Ballad of a Miss of the Town, that hanged her self in great* Queen-street. Then some of the Standers by wou'd have ask'd, *For what?* For what? Why because she had, perhaps, cries one them, been overwork'd in *Bridewell*; or because she had fall'n into

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the Hands of Juſtice *Perry*, cries another; or was ſtript of her only Petticoat, by an *unmerciful* Drawer, ſays a third; or an unkind Spark gave her a ſmall Token of his Affection, cries a fourth, and left her not a Farthing to get rid on't. Thus the Mob would have bandied their Opinions about thee, and at laſt, the Ballad-Woman clear'd all, by telling them, *In Truth, you are Miſtaken, ſhe hang'd her ſelf for Love.* Upon this, there wou'd have been ſuch *ſhouting* and clapping of Hands, ſuch *hollowing* and huzzaing, that the whole Town wou'd have rung with the Noiſe. Nay, who knows, but the City-Poet, in a few Years, wou'd have brought thee into *Smithfield*, where thou wouldeſt ſoon have over-topped *Jeptha*'s Daughter and *Bateman*'s Ghoſt? Or laſtly, who can tell, but thou mighteſt have been preferred to the Almanack, and a new *Æra* commenced from thy glorious *Suſpenſion?* Well, it makes me ſtark mad, my dear Creature, to think that thou haſt *loſt* all theſe Advantages and Honours, theſe Trophies and Epitaphs, through the over officious *Folly* of thy Maid. Prithee, let me conjure thee to turn her away for my Sake, or rather for thy own; for why ſhouldſt thou keep a ſilly Slut in thy Service, that has robbed thee of *Immortality?*

To Mr. *Briſcoe* in *Covent-Garden.*

An Account of a Journey to Exon.

April 8. 1709.

AS we have one *good Quality* in our *Sex* beyond what yours can boaſt of, that is, ſeldom to make a Promiſe, but with a Deſign to keep it; I have therefore been careful to let you ſee I cannot eaſily forget any thing, which ſo great an Obligation as my *Word* hath engaged me to remember: And as there was nothing needful but a bare Remembrance of my promiſe to induce me to preſerve it; ſo I hope on your Part there would be nothing more required to render what I have ſent you acceptable, than a Willingneſs to receive it.

it. I confeſs I have given you but a rude Account of my Journey, every Part juſt ſcribbled over with as much Freedom as 'twas acted, wanting Leiſure to put it in any other than a *looſe Morning-dreſs*; not queſtioning but it may pleaſe you as well without the Formalities of Stile, as a *pretty Woman* without Stays may ſome of your *Acquaintance*.

In the firſt Place, I ſhall give you a *rough Draught* of thoſe *diſcording Mortals* our Company was compos'd of in the *Stage-coach*, viz. A *Barriſter at Law*, an *Attorney's Clerk*, a *Corniſh Juſtice*, *a Taylor*, and a *Valet* to a *Parliament-Man* that *would be*; but ſome Diſpute ariſing in the Election, prevents me fixing his Title: That had I been travelling in a *Dutch-Scout*, or a *Graveſend Tilt-boat*, I could not have been treated with leſs Manners, or teaz'd with more Impertinence.

The *Juſtice*, notwithſtanding the Government's Care for the *Reformation of Vice*, was as drunk as a *Dutch Captain* before he engaged, and for the firſt Day talked of nothing but *Fox-hounds*, *March Beer*, *Warrants*, *Whipping-Poſts* and *Vagabonds*, hollowing as laudably in every Interval of his *Nonſenſe*, as if he had been riding three-quarter-ſpeed at the very Heels of *Beagles*, larding his other *Qualifications* now and then with a Scrap of an old *Hunting-Song*, with a *Hey down, ho down, &c.* which gave good Reaſon to ſuſpect he had been much more converſant with *Robin Hood's Ballads*, than with *Keeble's Statutes*, underſtanding the latter, I believe, as much as a *German Jugler* does *Necromancy*, or a *Lord Mayor State Policy*.

The *Limbs* of the *Law* were much diſturb'd at his *Bawling*, for I conceive they love *no Body's Noiſe* but their *own*. They deſir'd him to ſleep; but he cry'd, *Zounds, I win't ſleep, I din't care a F——t for your Anger, I'm a Juſtice of Peace, and worth thirty thouſand Pounds, and am the Head Man where I live; and, by G———d, if you come to* Lancthon, *I'll give you a Glaſs of the beſt* March *Beer you ever drank in your Life: But I wi l make a Noiſe if I pleaſe.* I was in hopes of ſeeing *Law* and *Juſtice* fall together by the Ears; but at laſt *Juſtice* ſlept, and the *Law* got the better by ſurviving it.

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The *Taylor*, had you seen him, you would have sworn he had been broke by the *Jubilee Beaux*, for he had the Lines of Faith in his Face, and his Clothes bore the Marks of Poverty; he complained very much of his *Trusting*: I find 'tis a common Calamity, and ruines more Families than the *Royal Oke Lottery*.

The *Valet* personated his Master to a Tittle, and was as arrogant and noisy as e'er a *Country Squire* in *England*.

Now, if I were to be hang'd, I can't tell who had most Manners of all these: The *Lawyer* slept Dogs Sleep most part of the way, I suppose the better to ruminate on the Causes he had in Hand. The *Clerk* was as impertinent as a *Midwife at a Gossipping*, and I as dull as an *Old Woman at a Funeral*. They fail'd not to eat and drink heartily upon the Road, nor to make me club to the Reckoning; *Justice* and *Law* were both of a side in that Particular; and the *Court of Equity* being very chargeable, I chose to submit upon any Terms rather than seek for Remedy.

After the Fatigue of four Days, which might serve for a reasonable Penance for all the Sins I ever committed in my Life, I arriv'd at *Exon*, where we met the *Judges* entering the Town in as much Triumph as ever *Cæsar* did *Rome* after a Victory; the *High Sheriff* rode in as much State as a *Collone!* of the *City Train'd Bands*, and much in the same Order, only the *Sheriff* march'd in the Rear of his Army, and the other in the Front. The next Day being *Sunday*, call'd by the Natives of this Country *Maze Sunday*, (and indeed not without some Reason, for the People look'd as if they were *gallied*) I was wak'd by the tremendous Sound of a *Horse-Trumpet*; I imagin'd some *Monster* was to be seen, and looking out at my Window, I saw several sorts; the first were Mrs. *Sheriff* and her *Husband*, (for Women rule in this Climate, and therefore I give her the Preheminence) in a triumphant Chariot (erected on purpose for that Occasion) with *Dick* and *Doll* crowding to see their *Worships*, as if it had been his *Czarish Majesty*. The Custom, it seems, is to conduct them in this Manner to the most magnificent Church

Church of the Place, where we will leave them to their ſeveral Ejaculations. I am,

Your Oblig'd Servant

You know Who.

The Anſwer. By Mr. Brown.

Madam, *April.* 12, 1700.

I Received your Letter, and am glad to find by it, that you have got that by making a ſmall *Journey* to *Exeter*, for which other People are forc'd to croſs the *Alps*, and beat the *Hoof* to *Rome*, I mean the *Remiſſion* of your *Sins*, which you think you have made a reaſonable Attonement for, by ſuffering ſo much from the *Impertinence* of the *Corniſh Juſtice*, and the two Limbs of the *Law*.

But, *Madam*, don't flatter your ſelf, or think that your Chalk will be ſo eaſily wiped out. You have been a great *Sinner* in your Time, and *four Days Penance* in a *Stage Coach* will hardly attone for the Sins you have *committed:* And becauſe we are too apt to be over-favourable to our ſelves, give me leave, *Madam*, to awaken your *Conſcience* out of this *dangerous State* of *Security*, by laying before you ſome of the many *Sins* you are accountable for.

Imprimis, Here are *People* in the *Town* that charge you with *Murders* numberleſs; and unleſs you *heartily repent* of them, and promiſe to *commit* no *more*, I find but little Hopes of you. Yes, *Madam*, you are charged with *Murder*, with this *horrid Aggravation* too on your Side, that whereas other *Aſſaſſines* only *murder* their *Enemies*, or ſuch as they ſuppoſe to be ſo, you make no *Scruple* to *kill* your *Lovers*, that throw themſelves at your *Feet*, and would purchaſe a *ſingle Smile* from you at a *Seven Years Service*.

In the next Place you are accus'd of *Theft*. Set your Hand to your *Heart*, *Madam*, and do but conſider how many of thoſe *valuable Commodities* you have *ſto'en* in your time, yet never had the *Conſcience* to reſtore them to the *right Owners*. What makes the Crime worſe in you,

you, you have added *Sacrilege* to *Theft*, and ſtole away People's *Hearts* at *Church*, in the Time of *Divine Service*, and in the *Sight* of *Moſes* and *Aaron*.

You'll tell me, perhaps, that this is no *Theft*; and that if *Men* will put their *Hearts* upon you, how can you help it? But, *Madam*, ſome People gave them you, who had no Right to diſpoſe of them, as I could inſtance in a Thouſand *married Men* that *ſigh'd* for you; and, according to the *ancient Proverb*, the *Receiver* is as bad as the *Thief*, for they *ſtole* 'em from their *Wives* to beſtow 'em upon *you*.

Thirdly and *laſtly*, *Madam*, you have not only your own *Sins*, but thoſe of other People to anſwer for. How many *Women* have you made guilty of the *horrid Sin* of *Detraction*, and tell a thouſand *malicious Stories* of you, only becauſe you were handſomer than they? How many *Men* have you made guilty of *Perjury*, and tempted them to forſake their *former Vows*, to *ſacrifice* 'em to you?

Thus, *Madam*, I have made *bold* to lay ſome of your *Sins* before you. Should I undertake to ſend you a full *Catalogue* of them, I ſhould have as fine a Time on't, as the *Commiſſioners* that are to inſpect Publick Accounts. Therefore never think, that your *Exeter-Journey* has *compounded* for *them*. I would adviſe you this *holy Year of Jubilee*, to turn your Face towards *Rome*; but, alas, you'd ſpoil the *Devotion* of all the *Pilgrims* there, that according to our laſt Advices, are above a *hundred thouſand ſtrong*. In ſhort, *Madam*, I don't know what Courſe to adviſe you to; only don't ſtay long in the *Country*, for that would be to *treſpaſs* againſt a *poſitive Text*, and to put your *Candle under a Buſhel*. Come to *Town* as ſoon as you can, begin to make Reſtitution in the Place where you have done the moſt Miſchief.

You deſire in my Anſwer I ſhould tranſmit you ſome *News*. I aſſure you, *Madam*, there is not enough ſtirring about *Town*, to fill the laſt half Column of the Weekly Papers, without a tedious Repetition of the ſame tulſome Stuff: That the *City News-hounds* ſit as huſh over their *Coffee*, as ſo many *Engliſhmen* in a *Tavern* when the Drawer has brought the *Reckoning*;

But

But however, for once I will ſtrain a Point to oblige you.

Notwithſtanding the *late War* in *Flanders*, and the preſent Year of *Jubilee*, have rid the Nation of Abundance of *Fools*; yet *Knaves* are every Term as thick in *Weſtminſter-hall*, and *Cuckolds* every Day as numerous upon *Change*, as if they had ſtill without Loſs preſerved their *ancient Number*.

Poetaſters are grown as numerous in this *Town*, as *Quack-Doctors* or *Stock-Jobbers*; and every one ſo applies himſelf to the *Stage*, that the *White-Fryers* Printers are quite beggar'd for want of *Ballads*: Yet *Wit*, I obſerve, is as ſcarce as 'twas in the time of *Jeffery Chaucer*, when a Diſtich of *Verſes* were worth a Page of *Proſe*, and a Song with a *Fa-la-la* Chorus, was much more liſten'd to than a *Sermon*.

Diſcretion in *Married Women* is here grown as ſcarce as *Modeſty* in *Maids*: they ſo forward their Daughters by their own fooliſh *Talk* and *Example*, that the *pretty Miſs* at Seven, inſtead of a *Rattle*, talks of nothing but a *Husband*; and the young Lady at Eleven is as ripe in her Thoughts, and as pert in her Behaviour, as if her Education had been at the famous Mrs. *C*—'s near *Red-Lion-Square*, inſtead of a *Dancing-School*.

I know, Madam, ſome of this News muſt ſeem ſtrange to a Woman of your *Virtue*; but the more ſurprizing, generally the more acceptable, eſpecially if it be true; for which Reaſon I ſent it to you, to ſupply the Scarcity of ſuch as might have been more welcome, and therefore beg your Acceptance of it in room of better, from,

Madam,

Your Humble Servant.

To his Miſtreſs.

Upon ſeeing his Rival go into her Lodgings.

I Was dreſs'd, and juſt going to make you a ſmall *Viſit* laſt Evening, when I unluckily ſaw a Coach ſtop at your Door, a *Gallant* bolt into the Houſe, the *Saſhes* drawn

drawn down by truſty *Rachel*, and all Appearances of Buſineſs going forward. This made me immediately drop my Deſign: for as I would not willingly be hinder'd in one of my own Intrigues, ſo I am too good a Chriſtian to interrupt any Friend of yours in his. Cou'd I but expreſs to you how uneaſy I paſs'd the Evening, and what racking Thoughts poſſeſſed me all Night, as *hard-hearted* as you are, I dare ſwear you would pity me. All the while I toſs'd and tumbled in my Bed, I fancy'd my happier Rival revell'd in your Arms, ſurfeited on your Lips, lay expiring upon your Breaſts, and———but I dare truſt my ſelf no longer with ſuch ſtabbing Ideas. In ſhort, I am upon the Brink of Deſpair, and you have no other Way left to cure my Jealouſy, but by impoſing upon my Underſtanding, telling me, that all I ſaw was a perfect *Illuſion*; perſwade the *Gallant* was the Fellow that furniſhes you with *Small-Coal*; that the *Coach* was a Bandbox with your Linnen in't; the two *Horſes* a Brace of *Elephants*, juſt marching for *May-Fair*. Tell me, truſty *Rachel* was drinking burnt Brandy, with a Couple of Tinder-box cryers at the next *Red-Lattice*, tho' I ſaw her draw down the Parlour-Saſhes about ſix. To conclude, invent any th ng, ſay any thing, ſwear any thing, tho' it be never ſo abſurd, ſo you give it me but under your *Hand* 'twill be beſt of *Cordials* to

The Deſpairing
Amintas.

To his Miſtreſs.

He deſires her to ſteal him a kind Glance out of her Window.

Madam,

WHat have I done to diſoblige you, that you ſhould keep me ſo long in *Darkneſs?* In plain *Engliſh*, why have I not ſeen you ſhine out of the Saſh this Morning, ſince you know I compute the Day not from the Sun's *Riſing*, but your *Appearing* at the Window? 'Tis now exactly *Ten*, yet 'tis as dark in my Hemiſphere, meaning my Room, as if 'twere *Midnight*; and

all

all for want of your divine Eyes to enlighten it. You'll hardly believe, upon my Faith, 'tis true, I am forc'd to use a Candle to write these few Lines to you; therefore, tho' it were only to save me the Expence of Candles, which the Maid with Tears in her Eyes told are risen a full Penny in the Pound, since the declaring of the War; peep out of the Window, and give Light and Comfort to

T. B.

To his Mistress.

Upon calling her a Hypocrite.

Madam,

YOU quarrell'd with me last Night, for calling you a *Hypocrite*; by the same Token I promised to retract my Words the next time I did my self the Honour to write to you. I would willingly *oblige* you all I can; but having consider'd the Matter seriously upon my Pillow, my *Conscience* tells me you are a downright *Hypocrite*: and Madam, I find there's no going against one's *Conscience*.

To be a *Hypocrite* is to be one thing in Reality, and *another* in Appearance: Now, Madam, let us examine, whether you will not come within the Pale of the Definition. To see the charming *Innocence* of your Looks, one would be apt to swear you never intended or executed any Mischief with them; and yet you have more *Bloodshed*, they say, to answer for, than the *French* King. Then your Eyes are the greatest *Hypocrites* in Nature; he that observes the languishing Softness of them, would conclude they only warm'd by their Beams, whereas the *Sun* in *Africa* does not scorch more violently. Your *Cheeks* are adorn'd with so delicious a Red, that Half the World imagines you are painted, whereas you wholly owe it to the Indulgence of Nature. And lastly, as for your Conversation, nothing is so easy and free, yet nothing seems so artificial and studied.

On the other Hand, Madam, your Humble Servant is perfectly the *Reverse* of what he appears to be. You'd take him for a weavering *inconstant* Fellow, and so does the Generality of your Sex, that regulate their *Judgment*

ment of him by *Appearances*; but to my certain Knowledge, he's the *ſincereſt* Lover upon Earth. 'Tis true, he ſeems to profer his heart to a Thouſand other Women; yet, take my Word for't, he only deſigns it for you: If ſometimes he acts the *Indifferent*, and tells you he cares not a Farthing you; don't believe him, for then his Paſſion is at the higheſt, and he could readily die for you.

Thus, Madam, 'tis plain we are both of us *Hypocrites* tho' of a different Species. What will you ſay to my *Propoſal* then of bringing both our noble Qualifications into one common Stock? For, perhaps, ſomething very ſincere may be the Reſult of it.

To Madam *de B*——— *Upon her being angry with him for telling her that his Soul had left him to go and inhabit with her.*

FOR Heaven's ſake, Madam, what have I done to you, to put you into ſo *cruel* a Paſſion? Was it then ſo *unpardonable* a Crime in me, to tell your Ladyſhip, that my Soul had *quitted* its old Tenement to *take* up its Quarters with you? For my Part, I cannot ſee wherein it ſhould ſo mightily *diſpleaſe* you. If you believe nothing of the Matter, why then ſhould you be ſo *offended* at it? And if 'tis *true*, that this *Vagabond* of a Soul has *left* me for you, take it to your *ſelf* a God's Name, and don't ſend it back to its old Maſter, that has now no *Title* to it: For ever ſince the *Frolick* has taken it to loiter about you, it comes ſo ſeldom home, that I have no Time to *puniſh* it for *deſerting* me. Perhaps you may think this Adventure without Example: But, I can aſſure you, 'tis not ſo new as your Ladyſhip imagines. If ever you had read *Pliny*, he would have informed you, that the Soul of one *Hermotimus* us'd to *abdicate* his Body as often as the *Whimſey* took it, in order to divert it ſelf more agreeably elſewhere, as it ſaw Occaſion? And then when the Frolick was *ſpent*, wou'd come home civilly to its *old* Habitation, and tell *Hermotimus* what *fine* things it had obſerv'd *abroad*. This was a wonderful pretty Way of *travelling*, for

one to run over the Lord knows how many *Leagues*, without the leaſt *Fatigue*, or being expos'd to any of thoſe *Inconveniences* that uſe to incommode other Travellers. But Madam, there's a ſenſible Difference in the Caſe between *Hermotimus* and me: For that worthy Gentleman's *Body*, all the while his Soul was abſent from it, lay as *cold* and *immoveable* as a Stone; but, for my Part, I eat, and drink, and dance, and laugh, while my Soul is taken up near your Perſon. By this, Madam, you may ſee, that you have wrought a *Miracle* upon me, much more *conſiderable* than any in *Pliny*; tho', under the Roſe, that ingenious *Roman* was no *Niggard* of his Prodigies, when once his *Hand* was in. I am,

Yours, &c.

To Madam ——*To acquaint her, that he had the good Fortune to Eſcape a double Scowring*, viz. *Death and Marriage.*

SINCE I have been depriv'd of the *Happineſs* of ſeeing you, I had like to have done two of the *fooliſheſt* Things, which a Man in his *ſober* Senſes can poſſibly be guilty of, if 'tis in his *Power* to avoid them; I mean, Madam, I had like to have gone the Way of all Fleſh, in a *mortal* and *matrimonial* Senſe; or, in plainer *Engliſh*, either to have been *interr'd* in a Church-yard, or *undone* at the Church-Altar. To ſet me right in your good Opinion, 'tis but convenient I ſhould inform you, Madam, that neither of theſe was of my own ſeeking; but that a burning *Fever* threatned to ſend me, *nolens volens*, to the *Grave*, and my good natur'd *Parents* to condemn me to a *Wife*. However, Heaven be praiſed, I have made a Shift to avoid both thoſe *Bleſſings*; and ſince you have been always pleas'd to *expreſs* ſome *Concern* for my *Welfare*, I am *vain* enough to believe, 'twill be ſome *Satisfaction* to you to learn how I *eſcap'd* them.

My Fever had brought me to a very *low* Condition, ſo that I *expected* every Moment when I ſhould take a Leap in the *Dark*; for which Reaſon I was willing to clear

clear my *Debts* before I parted, and if I had ſtolen any Thing from any of my Neighbours, honeſtly to *reſtore* it, that I might not be *imbarraſs'd* in my Journey to the *other* World. Immediately I remember'd, that I had read in ſome of our *Caſuiſt*, (perhaps it was St. *Auſtin*, but I won't be poſitive) that to *ſteal*, was nothing elſe but to *take* away ſomething that belong'd to our Neighbour, without his *Conſent:* Upon which Account remembring, that I had *ſtolen* certain *valuable* Goods from your pretty Couſin *Belinda* without her Leave, my poor *Conſcience* flew in my *Face*, and acted the Part of a *Fury*. This Conſideration, in ſhort, ſo *terribly* alarm'd me, that 'tis impoſſible to tell you what *Agonies* I lay under; ſo that being fully reſolv'd to make *Reſtitution* of all that very Moment, I ask'd my Confeſſor, a grave *ancient Pillar* of the Church, whether he wou'd give himſelf the Trouble to take into his Cuſtody a few Things I had *ſtolen* from a certain Perſon, and deliver them to their proper *Owner*. The old Gentleman, overjoy'd to find ſo *pious* a Diſpoſition in me, made anſwer, that he wou'd do it with all his *Heart*. Upon this I gave him a little *Purſe*, which I wore about my Neck in Nature of a *Relick-Caſe*, wherein he found a Lady's Picture in Miniature, three red Ribbons, and a Locket of Hair. When my venerable Spark ſaw this, *Come, come*, cries he, *if you have been guilty of no other Theft, ne'er trouble your ſelf about the Matter: this is a Peccadillo, a meer Trifle, and my Life for yours, will never riſe in Judgment againſt you* *Ay, but Father*, ſaid I to him, *this is nothing to what Follows, for I have ſtole ſomething of a* thouſand *Time* greater *Value than this. How, my dear Child*, ſaid he, twirling up his Whiskers moſt judiciouſly, *and what can that be? 'Tis*, anſwer'd I, *what both the* Indies *cannot purchaſe; 'tis what would pay the* greateſt *Monarch's* Ranſom *upon Earth, and I muſt beg you to reſtore it with the* other *Things. That you may be ſure of, young Man*, reply'd our Scruple-drawer; *for what ſays one of the brighteſt Luminaries of the Latin Church? Non tollitur peccatum niſi reſtituatur ablatum:* Which, for your Ladyſhip's Edification I thus tranſlate.

If you reſtore not what you ſtole,
Old Nick *will burn you to a Coal.*

With that, in ſpight of my Weakneſs, I jump'd out of Bed, took old *Eccleſiaſticus* by the Beard, and gave him ten or a dozen hearty *Buſſes*, and deſir'd him to *reſtore* them to your Couſin *Belinda*. Although my Relations, that ſtood round my Bed, were in Tears to ſee me ſo near my laſt *Exit*, yet they could not forbear *laughing* at ſo *ridiculous* a Scene; nay, even the good *Father* himſelf loſt all his *Gravity*, to find me troubled with ſo *merry* a Remorſe of Conſcience. However, to compoſe my afflicted Spirit, he promis'd, *in Verbo Sacerdotis*, that both the *Purſe* and the *Kiſſes* ſhould be faithfully *reſtor'd* to their right *Owner*. When they had given me *Satisfaction* in this *important* Point, I gave one of my Brothers a Will I had made a little before, and intreated him, that, if he had any *Kindneſs* for me, he wou'd take care to ſee two Articles of it perform'd: The firſt was, to bury the *Box*, wherein I preſerve your Letters, in the ſame Coffin with my ſelf; and the ſecond, to go to *Æmilia*, ask her for my Heart, and deliver it to Madam ——— to whom it rightly belongs. I likewiſe bethought my ſelf of ſome ſmall Matters I had ſtolen from *Caliſta*, and accordingly communicated theſe Scruples to my *honeſt* Confeſſor. But after I had given him a *full* Account of the whole Affair, he fairly told me that ſince I had made ſo many fruitleſs Journeys for her ſake, danc'd ſo many Hours Attendance after her, thrown away ſo many *Sighs*, and been at the *Expence* of ſo many Tears upon her Account, I had *honeſtly* deſerved a better Reward than a Patch-box, a Tooth-picker, and a ſmall Ear-ring amounted to, and therefore need not diſquiet my ſelf upon that Score. Thus you ſee, Madam, what a World of Care I took to diſcharge my Conſcience, that I might troop off like a good Chriſtian. But, as it happened, I might have ſav'd my ſelf the Trouble of making all this *Preparation*, for Heaven *contented* it ſelf to ſee me put all in Readineſs for this unwelcome Voyage, without carrying Matters any farther. In ſhort, my Fever abated, and

I began to perceive ſome ſmall Glimpſe of a Recovery. 'Twas at this critical Juncture, when my Relations, intending, I ſuppoſe, to take their Advantage of my Weakneſs, which had not as yet wholly left me, propos'd a Match to me; and I, to convince you that I was not yet fully recover'd, in ſome Manner conſented to their Propoſal: But no ſooner did I find my ſelf in *Statu quo*, that is, re-eſtabliſhed in perfect Health of Mind and Body, but I took Care to eſcape the *Eccleſiaſtical Trap* they had laid for me, and made the beſt of my Way to *Paris*, where I am at preſent, but cannot tell you to what Place I ſhall remove next. However, this I know, Madam, that let Deſtiny carry me to what Part of the World it pleaſes. I ſhall inviolably preſerve that Friendſhip which I have ſworn to you; and that nothing can give me greater *Satisfaction*, than to find by your Letters, that you maintain the ſame for me, who am,

Paris.

Madam,

Your moſt Obliged and
Moſt Obedient Servant.

To *CALISTA: To tell her what cruel Deſigns his Deſpair had thrown him upon.*

WHen I parted from you yeſterday, I left you with a full Reſolution to *murder* my ſelf, that I might have the Honour of pleaſing you once in my Life, and free you, as you are pleas'd to expreſs your ſelf, from a troubleſome *Perſecuter*. But hitherto I have not put my Deſign in *Execution*, as having not been able to *determine* what *ſort* of Death to pitch upon. At firſt I had an Inclination to *imitate* the late *Celadon*, of amorous Memory, and plunge headlong into the *River*; but then I was afraid leſt the Water would carry me to the Banks, as well as him, and the compaſſionate Nymphs ſave me in ſpite of my Teeth. Then the Fancy took me in the Head to go and decently hang my ſelf before your Door, and copy the Example of *Iphis*, who is the firſt Lover upon Record that brought

a Halter into Reputation: But I conſider'd upon ſecond Thoughts, that it would eternally reflect upon your Family, ſhould I make a Gallows of your Door; and beſides, *Hanging* is a ſcurvy ſort of Death, to which I have had an Averſion from my Cradle. In the next Place, I thought of *Poiſoning* my ſelf, but ſoon laid it aſide, believing that Poiſon was no more able to diſpatch me, than *Mithridates* in the Days of *Yore*, ſince I had made it in a Manner *familiar* to me, by being ſo long accuſtom'd to it; for, mind me, Madam, having fed ſo many Years upon Fear, Deſpair, and Melancholy, which are the rankeſt and moſt violent Poiſons in Nature, and this without any Prejudice to my Perſon, I think I may ſafely conclude, that I may venture now to take a ſmall Doſe of *Arſenick* or *Antimony*, and yet do my ſelf no Harm. After this, I bethought my ſelf, that to pierce my Heart with a Dagger, was as pretty an Expedient as a Man in my Circumſtances could wiſh; but when I reflected, that *Lucretia* had ended her Days with a Piece of cold Iron, I ſoon abandon'd my Deſign; for why the Plague ſhould I pitch upon that ſort of Death which a fooliſh Woman formerly choſe, who died out of Madneſs for having committed that very Action which it makes me ſtark mad, that I have never been ſo fortunate as to commit? And therefore ſince my Deſpair proceeded not from the ſame Motive as that of the indiſcreet *Lucretia*, what Reaſon had I to chuſe the ſame Deſtiny? In ſhort, I ſpent the whole Night in Conſidering of this Affair, but cou'd come to no final Reſolution. Now, Madam, I wou'd not have you think, that the Fear of Dying has hinder'd me all this while; no, tis the Manner of doing it, which has given me all my Uneaſineſs; for to unload my Conſcience to you all at once, ſince I have found ſo many Plagues and Croſſes in my Life, I would, by my Good will, taſte a little Pleaſure at my Death And this, Madam, I might expect to find, cou'd I put a certain Thought that has ſuddenly come into my Head, in Execution; which is, my faireſt Creature, to die between thy Arms, to expire upon thy Boſom, to be ſtifled with thy Kiſſes, and ſmother'd with thy Embraces. I am very well ſatisfy'd, before I have made the Experiment, that there

is

is nothing of that Horror in that sort of Death, as there is in Drowning, Hanging, and the like. Oblige me therefore so far, as to let me die in this Manner; for since you are resolv'd upon my Death, what signifies it whether it be given with Pain or Pleasure?

A Billet from a Lady. *Wherein she desires him to help her to a Song she had forgotten.*

I Remember, that yesterday towards the Evening, I heard a *Sonnet* or *Madrigal*, I cannot tell you which of the two it was, repeated to me by I don't know who. Or where; but this I remember full well, that it was one of the prettiest Fancies I ever heard in all my Life. This treacherous Memory of mine has unhappily lost it; by the same Token, I have puzzled my Brain to no Purpose, all this Morning, in hopes to recover it. Prithee favour me so far, as to try whether you can retrieve it in yours, for I shall have Occasion to shew it in a certain Company to Night, where it will be very acceptable. I can give you no other Marks to know it by, but that it talks of *Cupid*'s having been of several Trades; but what those Trades were, the Lord of *Oxford* knows for me, and concludes with this Line, or something like it,

Where he stops one Hole, he leaves a Score in the Room.

If your Memory can't help you to it, I expect your Muse should supply the Defect of it, and send me before Evening either the Song I have forgotten, or one of your own upon the same Subject, full as good as the other. *Farewel.*

The ANSWER.

Madam,

I Have not the least Idea of the Madrigal or Sonnet you write to me for, and indeed how should I? My Memory can't help me to't; for to the best of my Remembrance, it was never *intrusted* with it. As for my *Muse*, I have taken a great deal of *Pains* with her to put her in a *good* Humour, and *perswade* her to *com-*

ply with your Commands: Beſides that, ſhe *hates* nothing ſo much as to write with *Compulſion*; ſhe told me very *bluntly*, that ſhe lay under no *Obligation* to pay the *Debts* of your Memory, or to *gratify* a Lady's Demands, that could forget a *fine* Piece of Poetry ſo *eaſily*. You muſt *own*, Madam, that ſhe had ſome *Reaſon* for what ſhe ſaid; for ſince you have *loſt* ſo charming a *Song*, as this laſt *appears* to have been by your *Concern* for it, how can it be *imagined*, that you ſhould take any Care to *preſerve* ſuch fooliſh Words as *mine?* At *firſt* indeed I was of her *Opinion*; but upon *ſecond* Thoughts both alter'd *my own* Mind and *hers* alſo, by *repreſenting* to her, that you cou'd not oblige her more *effectually*, than by *forgetting* her *Verſes*, ſince, at the ſame time, you wou'd forget her *blind Side*.

Before I *part* with your Ladyſhip, I cannot but *remind* you of your *accuſing* me in your laſt, with being the moſt *faithleſs!* Lover upon Earth. A *hideous* Charge were it true; but, Heaven be *praiſed*; 'twill give me no great *Trouble* to *juſtify* my ſelf, tho' in making this Juſtification, I ſhall be *forc'd* to advance a certain *Doctrine*, which is not *commonly* receiv'd: I am perſwaded, Madam, that there can be no greater *Fidelity* in the World, than to *ſhew* it to ſeveral People at the *ſame Time*. When a Man has promis'd it but to one Miſtreſs, he needs no *mighty* Stock of it to keep his Word with her. But when he *vows* Fidelity to ſome ten or twelve *Bona Roba's* at once, he *ought* in my Opinion, to be *plentifully* furniſh'd with this *precious* Commodity to *enable* him to *acquit* himſelf of his Promiſe. As for my ſelf, Madam, I can *honeſtly* boaſt, that I am poſſeſſed of this happy Talent, and am the *faithfulleſt* Man living to half a dozen *Miſtreſſes* at this preſent Writing.

In all Love's Dominions I challenge the Boy
To ſhew ſuch a forward frank Lover as I:
So faithful and true where my Promiſe is paſt,
At the firſt ſo ſincere, and ſo warm at the laſt.
Imprimis, *I've ſworn true Allegiance to* Phillis;
And the ſame I have done to divine Amarillis:
Then to Cælia *the fair I my Heart did reſign;*
Next I laid down the Trifle at Iris's *Shrine.*
Caliſta *then gently put in for the Prize,*

Nor

Nor did the coy Sylvia *my Off'ring de'pise.*
But now you'll enquire, can they all quarter there?
Why, Madam, my Heart's large enough, never fear.
There's room for my Phillis,
And so't Amarillis:
And Cælia *the fair,*
Who need not de'spair
Of a good Lodging there:
With Iris, Calista, *and* Sylvia *be'side.*
Yes, Madam, this oft by Experience I've try'd.
So large is the Place, and so plentious my Store,
I with Ease can provide for six Mistresses more;
Nay, if you distrust me, e'en send me a Score.

I don't know what your Ladyship will say to these *Heretical* Principles; but you may be satisfy'd I firmly believe them, having made this Confession to you, not only in Verse, but in the Sincerity of Prose, in which I beg leave to assure you, that I am with the utmost Respect,

Madam,

Your most obedient, *&c.*

To the Lady S——le, *who desired him to draw the Character of his Rival.*

YOU are certainly the most ingenious Woman in the World at *tormenting* of your Humble Servants, so that 'tis really a great deal of Pity you had not been Daughter or Wife to one of those Emperors who took so much Delight in inventing new Punishments to persecute the poor Christians. How nobly had you succeeded in that glorious Employment, and what Pleasure would it have been to your good-natur'd Daddy, or Husband, to see the Fruitfulness of your Invention? All the Tortures, the Gibbets and Racks, of those famous Tyrants had been nothing but down-right Sport and Pastime, if compar'd to the Torments which your fertile Genius would have found out. Have I not sufficient Reason, Madam, to entertain this Opinion of your Cruelty, since I have found to my Cost, how dexterous you are in persecuting your Subjects? Is it impossible to devise

a more emphatical Puniſhment, than to oblige a Man to write the Panegyrick of his Rival? And yet you have impos'd this cruel Neceſſity upon me. Since *Adonis* has the good Fortune, I won't ſay the Merit, to appear lovely in your Eyes, you muſt e'en lay your Commands upon me to draw him as ſuch, and charge me not to let Envy or Jealouſy have the the leaſt Hand in his Picture: Nay, what is more, you expect I ſhould flatter his Defects, and ſet off his good Qualities. This, as I take it, is what you require me to do, in order to pleaſe you; but, Madam, is it poſſible I ſhould pleaſe you and my ſelf at the ſame time? I need not inform you ſure, what a Mortification it is to praiſe one's Rival even for his Perfections; what muſt it be then, to be forc'd to tell Lies in his Favour? Do you believe, that becauſe you are *charm'd* with his Merits, I muſt be ſo too? Or, becauſe you have been pleaſed to make him your Idol, that I muſt *fall* down and worſhip him in my Turn? I *appeal* now to your Ladyſhip, whether you did not give me a juſt Provocation to compare you to thoſe ancient *Tyrants* that perſecuted the poor Chriſtians, becauſe they would not adore falſe Deities; for don't you exerciſe the ſame Injuſtice againſt me? But this is nothing, you are my Sovereign; and tho' it goes never ſo much againſt the Grain, I muſt obey; neither ſhall I ſcruple to ſacrifice my own Pleaſures; that I may promote yours. For this Reaſon, I will immediately take my Pencil in Hand, to draw the Picture of your beloved *Adonis*, and all imaginable Precaution, that neither Envy nor Jealouſy ſhall be concerned in tempering the Colours.

Adonis is well ſhap'd, and of a reaſonable Stature. 'Tis true, ſome People think him ſomewhat of the *low-eſt*; but what of all that? 'Tis rather an *Advan age* than any *Prejudice* to him, ſince no Man can call him a great Coxcomb, without giving himſelf the *Lie*. His *Hair* is of a fine flaxen Colour, and *curls* moſt deliciouſly, ſo that he may boaſt with Vanity, of having a *fine Head*. 'Tis a downright *Calumny* to ſay his Head is none of his own; for I am intimately *acquainted* with the Barber that ſold him his Periwig, who has told me a Hundred times, that like a noble Gentleman, he gave him five

five Guineas more than it was worth. His *Head* ſtands between his two Shoulders, exactly like that of other Mortals, upon a *Pedeſtal*, which in truth, is ſomewhat of the ſhorteſt; but then to make him *Amends*, Nature has ſupply'd in *Thickneſs* what it wants in *Length*. His *Complexion* is as fair as a Lily, and indeed 'twere next to a Miracle were it otherwiſe; for to my certain Knowledge he owes the Devil-and-all for *Coſmeticks* and Waſhes, ſcrubs and lathers his Phyz moſt *unmercifully*, and beſtows ſome half a Doz n of *Waſhballs* upon it every Morning. His *Eyes* are blue and rolling; 'tis true they are ſomewhat heavy and dull; but then 'tis to be conſider'd they are only ſo in your Preſence; and what *Wonder* is it, Madam, if when the *Sun* ſhines in its Meridian Brightneſs, the leſſer *Stars* diſappear? His *Eye-brows* are fair, but over large and ſomewhat *Saracen* like; I mean when the Tweezers have not play'd their Part; for which Reaſon, I wonder at the *Impudence* of his Enemies, who pretend, that he has an *effeminate* Face. Whether Nature was in a liberal Vein, when ſhe beſtow'd a Head of h air upon him, I cannot *reſolve* you, as not being able to *judge* of it through his *Periwig*; but this I am *aſſur'd* of, that ſhe ſhew'd her ſelf extreamly *frugal* when ſhe gave him a *Beard*; I ſay, Madam, extreamly *frugal*; for had ſhe given him one Hair *leſs*, ſhe had *ruin'd* his Beard to all intents and Purpoſes. But *bleſſed* be the Faſhion, which extends its *Empire* over our *Beards*, as well as our *Hairs*; *Bonis* has juſt *enough* for his *preſent* Occaſion. His *Noſe* is not to be *played* upon, becauſe 'tis ſomewhat of the *ſhorteſt*, which may be the *phyſical* Reaſon, perhaps, why he does not *ſmell* Things at a Diſtance. His *Cheeks* are *ruddy* and ſanguine, and indeed well may they *bluſh*, to be placed ſo near a *Mouth* that ſpeaks nothing but *Abſurdities*. In ſhort, the *Turn* of his Face ſeems to *promiſe* no mighty Stock of Intellectuals; but who knows but his Soul is an errant *Hypocrite*, and *conceals* it ſelf on Purpoſe to *ſurprize* all the *World*, when it makes its *firſt* Appearance? As for the Qualities of his *Body*, 'tis certain he poſſeſſes them to *Advantage*: He is a profound Critick in his Cloaths; and tho' he duly employs half a Score *Hours* every Morning before his

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Toilet and Looking-glaſs, yet it cannot be *pretended*, that he beſtows them to no *Purpoſe*. He *dances* to Perfection, ſo that one may of *Juſtice* ſay of him, that if he has no Mercury in his *Brains*, he has enough in his *Heels*. He makes a good Figure on *Horſeback*, I cannot *deny* it, who the laſt Time I had the *Honour* of your Company, receiv'd an unlucky *Fall* from my Horſe, which he afterwards *mounted* before you, and *managed* with an extraordinary good *Grace*. I remember it full as well as if it were but Yeſterday, how plentifully you *laugh'd* at my Misfortune, and what mighty *Commendations* you beſtowed upon his Horſemanſhip. But, *Caliſta*, the *Miracle* is not ſo *great* as you imagine; for there is always a ſtrange ſort of *Sympathy* between *Beaſts*, and that, perhaps, might occaſion the good *Intelligence* between the *Horſe* and *Adonis*. As for his *Courage*, I have nothing to *except* againſt it; he is not *afraid* of ſhewing his Face in the *Field*, and I believe wou'd not ſcruple to *hazard* his Life for a *Trifle*, becauſe he *knows* very well, that in doing ſo, he hazards a *Thing* of no very great *Importance*. He is *liberal* even to Profuſion, and *flings* away his Money like Dirt; but 'tis among his Songſters and Fidlers; becauſe they *compliment* him with the Title of *his Excellence*. He is *free* in his Diſcourſe, and has nothing of the *Diſſembler* in him; but, *Caliſta*, thoſe that always *ſpeak* what they *think*, don't always *think* what they *ſpeak*. He is no *Liar*, and all that know him will do him the Juſtice to *clear* him from that Imputation; for there wants a great deal of *Wit* and *Memory* to qualify a Man for that *Calling*. As for *Wit*, his Adverſaries give out, that he has *little* or *none*; but I am *ready* to take up the *Cudgels* in his Defence, for, I think, he has given a *convincing*, and indeed an *undeniable* Proof of his Wit in *loving* you. But to this, the others reply, that he *loves* you meerly becauſe he was *told* you were amiable, and only ſuffers himſelf to be *carried* down the Stream with your other *Admirers*. 'Tis true, his *Judgment* was never poliſh'd by Education; he has no more *Reliſh* for Learning than a Horſe, and is a perfect *Stranger* to all the Sciences: But, what is *equally* happy for him, he imagines he *knows* them all, and ſomething *more*: And as

Hap-

Happineſs *conſiſts* in one's *thinking* himſelf happy, ſo perhaps *Wit* and good *Senſe* may conſiſt in one's thinking himſelf *witty*. If this Inference holds *good* no Man ever poſſeſs'd it in ſo *eminent* a Degree as *Adonis*, ſince no Man ever had a better Opinion of his own *Merit*. At the ſame Time, *Caliſta*, we muſt own that you have principally *contributed* to fix this *Error* in him, by heaping your Favours ſo *profuſely* upon him; and that 'tis *pardonable* in a Man to deceive *himſelf*, after he has deceiv'd a *Woman* of your Wit. As for his *Devotion*, 'tis agreed on all Hands that it muſt needs be very *great*; for he never *fails* of ſhewing his fine Perſon at *Church* when *you* are there, which is as much as to ſay, he goes thither very *often*. He is as *diſcreet* as a Man in his Condition, well can be, and to be ſure, *boaſts* not of Favours he never *received* from you. In his ordinary Converſation he pleaſes not *one* in a Million; but what *ſignifies* that, ſince he is ſo happy as to pleaſe you, and you *alone* are all the *World* to him. One cannot ſay, without groſly *flattering* him, that he *rallies* agreeably; but the Reaſon is, becauſe all *Raillery* is downright Slander; and *Slander* ſurely is below a Gentleman of his extraordinary *Worth*. He tells his Stories with a very ill *Grace*, and *teazes* all thoſe People to *Death* whom he deſigns to *divert* with them; but tell me, after all, what mighty *Honour* is it for a Man to be a good *Story-teller*, in plain *Engliſh*, a good *Buffoon?*

And now, *Caliſta*, I have finiſhed the Picture of your dear *Adonis*, as well as I was able. I'm afraid you'll not think it altogether ſo charming as the *Original*; but I find my ſelf obliged in *Conſcience* to inform you, that *Love* is a moſt *deceitful* Painter, upon which Account 'tis not ſafe always to *believe* the Repreſentations of ſo know a *Flatterer*. Perhaps too my *Jealouſy*, whatever care I took to *hinder* it from having any Hand in this *Affair*, has not ſeconded your Intention. Well, be it ſo then: However, I aſſure you, *Caliſta*, that my *Jealouſy* is much more *juſt* than your *Love*, and better *knows* how to draw Pictures after the Life. I am,

Madam, Your moſt obedient Vaſſal, &c.

Mr. T.

Mr. T. BROWN's *Pocket Book of Common-Places.*

TO see the Number of the Churches and Conventicles open every *Sunday*, a Stranger wou'd fancy *London* all Religion; but then to see the Number of Taverns, Ale-houses, *&c.* he wou'd imagine *Bacchus* the only God that is worshipp'd there.

A Man need not go out of *London* to hear Barbarisms and Nonsense; they are the universal Traffick from *Limehouse* to *Milbank*.

If no *Trades* were permitted but those which were useful and necessary, *Lombard-street*, *Cheapside*, and the *Exchange* might go a begging: For more are fed by our *Vanities* and *Vices*, than by our Virtues, and the Necessities of Nature.

Tradesmen often break to get an Estate, as *Tartars* retire to get a Victory.

All the Advantage *Quality* has of us, is to eat *Asparagus* at *Christmas*, *Mackarel* in *February*, and *Larks* in *November*; run in Debt without *fear* of the *Bailiffs*, and put out no Lights in the Winter.

Men often interest Providence in their minutest Affairs, when they forget the greater. Thus a Captain in *Flanders*, dining at a Tavern, was pawned for the Reckoning; but just in the Nick, the Earthquake paid it by knocking out the Brains of his Host.

I wonder the Tax Projectors in *France* have never thought of an Imposition on Ice! Unless they have passed it over, as not reaching the Poor.

Some wou'd have us believe Camps the Schools of good Manners; but certainly we might as well learn Sobriety in a Tavern, and Chastity in a Brothel.

Tresias knew more than *Solomon*; for the *blind Prophet* knew the Pleasures of both Sexes, which was more than the nine hundred Concubines cou'd impart to the *King*.

I have found the Women generally against *Circumcision*, and the dismembring of the *Spanish Monarchy*: I can't tell their Reason, unless it be, that they are not for lessening the Members.

For

For a Prince to think to ſuppreſs a Faction, by bribing one or two of its Heads, is to draw a Rent-Charge on the *Crown*; for when Men know they have paid for it, the Party will never want a freſh Supply of Leaders.

It's a great Advantage to Traders of all ſorts, to come into a well-cuſtom'd Shop: So the Pope gets Money by ſucceeding St. *Peter*, Dr. *Gibbons* by coming into Dr. *Lower*'s Houſe, *&c.*

How little is popular Favour to be depended on? Four Years ago *Muſophilus* was *voted deſerving of the King's Favour*, and now voted to be try'd for Miſmanagement.

A *Faſt-Day* is only a Vacation from Cheating, and the Drunkard's Holiday.

After all, I know not whether a nice Taſte be not rather a Curſe, than a Bleſſing; for by that we are pleas'd with fewer things; and the leſs *Pleaſure*, the leſs *Happneſs*.

E'en Avarice has ſomething to ſay for it ſelf; and Sir *John Cutler*, perhaps, took as much Pleaſure to ſee his *Guineas*, as *Neal* to ſquander them away.

Lawyers leave generally perplexed Wills: And Why? But that, as they got their Money by *Law*, their Heirs may ſpend it in the ſame Manner.

A Man, that had a bad Memory bought a *Memorandum*-Book, but never cou'd remember he had one. A notable Inſtance we had t'other Day in a certain Biſhop, who forgot where he had laid his *Memorandums*.

Vain ove is a damned repeating *Poetaſter*, and his Tongue is like a perpetual Motion, never lying ſtill: Yet ſpeaking of a Brother of the Quill --*'Tis a Thouſand pities*, ſays he,---*He's the honeſteſt Fellow in the World, only he talks too much.*

In the *Moſaick* Law, if the Whiteneſs has overſpread all the Body, then the affected had Liberty to go abroad for Air; if ſome part of the Body was free from Infection, he was to be kept up as *Unclean*. From which I obſerve, firſt, That *Putrefaction* is more contageous before Maturity, than after: Secondly, That Men abandon'd to Vice, don't ſo much corrupt Manners, as Half-Debauchees, half *good* and half *evil*.

If the *Eucharist* be the true and real Body of our *Saviour*, why do you administer it on *Fridays*, when you prohibit eating Flesh?

Tobacco, *Ale*, and the *Protestant Religion*, the three great Blessings of Life.

The *Roman* Sepulchres were erected near the Highways, to put People in Mind of Mortality; for which Reason we find the Inscriptions addressed to the *Viator*, or Passengers, ill imitated by us in our *Church Tombs*.

Caligula gave his Horse *Incitatus* a Parsonage; and no doubt on't, but would have dispensed with the Horse's keeping a *Curate* to officiate, because he had an Impediment in his Speech.

The *Jewish OEconomy* seems never designed for *all* the World, but calculated for a narrow Territory, since they were obliged to go thrice a Year to *Jerusalem*.

A reverend, but laborious dull Trifler in his Book, would perswade us, that the Gardens of the *Hesperides* and *Alcinous* are taken from the *Garden of Paradise*. Yes, as much as the great Bed at *Ware* was borrowed from that of King *Og*; and he might as well have drawn the *Pope's Triple Crown*, from St. *Peter's* Triple Denial of our Saviour.

Mythologists are indeed very pretty Fellows, and are mighty Unravellers of the Fables of the old *Ethnicks*, discovering all the *Old Testament* concealed in them. Thus *Eve*, was *Ate*, *Pandora*, and *Proserpina*: *Astrea's* leaving the World, was *Enoch's* Assumption in the fiery Chariot: Because *Kings*, in Scripture, are stil'd *Gods*, therefore the *Pagans* deify'd their Kings: *Jupiter Ammon*, *Bacchus*, and *Pan* are painted with Horns, because *Horns*, in the *Scripture*-Phrase, signify Power. They might, after this rate, if they had a mind to it, bring Gammar *Gurton* in, and make her, and Mother *Shipton*, and *Bess* of *Bedlam* signify the *Witch* of *Endor*.

The thriving Citizen makes it a chief Article of his *Creed*, that he must do every thing that will help to promote *Trade*; for that, to him, *is the Law and the Prophets*.

Æneas's

Æneas's Piety runs inceſſantly out at his Eyes. He weeps at the Burying of his Nurſe; he weeps at the Loſs of *Palinurus*.

When *Dido* found her ſelf abandoned, and out of Deſpair was contriving to diſpatch her ſelf, the *Trojan* Prince very fairly goes to his Veſſel, where he ſleeps ſo ſoundly, that *Mercury* muſt come to awake him.

l. 1 *bell. cw.*

Appian made a groſs Blunder in his Hiſtory, where he ſays, That the *Romans* had Kings for the Space of an hundred Olympiads; whereas all the World knows, that *Tarquin* was expell'd A. U. C. 224, and there's 156 Years Miſtake in the Matter. But *Appian* viſibly contradicts himſelf too elſewhere, where he places the Dictatorſhip of *Sylla* in the 175th Olympiad.

The *Pagan* Sacrifices for the moſt part were at the Charge of the Publick. *Theodoſius* uſes it as an Argument to the Heathens to turn *Chriſtians*, becauſe their Religion was coſtly.

Cyder an ancient Liquor mention'd both by *Tertullian* and St. *Auſtin*; the former calls it *ſuccum ex pomis vinoſiſſimum*. The other writing againſt the *Manichees*, who abſtained wholly from Wine, which they objected to. The *Catholicks* charge them with drinking the Juice of Apples, far more delicious than Wine, or any other Liquor. From theſe Paſſages of *Tertullian* and *Auſtin*, who were both *Africans*, Cardinal *Perron* (who was born in *Jerſey* of Proteſtant Parents) thinks this Liquor was firſt known in *Africa*, from thence paſſed into *Spain* among the *Biſcayneers*, and from them into *Normandy*.

Juſtin, cenſur'd by ſome for the Digreſſion about the Antiquity of the *Scythians* and *Ægyptians*, as *Salluſt* is by *Scaliger*, Poet. *l.* 4. for his tedious Speeches; for ſpending ſo much time in deſcribing the *Ara Fratrum*; in making a Parallel between *Cato* and *Cæſar*, *Prætor Hiſtoriæ Argumentum*, and tracing the Conſpiracy of *Catiline* to the Original of *Rome*, not to mention his two tedious impertinent Prefaces. *Creuſa* has told *Æneas*

Ad terram Heſperiam venies, ubi Lydius *arva*
Inter opima virûm, leni fluit agmine Tybris.

And

And yet he ſays afterwards,

Incerti quo fata ferant.

The *Ancilia* among the old *Romans* (as a Reverend Author aſſerts, had ſome Reference to the *Jews Urim* and *Thummim:* As much as they have to the *Spaniſh* Arms in the *Tower.*

Ariſtophanes's Quarrel with *Socrates* was, becauſe he deſpis'd the Comedians, tho' he would go to ſee *Eurip.* Trag. for which Reaſon, *Nub.* Act 5. Sc. he jeers at *Eurip.* Poetry.

'Tis confeſs'd by learned Men he lived 16 Years after this Play.

The *Clouds* did not contribute to the taking away *Socr.* Life. *Palmerius* has ſhewn that he liv'd 24, if not 25 Years after. 'Tis evident from the Play that was acted before *Cleon*'s Death, which happened in the 10th Year of the *Peleponneſian* War, at which time *Aminias* was the chief Magiſtrate at *Athens, Ann.* 2. *Olymp.* 8. But *Socrates* was accuſed when *Lachetes* govern'd, *Ann.* 1. *Olymp.* 95. three and twenty Years after the Death of *Cleon*---*Anton.* - *Thyſi'* in his Comments upon *A. Gellius, l. c.* 17 pretends, that after *Ariſt.* had expos'd *Soc* in his Comedy called *The Frogs,* (for ſo he miſtakes) the next Day he was accus'd and condemn'd.

--- *Who perhaps borrow'd it from* Olivarius *in l.* 7. Val. Max.

Apud Homerum *Alcinous* Odyſſ. 7. Ulyſſi *peregrino Filiam o ert optans ut illam velit accipere, & vocari gener, quod quidam reprehendant.*

Circe better employ'd by *Ovid,* than by *Virgil.* In the latter ſhe is repreſented weaving: In the former ſhe and her Companions,

Vellera motis
Nulla trahunt digitis, nec fua ſequentia ducunt.
Gramina diſponunt, ſparſoſq; ſine ordine flores
Secernunt calathis, variaſq; coloribus herbas.

And this ſeems to be the fitter Diverſion for an Enchantreſs.

Macrobius, l. 5. *c* 17. blames *Virgil* unjuſtly, for making the Grounds of the *Latin* War ſo trivial. *Homer*'s *Iliads* turn upon a leſs, the Tears of a Parſon's Daughter.

Erro-

Errorem admisit Lucanus, cum dixerit:

Fundat ab extremo flavos Aquilone Suevos
Albis.

Nam Suevi Rheno propiores.

Par error in sequentibus.

——— Ganges toto qui solus in orbe
Ostia nascenti contraria solvere Phœbo
Audet.

Ister siquidem & Padus & Thamesis in Orientem fluunt, quin Ganges in Austrum exit.

Isidore pretends that 'till *Augustus*'s Time, the *Romans* made use of *c s* instead of *x*; and *Papias* adds, that after the Nativity of our Saviour, it came in Fashion, *in Honorem Crucis*, in Respect to the Cross; both which are false. For in the *Columna Rostrata*, the oldest Remainder of Antiquity in *Rome*, we find *exfugiunt* for *effugiunt*.

Errores Philol.

Infractus *idem Servio ac* invictus, *male. Nam nemo ita usurpat Latinorum, apud quos* infracti *fuit vere fracti & victi.* Cruserius *Plutarchi interpres in Vita Catonis Uticensis* ἰσχὺν *reddit* infractum, *sed perperam.*

Priamus *Iliad* 22. *dehortans Hectorem a congressu cum Achille tandem subjicit,* ἐστι πολὺ φέριτερός ἐστιν. *Nihil audire clarius ad contumeliam Hector potuit: Vide quid Cerdanus super hac re dicat, p.* 695.

Some Writers of no mean Note among us have made use of *Jewish* Testimonies to prove the Trinity, as some *Romish* Authors have done the same to support that monstrous Doctrine Transubstantiation. Particularly *Galatinus* in his first Book *de Arcanis Cathol Verit. c.* 3, says, *That the ancient* Jews *may be thought not so much to have foretold Things to come, as to have reported, like the Evangelists, Things already done.* To this Purpose, *Rabbi Cahana* and R. *Judas* are cited by them, tho' in the Places alledg'd we find nothing that makes to that Purpose; as also *R. Simeon*'s *Revelatio Secretorum*, a Book composed in *Utopia*, and *R. Barachias* in *Ecclesiasten*,

As *Mahomet* says of himself,

Ego quadraginta Virorum in meis lumbis vires habeo.

So may *Ed———ds* with more Truth assert,

I have a Stock of Impudence and Calumny, enough to furnish the whole Town upon Occasion

Scaliger de Emend. Temp. lib. 5. pretends that *Troy* was taken about Full-Moon, and the beginning of Spring.

Petronius in his Fragment, *de expugnatione Trojæ.*

Jam plena Phœbe candidum extulerat jubar.

To excuse *Moses* for killing the *Egyptian*, 'tis merrily enough pretended, that he had the Spirit of Prophecy upon him when he did it; and knew that out of this Fellow's Loins no Proselite should ever arise.

It deserves Observation, that the names of the two Magicians that oppos'd *Moses*, are still remaining with *Jewish*, *Christian*, and *Pagan* Historians, tho' *Moses* no where calls them by their Names. But 'tis probable that the *Ægyptian* Priests writ Memoirs of what happened, and so out of their Writings (for after the Captivity the *Jews* had no old Monuments, but what are still extant) the Names of the *Ægyptian* Magicians might be taken.

Atridas, Priamumq; & sævum ambobus Achillem.

Legendum Atriden. Neq; enim Menelao sævus fuit, sed Agamemnoni, quem confodere voluit Iliade; deinde si tres, Agamemnonem, Priamum & Menelaum proponet quo pacto dicit sævum ambobus?

Guy Patin in his Letters, tells us, that being Physician to *Gassendus*, and telling him that he was at the Point of Death, he answer'd him:

Omnia præcepi, atq; animo mecum ante peregi.

In some Countries the People are Slaves without a standing Army, as in *Poland*, *France*, &c. where the Tenants hold at the Will of the Lord; and consequently are not industrious to build and plant.

Poggius tells us of a Man that gelt himself to know whether his Wife ———— he being jealous of her

Homerus tradidit a Pharo in Ægyptum noctis & diei cursum fuisse navis striden quam ventus pone sequatur. Quod falsissimum cum Alexandria stet ab Annis bis mille, tamen semper est littorea.

In *Agragas*, if we may believe *Lucretius*; *l.* 8. there were eight hundred Thousand Inhabitants, *μυριάδες κατωπὼν ὀγδοήκοντα*, *verum mendum est in numeris, qui*

cum

cum per literas numerales compendiose scriberentur, facile potuerunt ϛ *& κ mutari. Qua ratione factum ut pro viginti Myriadibus, octingenta scriberentur. Neque enim habuisse Agrigentum supra* 20 *Myriades*, i. e. 200 Thousand, *his verbis docet Diodorous Siculus*, l. 13. Ἀκδαγαντῖνοι μὲν ἦσαν πλεῖους τῶν δεκάκις μυρίων συν ϛ τοῖς κατοικοῦσι οὐκ ἐλάττους τῶν εἴκοσι μυριάδων.

John Dunton's Athenians, it seems, affect the Honour of being thought Originals, and it must be confess'd, to their great Honour, that they are so: For most of their Etymologies, their circular Rainbows, nay what is more surprizing, their very Translations, are meer Originals: And so is every thing, in short, but their Poetry, which is a feeble Imitation of *Jordan's* Versification.

As for their great Skill in Etymology, I shall instance in two, *viz Surplice* from *super* and *plico*; and *Punch quasi Paunch*. As for the first, it is called in Latin *Superpellicem*, and is far enough from the Derivation they brought. And as for the latter, *Punch quasi Paunch*, it is like *Hat quasi Hate*, because a Man hates to be without a Hat.

The *Athenian* who told us his Wife never long'd for any thing but she had it, is desired to tell her, that if she longs to see an ill-natur'd Blockhead, she need not stir out of Doors to see the Sight.

Nymphas Baccho adhibere, will pass no where for Bawdy, but only amongst the *Athenians*; where this Phrase does not signify to pimp for *Bacchus*, or to help *Bacchus* to a *Covent-Garden* Cooler, (which seems to be their Mistake) but only to a little cool Water. And in this Sense the severest Ear in the Kingdom may hear it without Offence.

Æneid. l. 2 *Jamq; adeo super unus eram*, &c. *Sunt qui sequentes* 22. *versus rejiciunt, at Scaliger, l.* 3. *cap.* 11, 12. *&* 23. *germanos esse evincit, ab imbecilli sorte humana.*

Cowley falsely represents *Pindar* as irregular: The *Antistrophe* always answers the *Strophe* and the *Epods* each other.

In

In the *Engliſh* Play, *Oedipus* makes an Alluſion to the Decorations of the *Athenian* Stage, which were not invented till a hundred Years after.

The *German* Soldiers won't fight without Pay. Even the Gods *Neptune* and *Apollo* trounc'd *Laomedon* for cheating 'em of their Hire.

Julian in his Epiſtles, tells us, That the Fig-trees in *Judæa* were ſeldom or never without Fruit, the Old not falling off till the New came on. This may afford Light to the Paſſage, *Mat.* 13. 14. *The Time of Fruits was not yet com* .

The Publiſher of *Petronius cum Notis Variorum*, recommends the reading of him to thoſe that would underſtand St. *Paul*'s Epiſtles.

Mr. *F*———*lle*, in his Account of *Jerſey*, tells us of a Charter given a Man to hold during Life, and five Years after.

Joſhua takes no notice of the *Phœnician* Peopling of *Africa*, and erecting Pillars at *Tangier*: Yet *Procopius de Bello Vandal. lib.* 8. affirms it, and is believed

Rablais has not been more extravagant in his *Garagantua*, than the *Jewiſh* Rabbies in their Stories of King *Og*. They tell us that Monarch had got a mighty Stone upon his Head, deſigning to ruin the whole *Iſraelite* Army with it. Down comes a Lapwing, and pecks ſuch a Hole thro' it, that it fell on his Shoulders; and by a Miracle his upper Teeth ſuddenly extended, kept it faſt from Motion.

Poeta loquutus eſt cum in principio Æneid. dixerit, Lavinaq; venit littora, *at cum in perſona Palinuri,* porteſq; require Velinos, *quia ſcil. ſuo tempore ſic nominabantur minus excuſandus eſt.*

Florus ſays, that *Cæſar* purſu'd *Cavelianus uſq; in Sylvas Caledonias.*

The only thing I envy you in the Country, is, your Women; and there 'tis true, you have the better of us; and a mighty Bleſſing it is, if you knew how to value it aright. You know, I have in my Time had ſome civil Correſpondence with the *London* Ladies; but after all I don't like them. I have the ſame Quarrel to them as the Parſons have to the Laity, they know too much.

Militant

Militant Drunkards here below. A Paſſage inconſiſtent with the affected Gravity of thoſe ſtrait-lac'd Moraliſts the *Poultery* Reformers, who place the greateſt Part of their Religion in the *Opus Operatum* of bellowing out of *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*.

'Tis cuſtomary for Poets to commend one another, like the two famous Swords-men in *Lepſius*, who gave it under one another's Hands, that they were brave Fellows.

Compliments, like Funeral Sermons, ought in Strictneſs of Juſtice to be paid to thoſe Performances only that really deſerve them; and that even in thoſe Caſes, the Incenſe is not worth one's Acceptance, unleſs free and unrequeſted.

Vanity makes the *French* Loyal, and boaſt of what their King does.

Lucian makes *Prometheus* cite a Verſe out of *Homer* that liv'd long after.

Dr. *Heylin* in his Introduction to his Coſmography, tells us of ſome People that make *Ariſtot e* to be our Saviour's Præcurſor in Naturals, as St. *John* was in Spirituals. He might better have made *Prometheus* a Type of his Crucifixion.

When the *Senate* had once permitted the Soldiers to elect *Galba*, and had confirm'd that Election, more Emperors were elected Abroad in the Field by the Legions, than at Home by the Senators.

Three Legions keep their conſtant Reſidence here, *viz.* the ſixth, the twentieth, (both ſirnam'd *Victrix*) and the eleventh; but in the declining State of the *Empire*, when the *Romans* were forc'd to recal them for the Defence of *Italy*, then over-run by the Northern Nations, the *Scots* and *Picts* ſo harraſs'd the poor *Britains*, that in Hopes of Relief, they call'd in the *Saxons*.

Incidit in Scyllam, &c.

Joſephus all the World knows, ſtudied to make his own Country great, even at the Expence of Truth. Thus, that *Moſes* might not appear a poor Fugitive that fled into the Wilderneſs, he makes him the General of an Army in *Æthiopia*, and married to the King of the Country's Daughter.

King

King *Henry* VIII. in the Year 1538, considering in what Terms he stood with the *Pope*, and *Charles* V. for his late Defection from the See of *Rome*, and his Divorce of Queen *Katherine*, thought it advisable to provide for his Safety, by building in all Places where the Shore lay open and exposed, Castles, Platforms, and Block-houses,

Aristotle and *Plato*, tho' Common-wealth-men, call'd the Government under the *Ephori*, Τυραννίδα καὶ τὸ Τυραννικόν.

When we came there, we found two solemn Pieces of Antiquity, the old Gentleman and his Lady, couching at the Fire side very conjugally, and answering one another like two Birds in a Cage.

The Collection of Canons and Decretals publish'd by *Riculphus* Bishop of *Mentz*, under the Name of *Isidorus*, spurious. Every one was surpriz'd at the Novelty, but no Body durst imagine it the Work of an impostor. Pope *Nicholas* and his Successors understood the Value of them so well, that they built the Canon-Law upon this Foundation: and 'twas not 'till the 24th Century that learned Men began to doubt of them. One of the strongest Arguments that was used to reject them, was taken from the Silence of the eight first Ages.

Foreign Gods, without enquiring into their Merits, were, with less ado made free of *Rome*, than one can get into the lousiest Corporation in *England*.

'Tis a Miracle, that *Ed*——*ds*, when discoursing of the *Sybyls*, forgot to tell us that the *Sybil* which came with her Books to *Tarquin*, was lineally descended from the old Woman at *Endor*.

St. *Austin* pretends that the Magicians fail'd in the third Plague, to shew the Defect of human Philosophy, when it comes to the Mystery of the Trinity.

Virgil's Narration of *Palinurus*'s swimming three Days, destroys what St. *Evremont* tells us of the Poets preserving Probability in Actions meerly human.

In Heroick Times, even at Feasts, Men did not eat of Dishes in common, but every one had his Portion apart, and the best Man had always the greatest.

Veiling of the Bride, a decent Custom, that common Sense

Sense might dictate to them, without travelling as far as *Palestine* for it.

Gregory Nazianzen, in his twentieth Oration, has this remarkable Passage, τῷ αυτῷ πωλῷ διδασκάλῳ χρώμβρος, as merry a Sight, as it would be to see two grave B ——ps lugging one another by the Beards in a Council.

Julian the Emperor, in his first Oration *de Laudibus Constantii*, tells us, that *Xerxes* took up χρόνον ἐτῶν ἐκ ἐλαττόνων δέκα, in Preparations for the Greek War, which is impossible, since *Xerxes* began this War against them in the 6th Year of his Reign.

Eusebius, *l.* 1. *c.* 8. *Hist. Eccl.* quotes *Josephus*'s *Antiquities*, and makes him relate the Punishment with which God afflicted *Herod*, for the Murder of the young Children, leaving out the Names of *Juda* the Son of *Sarapæus*, and *Matthias* the Son of *Margalotus*, who were slain by *Herod*'s Command, long after the *Infanticidium*, which *Josephus* mentions not at all.

'Tis strange how the fore-mention'd Passage in *Josephus* should escape *Justin Matyr* in his Dialogue with *Trypho* the *Jew*. How *Tertullian* and *Clem. Alex.* should so strangely forget to urge its Authority against the *Jews*, and that none should ever take Notice of it before *Eusebius*.

Clem. Alex. pretends that *Miltiades* was beholden to *Moses*'s History, for the Victory which he obtain'd over the *Persians*.

No mention of *Christ*, or the last Judgment in the *Sibyls*; only an Interpreter gathered out of them,

Eum, quem revera Regem habebamus, appellandum quoq; esse Regem, si salvi esse velimus.

The *Essenes* first heard of in the Time of *Jonathan* the Brother of *Judas Maccabæus*, about 150 Years before *Christ*, a sort of *Pythagorean Jews*, mention'd by *Josephus*, *l.* 13. *c.* 9. *Philo de Vita Contemplativa*, describes their way of living; erroniously apply'd by *Eusebius* to the primitive Christians.

Bracca a Mantle, such as the *Irish* wear *Tunica sago imposita*, worn over their Coats and Cassocks.

Tertullian inveighs against the *Tragedians* for using the *Cothurnus*, and endeavouring to make our Saviour

(who said, *you cannot add one Cubit to your Stature*) a Liar.

Ulysses in *Homer*, says of himself,

——ἐς πᾶσι δόλοισιν
Ἀνθρώποισι μέλω καὶ ἐμὸν κλέος οὐρανὸν ἵκει.

Parum apte dictum dolis ad Cælum evehi posse.

The Blind and the Lame (says Mr. *Gregory*) mean the Tutelar Gods of the Place, whom the *Israelites* called so in Derision. Else why should *David say*, 2 *Sam.* 5. 8. *My Soul hates the Lame and the Blind?* Or the People of *Israel*, *That the Blind and the Lame should not come into the House?*

Fundum Varro vocat quem possis, mittere funda.

The following EPIGRAM on Dr. *OATES.*

Scriptus es in Tergo, Nec dum finitur Orestes.

A merry Argument to prove the Antiquity of higher than that of *Cambridge*, because *Adam* was a *Terræ-filius* before he turned *Prævaricator.*

Our Fathers took Oaths, as of old they took Wives,
To have and to hold for the Term of their Lives.
But we take our Oaths, and our Whores, for our Ease.
And a Whore and a Rogue may part when they please.

The End of Mr. *Brown*'s Common-Place-Book.

In immaturum obitum *Annæ Baynard*, Filiæ *Edvardi Baynard*, M. D. Virginis eruditissimæ, quæ pridie Id. *Jun. Anno Dom.* 1697.

Piam Animam efflavit.

Ergo eruditam perpetuus sopor
Urget Baynardam? *Præcipe lugubres*
Thalia cantus, & severos
Quære modos graviore plectro.

O Anna *sæcli degeneris stupor!*
Gentis Britannæ Spes, Amor & Decus!
O Virgo in æternum sacratis
Pieridum memoranda Fastis!

Aptem decoros unde tyræ Modos?
Qua voce laudes aggrediar tuas?
O digna cantari Novenis
Castalidum numeris piarum!

Te

Te Gratia Pallas *nutriit in sinu,*
Musæ vocarunt te Latiæ suam:
Te dote non una superbum
In medios Seophiæ *recessus*
Apollo *duxit: sic tibi semina*
Nascentis orbis; sic penetralia,
Magnique naturæ labores,
Et vacuæ patuere sedes.

Quæ vi tumescant æquora, subdolum
Lunæ quid orbem proferat, aut premat.
Quid contumax, venti propago
Æoliis *meditentur antris.*

Unde Iris arcum pingere gestiat,
Quis motor axem dirigit aureum:
Cur horridum fulgens Cometes,
Syrma minax per inane jactet.

Non te sagittis, ut reliquas Puer
Lusit Cupido; nempe animum Deus
Implevit ingentem, & capaces
Igne sacro tetigit Medullas.

Qualem trementi vidit in arbore
Moses *benigno Lumine splendidum,*
Densos per Errores comarum
Mobilibus sinuare gyris;

Cum flamma frondes lamberet innocens,
Ramis jocosos incutiens metus,
Blandique vestirent calores
Attonitum sine fraude veprem.

Utcunque verno dura necessitas
Te flore decerptam abstulerit Tuis,
Quid luctui indulgemus atro?
Parte tui meliore vivis.

Sic me renascens funere fertili
Phœbeus *ales Morte reseminat,*
Busloque committit fideli
Emeritos rediturus artus.

Hinc te micantem Virgineo in Choro
Cornata *castis excipit osculis,*
Scurmanna *te visam stupescens,*
Ined cupit, fruiturque visa.

Circum decora ſerta manu gerens
Cœli juventus conſluit, aureos
Mirata Sermones, & alta
Aure ſonos bibit efficaces.
Te Candor, æqui conſcia te Fides,
Te ignara Zonam ſolvere Caſtitas,
Te Veritas blandum renidens
Ætheriis comitantur arvis
Preſtona *felix, ubere quæ ſinu*
Annam *tuliſti! te memores canent*
Faſtum Camœnæ, tu fereris
Perpetua ſuper aſtra fama,
Nec Smyrna vatis Mæonii parens,
Nec quæ Maronem Mantua protulit
Durabit æque, Oracula vatum
Siquid habent celebrata veri.

The Second part of the Amuſements Serious and Comical.

A Tavern.

HAving over-Night carry'd my *Indian* Friend to the *Tavern*, whence, in order to entertain his Curioſity, I introduc'd his Pagan Worſhip into a Chriſtian Society of true Proteſtant Fuddle-caps, among whom, tho' there was much preaching over their Liquor, yet there was no Vice or Vanity, but what, in its turn had its Aſcendancy in the Company, which occaſion'd my *Indian* to be more particularly inquiſitive about the tipling Rendezvous, where he had been ſo lately oblig'd with ſuch Variety of Amuſement. Therefore, that he might better underſtand what had paſs'd his Obſervation, in anſwer to his Importunities, I made the Smoke-dry'd Infidel ſhew his Ivory-Teeth, and grin like a Sun-burnt Ploughman at a Mountebank-narration, whilſt he heard the following Account, which for his farther Information I very frankly gave him.

This Place, ſaid I, is a *Tavern*, and a *Tavern* is a little *Sodom*, where as many Vices are daily practis'd, as ever were known in the great one. Thither *Liber-*

tines

tines repair to drink away their Brains, and piſs away their Eſtates; *Aldermen* to talk Treaſon, and bewail the Loſs of Trade; *Saints* to elevate the Spirit, hatch Calumnies, coin falſe News, and reproach the Church; *Gameſters* to ſhake their Elbows, and pick the Pockets of ſuch Cullies who have no more Wit than to play with them; *Rakes* with their *Whores*, that by the help of Wine they may be more impudent and more wicked, and do thoſe things in their Cups, that would be a Scandal to Sobriety; *Lovers* with their *Miſtreſſes*, in hopes to waſh away that Modeſty with the Soothing Juice, which had been a Hindrance to their Happineſs, ſo that they may fall to without Grace, and give a pleaſing Earneſt to each other of their future Affections: Thither *Sober Knaves* walk with *Drunken Fools*, to make cunning Bargains, and over-reach them in their Dealings, where, cloaking their mental Reſervations with a Grave Countenance, they will tell more Lies about a Hogſhead of Tobacco, than *Tavernier* in his Travels does about Mount *Ætna*. Thither *Young Quality* retire to ſpend their Tradeſmens Money, and to delight themſelves with the Impudence of lewd Harlots, free from the Reflections or Remarks of their own Servants, whilſt their Ladies at Home are doing themſelves Juſtice after the like Manner, and perhaps, for want of better Opportunity, are glad to break a Commandment with their own Footmen. Thither *Bullies* Coach it to kick Drawers, and invent new Oaths and Curſes, and in Feaſting, Rattling and Bluſtering, to laviſh away that ſcandalous Income call'd a Petticoat-Penſion, tho' doom'd the next Day to a Threepenny Ordinary. Thither run *Sots* purely to be drunk, that they may either waſh away the Reflections of their own paſt Follies, or forget the Treachery of their Friends, the falſhood of their Wives, the Diſobedience of their Children, the Roguery of their Lawyers, the Bitchery of their Paramours, or the Ingratitude of the World, that they may drown the Remembrance of paſt Evils in the Enjoyment of the preſent: Thither *Beaux* flock to ſhew their Vanity, drink Healths to their Miſtreſſes, boaſt of Conqueſts they never made, praiſe Beauties they never ſaw, brag of Duels they never fought,

cenſure Books they never read, damn Authors they never knew, talk familiarly of Noblemen they had never the Honour to ſpeak to, commend the Virtue of Women they have made Whores, and rob thoſe of their Reputation they could never conquer. Thither *Cowards* repair to make themſelves valiant by the Strength of their Wine; *Fools* to make themſelves witty in their own Conceits; *Maids* to be made otherwiſe; *Married Women* to cuckold their Husbands; and *Spendthrifts* to be made miſerable by a ridiculous Conſumption of their own Fortunes. In ſhort, no People are Cuſtomers to that Warehouſe of Debaucheries, where *Rakes* and *Extravagants* ſurfeit their vicious Appetites at the Price of their own Ruin, but what are leſs careful of their own Good, than they are of their Vintners, except ſuch who have a ſtrong Guard upon their Purſes, and a ſtout Bridle to their Appetites, and they may venture to ſip off half a Pint at a Sitting, without the Danger of contracting an ill Habit, that may at laſt expoſe them to the World's Contempt, under the ſcandalous Plague of an empty Pocket.

But prithee, ſays my tawny Acquaintance, who was that fine Lady that ſtood pulling a Rope, and ſkreaming like a Peacock, againſt rainy Weather, pinn'd up by her ſelf in a little Pew, all People bowing to her as they paſs'd by, as if ſhe was a Goddeſs ſet up to be worſhipp'd, and that it was blaſphemy in a Mortal to lay a Finger upon the beauteous Deity? A Man may find, ſaid I, by your innocent Simplicity, how eaſily, by the Vanities of this Town, a Stranger may be impos'd upon; that very tawdry Buſy-Body of a Female, that you have ſuch heavenly Conceptions of, is no more, I can aſſure you, than a Stage-Coachman's Daughter, and by all Relation, has ſufficiently prov'd her ſelf Fleſh and Blood, before ſhe was advanced to the Chalk and Spunge, which are the principal Badges that belong to that honourable Station you beheld her in; but being nearly related to the Maſter of the Houſe, he has put her into his Bar, in hopes ſometime or other ſhe may ſtop her crack'd Pipkin upon ſome Fool of a Drawer, who has Patience enough to prove as contented a Cuckold as his Maſter; ſo that ſhe has little elſe to do, but

to dreſs, paint, and patch, ogle her Uncle's Beau-Cuſtomers, and tattle at the Bar with an amorous Extravagant, that ſhe may coax him with her Smiles to dine there the oftner; which the Fool does more for the ſake of raw Fleſh, than either Boil'd or Roaſted: Tho' at laſt ſhe diſappoints him of the great Felicity he hopes for, and only treats him with kind Glances, and a few amorous Witticiſms, as long as his Money runs fluſh; but as ſoon as that begins to fail, then her Shooting-horn Looks and Freedoms are turn'd into moody Pouts and a ſcornful Reſervedneſs, that makes the Block-head quit the Houſe with *Damn her for a Jilt*; and ſo leaves my Lady to play the ſame Game with the reſt of her Admirers.

I profeſs, ſays my inquiſitive Acquaintance, ſo long as I have been in *England*, notwithſtanding the Benefit of your kind Inſtructions, I have not yet learnt to diſtinguiſh Female Quality from the Wives and Daughters of Mechanicks, any other Way than by their Coaches and Attendance; for the former dreſs with as much Gaiety as the latter; ſpeak as contemptibly of all Perſons beneath them, and as enviouſly of thoſe above, as they do cry foh at any thing that offends them, and magnify any thing that pleaſes them, juſt like Quality: And as for their Virtues and their Vices, they are ſo exactly alike in both, that it is as difficult a Matter to find the Difference, as to know a Cock-linnet from a Hen by the Colour of their Feathers. But pray excuſe my Impertinence, that has almoſt led you into a Digreſſion, and inform me what Tun-belly'd Mortal that was, who met us in the Entry with a low Bow without his Hat, and with a blue Flag before him, as if he had been an Enſign in ſome notable Engagement, and as an honourable Badge of his remarkable Bravery, had ty'd round his Middle his own flying Colours. That Hatleſs Hero, ſaid I, as you take him to be, is the Lord of the Family, the Controuler of the Houſhold, Governour of the *Celerepedeans*, one of the Prieſts of *Bacchus*, who received his Ordination at Fuddle-caps-Hall, that keeps his Library under Ground, and whenever he preaches, 'tis to a Congregation of Drawers over his own Liquor, in order to reform them from Tipling below

Stairs, drawing Pots too full, cozening the Bar with false Reckonings, and given Bumpers of Palm-Wine, clandestinely to the Cook-wench. He has also the Art of changing his Temper as often as the Camelion does her Colour; and as the latter receives its Tincture from that Body which is nearest it, so the former does his Principles, Humour and Disposition, from whatsoever Society he is Member of at present. In High-Church-Company he always rails against Occasional Conformity; amongst the low Church Saints he is a Stickler; and is a violent Moderator among such *Bifarious Anythingarians*, that always make their Interest the Standard of their Religion. He is a very proud Fellow in his Heart, tho' his Head drops more Bows in a Day, than falls from the servile Noddle of that cringing Slave who is under the Plague of being a Gentleman-Usher to a lame Countess. He is always most ceremonious to those Customer's that he gets least by, and will bow oftner to a niggardly Alderman over his Half-Pint, than he will to a jolly Rake that spends a Guinea at a Sitting; because he knows that a dignified Citizen expects more Homage than a Man of Honour and Quality; not that he uses his fawning Cringes as any Tokens of a submissive Temper, for his Pride is even perspicuous in the lowest of his Humilities, but his Nods and Scrapes are only the Effects of a Habit that he acquired when he was Bar-Boy, which he resolves never to leave till he comes to be *Lord-Mayor*, or at least *Sheriff* of *London*. Ingratitude is one of the black Badges of his Character; for if ever you find him to do a Friendship or a Courtesy to any Fool that has begger'd himself by Extravagance, to make him rich, you may score it upon his Bar-board, where it would be more wondered at by all Spectators, than a Blazing Comet. In short, he is a Member of the Corporation of Sycophants, who, as he has served an Apprenticeship to false Reckoning, Lying, and subterranean Adultery, claims a Title by his Trade, to poison us with bad Wine, deceive us with fair Words, and humour us in our Follies for his own Advantage. Therefore, as Libertines do Whores, we ought to use them for our Pleasure, as they do us for their Interest; that is to look upon them

them as Mercenaries, whom we maintain through Wantonneſs to gratify our vicious Appetites. I ſhall obſerve your Caution, ſays my *Moletto* Comrade; but pray who was that corpulent Lady that we met in the Entry, coming out of the Kitchen with her Head ſo finely dreſs'd, and glittering Pendants in her Ears, that ſo dazzled in my Eyes, I could ſcarce behold her Countenance? That ſhining Lamp, ſaid I, of cloven Mortality, is that neceſſary Evil in ſuch a Houſe, call'd the Vintner's Help mate, whoſe Buſineſs it is to have a Superintendency in the Bar, to overlook and direct in all Culinary Proceedings; to ſcold at the Maids; be civil to the Head-Drawer for her own Ends; to grace the Bar upon extraordinary Days; and to oblige her ſelf with a Friend in a Corner, when her Husband is not at Leiſure to give her Nuptial Conſolation. This is the Life ſhe leads, till high Eating, a lazy Life, and Canary-Sops in a Morning, improves her to the Bulk of a Squab-Elephant, unweildy in Bed, and too big for a Bar; and then, if her Husband be able, ſhe's removed with two or three of her Daughters, to a little Country Houſe at *Hampſted* where ſhe ſurfeits upon Sack, ſmoaks Tobacco in an Elbow-Chair, and ſnoars away the Remainder of her Life, till one of *Ruſſel*'s rumbling Caravans runs away with the Load of Kitchen-ſtuff to the Town of her Nativity, where ſhe deſir'd to be bury'd, that her Country-folks might ſee, tho' her Mother ſold nappy Ale in Black Pots under a thatch'd Roof, yet her Daughter had arrived to the Honour of being bury'd Lady-like out of a Hearſe and ſix Horſes; but let her take Care, for no ſooner will her back be turn'd, but ten to one that the Widower takes up with his next tolerable Cookmaid.

DOCTORS-COMMONS.

COming thro' *Paul*'s Church-Yard, and having gaz'd on the noble Pile of St. *Paul*, that Emulator of the St. *Peter* of *Michael Angelo* in *Rome*; we took a little Trip down on the left Hand, to the famous College of Civilians, call'd *Doctors Commons*. The Ety-

mology of the the Name I know not, nor is it very material, whether it be that the Advocates are but *Common Doctors*, or, that the chief thing they are remarkable for is their *Commons*; or that it is the Common uninclos'd, where the Doctors feed on their foolish Clients, I know not.

Here are you ply'd with Porters (if you escape the little Appendixes of Proctors at their Shops, which they call Offices) who demand your Business; whether you have any *Will* to prove, or Administration to take out, any *Caveat* to enter, whether you want a License to be marry'd, or a Divorce if you are marry'd, and the like; they can convey you to a Proctor, that can supply all the Commodities of the Place cheaper than the Market-price.

What strange Place is this, says my *Indian?* This, says I, is one of the Relicks of Popery, and the Terror of Seamen. Here a Man that is weary of his Wife, may, upon some honest Evidence be separated from her; and a Wife that has play'd the Whore, and run out her Husband's Fortune, may sue him for separate Alimony. Here a Man must come for a Liberty or License to lose his *Liberty*. Here Executors must come for Authority to perform their Trust; and here defend themselves in not performing it. Here are Proctors, Apparitors, and the rest of Pick-Pockets under the odd Names, that wou'd fain still do what they did in the Times of Popery. But the Reformation having par'd their Nails, they are full of Regret, and always sounding the Praise of the Power of the Ecclesiastical Authority. They are all profess'd *Jac*——, because they hop'd by King *James* to restore their Authority, and by Consequence their Perquisites. They are a drunken, roaring, nonsensical Generation, that have Abundance of Zeal without a Scruple of Religion. They are a pious sort of Atheists, and ignorant Professors of the Mystery of Iniquity. They are hot for High-Church, tho' they never go within any. They should be Scholars, but that they find the Common Road sufficient to do their Business and get Money. They are utter Enemies to Whigs, because they would reduce them under the Law of the Nation. They are for preferring the Com-

mon

mon Law to the National, because one advances, the other destroys their Interest. For notwithstanding their Noise for the Church of *England*, they would declare for that of *Rome*, if they could get more by it. In short, a *Doctors Commons* Man is a Scholar without Learning, a Zealot without Religion, a Lawyer without Law, and a Medley of Popery and Reformation, without Reason or Honesty.

I have enough of this *Amusement*, says my *Indian*, when Right and Wrong are confounded and sunk with Terms. Let us therefore make our Escape from the litigious Congregation, said I, for we are not secure in the Words we say here; for Scandal is their Province; they are nice Judges of *Billingsgate*, whose laudable Quarrels of Whore and Rogue, Bastards, and the like, are the Fund of their Prattle and Feats.

We jogg'd on with some Expedition, till we got into *Drury-Lane*; where passing into *Russel-Court*, a strange Sort of Noise drew us into an *Amusement*, consisting as much of Jargon as this; but what affected only such as were pleas'd with the Folly, *& co'enti non fit injuria.* Father *Burgess* himself is a much more pleasing and innocent *Amusement*; so we enter'd *Daniel Burgess's* Meeting-House.

A Presbyterian Meeting-House.

MR *Burgess's* Meeting-House in *Russel-Court* falling in our Way, my *Indian* and I ventur'd to take a View of the *Godly:* For the *Godly* in this City afford an *Amusement* as well as the *Wicked.* This is the Epitome of the whole Kirk, and by this one you may judge of the rest Here sits a zealous Cobler next to an Alderman's Fellow, and he uses less Ceremony with his God, than his Customer; for to the latter he stands bare-headed for Six-pence; but to the former will not do it for Salvation; believing, perhaps, that *a Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Bush*; or that being necessarily one of the Elect, he is too familiar with God to stand upon Ceremony. This cannot be said to be the House of God; for that, the Scripture says, is the *House of Prayer*; but the very *Lord's Prayer* here is as Apo-

cryphal as the *Maccabees.* 'Tis true indeed, when the *Holder-forth* has play'd the ſpiritual Buffoon for two or three Hours, he gives you a Deſert to his Harangue, or what he calls a *Prayer,* that is, a Rhapſody of Stuff without Head or Tail; for had it Method, Order, Connexion or Senſe, it would be exploded under the Notion of a *Form of Prayer,* a Goblin as frightful as the *Whore of Babylon,* and has furniſh'd many a zealous *Scots Miſs John* with an Exerciſe for his Lungs, when Senſe and good Doctrine are not at Hand. But tho' they are ſuch Enemies to *Popery,* yet they ſympathize in praying in an *unknown Tongue,* or at leaſt in a Jargon neither underſtands; for Senſe in their Prayer, as well as in their Sermon, would ſavour too much of human Invention, and not give Latitude enough for *Enthuſiaſm* and *Cant.*

Here ſits a holy Siſter, full of ſpiritual Pride in her Face, the Word of God in her Hands, the Parſon in her Eye, and the Devil in her Tail; She pays her *Quarterage* juſtly, and that makes her *recta in Curia* with her Guide; for a Saint may make bold with her Husband's Bed for her Gallant, provided ſhe make as bold with his Purſe for her Preacher; nor can they be much accus'd, if their Doctrine of Predeſtination be true; for *they needs muſt go whom the Devil drives.* Neceſſity has no Law; and if they offend, 'tis the Fault of the firſt Mover, whoſe Machines they are. So that if they pick a Pocket, betray their Truſt, bear falſe Witneſs, commit Adultery, Inceſt, *&c.* the Fault's not theirs, they are but meer Paſſives, and what they cannot help, they cannot ſuffer for. This may be one Reaſon the Ten Commandments are not in their Meeting-Houſes as well as in the Churches, becauſe they are only for the Wicked, who own *Free-Will;* and not for the Godly who deny it, and cannot ſin. The Promiſes and Threats of the Scripture have nothing to do with them, for thoſe are directed to free Agents, who are Maſters of their Actions; that can comply with or break the Laws of God, as they think fit. Such were the People of God, Sinners and Penitents; but ſuch are not they, for repent they cannot, the Saints being without Sin. But if they are not the

Children

Children and People of God, I know not who'll take 'em for Saints, but the old Gentleman in Black, the first Preacher of this Notion. But this discovers them not so parcimonious as they would be thought, when they are at the Expence of a Guide that is as much a Machine as themselves, and can do no more for them, than the Wire in the Finger of the *Poppet-Player.*

I have been considering, says my *Indian,* why your Churches, or Places of Worship are so light, whereas our *Pagods* are almost quite dark, illuminated with a Lamp, which serves only to discover the Image of our God, who (all other Objects excluded) takes up our whole Thoughts in the Adoration.

O my Friend, reply'd I, you mistake the Business of our Places of Worship: Women come to see and be seen; the Men to ogle, or get the Repute of Religion and Holiness; for that gives them Credit and Trust, and Credit and Trust makes 'em rich at the Expence of those who confide in 'em. Did these Saints here come for Zeal and Devotion only, that Taylor's Daughter would not be set out thus, and equipt like a Countess, to draw the Eyes and the Hearts of the Congregation from Heaven to her: Nor would that old Maid be dress'd like a Girl of Fifteen, in hopes that Paint, Patches, and the religious Ogle, may get her a Husband at last; believing that Men cannot discover her Age, Ugliness, and Ill-Nature, under the double Disguise of Body and Soul, *Saint* and *Hypocrite.* Nor would Alderman ——— young Wife lay open her panting swelling Bubbies, roul her Black Eyes, and divide her Looks so between Heaven and Earth, as if she had learnt the Art of serving two Masters, the *Flesh* and the *Spirit,* at the same time; nor would her Husband be so fond of his Folly, in appearing so publickly, watching her more than the Motions and Gestures of his *Domine.* He gratifies his Vanity to expose her to View finely dress't, and to the best Advantage; but then the Remembrance of his own Impotence makes him afraid of every one that casts his Eye towards her. Thus his Wife, not his God, brings him to the Meeting, and his Heart rises no higher towards Heaven, than her Eyes, or the Parson.

It would indeed be hard on the Ladies of this Perſwaſion to be debarr'd ſhewing their Faces and Perſons in their moſt engaging Airs, ſince their *Pulpit* ſupplies the Play-houſe Muſick, and the Scene to call them together; and perhaps this is the Reaſon the Teachers will not let their Hearers go to the *Theatre*, becauſe they'll be the only Pimps to their Congregation, which they encreaſe by their Declamations againſt the Stage; ſince here they *kill two Birds with one Stone*, get the Reputation of Saints, and the Pleaſure of Sinners. No, no, my Friend, the Adoration of God, ſincere and humble Prayers, and grateful Thankſgivings, is the leaſt of the Buſineſs of this Place; and I dare be confident, that if they made a Law, that no Woman ſhould come dreſt, or barefac'd, moſt of the Congregations of the Town would dwindle away, and the Play-houſe Audience encreaſe.

Do you think that honeſt Mr.——comes to Church for Devotion, or God's ſake, on *Sundays*, when he has been ſerving the Devil all the Week? Or the gay Mrs. *M*——for the Exaltation of the *Spirit* on the Lord's Day, when ſhe has been for that of the *Fleſh* all the Week? Or that the venerable Madam *W*——that covers the Bawd ſo effectually in the ſanctimonious Vizor of a godly Leer, comes for the ſake of the Doctrine, or the Man? while her Zeal for the Parſon makes her paſs for Religious, and the Neceſſity he has of her, gives the Authority of Prudence, and ſo helps her to ſheer the Flock, by providing Husbands for their Daughters, and Wives for their Sons, while ſhe and the *Demagogue* ſhare in the *Brokerage*. No, my good Friend, the *Meeting* is the *Spiritual Exchange*, where they barter *Hypocriſy* for *Pleaſure* or *Profit*; and they are able to keep their Countenances, tho' the Cheat be univerſal. It was ſaid by *Cicero*, that he wonder'd how the *Augurs* could meet without laughing in one another's Faces: The ſame Reaſon wou'd make one wonder as much at the Tap *Fanaticks*, but that Uſe and Intereſt remove the Difficulty, and a natural Sourneſs and ſlaviſh Temper make it eaſy.

Tho they are Enemies to the Lord's Prayer, they make it up in their Zeal for thoſe of *David*; and here the Form goes

goes down as glibly, in their *Bawling* which they call *Singing*, as Aloes Pills in the Pulp of Apple. This shews, that if they were Enemies to *Church Musick*, it is because it is Harmony; whereas their Singing is a Sort of jarring Medley of Sounds, as disagreeing as their Notions; not much unlike the laudable Diversion of every one in the Company's Singing a different Song: Nay, they have so peculiar a *Gusto* for *Discord*; or *odd Sounds*, that I believe they would admit the Symphony of the Tongs and Key, tho' they reject the Harmony of the *Organ*. Every thing here indeed seems so odd and contradictory to the rest of the World, [*Spite.*

As if (as *Hudibras* has it) *they worshipp'd God for* Tho' the ingenious *Butler* seems a little out in one of his Words; for they do not worship God at all, but the *Teacher*; for as it is not properly call'd the House of God, but Mr. *Burgess*'s, so Mr. *Burgess*, not God, is there worshipped. Prayer and Praise is the Worship of God; but here they meet to see *Daniel* lay about him with his merry Stories and Theatrical Actions, which is at least an *Amusement* they think worth their while. When he has done his Harangue to the Congregation, he begins one to God, with whom he's as familiar as with his Text, and handles him roughly, and with as little Respect to his Truth and Majesty; which still makes it his own House; for no body else is admitted to pray, unless they can divine what he's about to say, and to join with him in his. If he makes his Speech to the King, with an Address of *Life* and *Fortune*, he studies it before-hand; but he deals not so with God, who he thinks is obliged to hear all his Nonsense, and so speaks *quicquid in buccam venerit*, whatever starts into his Fancy to *amuse* his Congregation, and make a Noise; for that is all I can discover in these *Meeting-Houses*.

The odd Looks, the Groans that eccho one another; some with their Hats on, others off, some writing, some ogling the Woman, some the *Teacher*, his merry Postures, and *Pop-gun* Way of Delivery with the whimsical Medley of his Words, is, I confess, an *Amusement*, says my *Indian*, and such a one as I never saw in my

Country

Country in my Life; we there converse only with the Gods in the *Pagods*, here you come only to hear Men; but then these Men deliver the Word of God, if we believe them, tho' what they say be never so opposite to the written Word, yet Bigotry in the Congregation, and impudence in the *Holder-forth*, will palm Inspiration upon us, as for what he says *beyond*, or *off* his Text, which he often racks as much as the Tyrants of old did the primitive Martyrs, till it die under the Torture: But this *brings in Money, and Money buyes Land*, and Land is an *Amusement* they all desire, in spite of their Hypocritical Cant. If it were not for the Quarterly Contributions, there would be no longer *Schism* or *Separation*; for who can imagine, that when two or three Thousand are maintain'd like Gentlemen by the *Breach*, that they will ever preach up *healing Doctrines*, and dispose them to *Union?* If it were not for the sake of *Earthly* Comforts, they would not be so conversant with *Heaven* in their *Pulpits*; but *Heaven*'s their Traffick, and why should they spare a Commodity which costs them nothing, yet brings them in so good a Return?

The fairest thing I know of them is, that they wear neither *Cassock* nor *Gown*; for being no *Priests*, and without *Ordination*, they refuse to wear any *Priestly Ornaments* of Distinction from *Laity*; but that is not owing to their *Modesty*, but *Pride*, to distinguish themselves from the *Clergy* and their own *Congregation* at once; they go in *Black*, as if they daily mourned for the *Wickedness* which they daily committed.

Tir'd with such a Composition of *Dulness* and *Wickedness*, my *Indian* and I departed from this *Amusement*, and left it to those who had *Flegm* and *Hypocrisy* enough to endure it all the Year round. So leaving Father *Daniel* thumping the Cushion in a most immoderate manner, we pass'd on to the next *Amusement*, which was a *Quaker's Meeting-House.*

The Quakers MEETING.

HEre we discover'd the very *Ague* of *Religion*, which yet after its shivering, has its *hot Fit* of Zeal and Noise,

Noise. This *Sect* arose from *Nailer*, as the *Presbyterians* and *Independents* from the *Jesuits*: These indeed may plead a greater Antiquity, as having their Rise in the Days of good Queen *Bess*; but the *shaking Congregation* not till the Days of the *Martyr*. Some will have it, that the *Quakers* are the *decrepid Age* of *Religion*, where it shivers and shakes for want of *Youth* and *Vigour*: And indeed, if we may from the Appearance judge of the Matter, this Fancy is not ill-grounded; for here is scarce any thing of the *Christian Religion* left, but every Man having the Light within him, as they have no Use of Guides, so they are not so improvident as the other *Sectaries*, to be at the Expence of any. Every Man, nay, every Woman too, is here inspired; the Spirit speaks in them, they are but the *Stentonorophonick Tubes* thro' which that speaks: But it often proves a *lying Spirit*; and I believe, if they had no more Light than this gives within them, they might still walk in the Dark.

This is the most *Sociable* Society of all without the *Pale*; for here every one may speak Nonsense in his Turn, and the Women are not excluded the same Benefit of Talking, which, for ought I know, not only keeps the Females to their Congregations, but gets *Proselytes*; or might, if well urg'd among the Sex. So not being obliged to hear all, and say nothing, one hears his Neighbour speak a great deal to a little or no Purpose, that he may do the same by him or her in their Turn. I knew a pious old Matron, that every Morning us'd to scold at her Maids about Half an Hour, not that they were in any Fault, but only, as she said, to clear her Pipes. So I believe these People only meet to make a Noise by way of *Exercise* for Health's sake, all others being unlawful on the *first Day*. These are more just than the other Dissenters, because, as they pull not off their Hats to God, so they pull them not off to Men; whereas the others shall cringe and bow to any Man they can get Sixpence by, but ne'er veil the Bonnet to God, by whom they may get *Heaven*; it may be indeed, because contrary to *Christ*'s, their *Kingdom* seems to be of this World.

To

To me, said my *Indian*, these *Quakers*, as you call them, seem the *Bedlamites* of *Religion*, and their *Meeting*, *Bedlam*, where all that are freakish and mad come together: Do but consider, when we were at *Bedlam*, what odd objects we saw there: True said I, and here I see fully as fantastick and whimsical; and I wonder none of their *Lights within* mov'd them to set *Oliver's Porter* at Liberty, since he was throughly qualify'd to speak in their Congregations. What can be a more pleasant *Amusement* than that old Fellow that speaks now: His crop-ear'd Hair and frizzl'd short round Forehead, two great goggle Eyes like two Fishponds, and his high thin Nose which is like a narrow *Isthmus*, hinders them from joining together; his skinny, flabby, hollow Cheeks, that like a Piece of half-tann'd Leather, is drawn over his Jaw-bones, while his thin Lips and wide Mouth stretch open to let forth the *Light* within, in a hollow unmusical Tone, and shew his toothless Gums with here and there a straggling Stump, that promise us, *however he barks, he cannot bite*; his Mountain-Back overlooks his Head, and seems to anticipate the Wish of the Curs'd at the last Day, *for the Mountains to fall on him and cover him*; with his long scraggy Arms, and lean Hand and Fingers, with which he so belabours the Rail on which he leans. His Belly is the Counter-part of his Back, and seems to poise the Machine, and keep it in *Equilibrio* on his Carstick Legs; but what *Amusement* he finds in harassing his worn-out Carkase in this manner, I know not; unless it be a Madness he cannot help, and in Madness, they say, there is a Pleasure *which none but Madmen know.*

But now there rises up a Monster of another kind; and sure he must have a large Share of the *Spirit* to inform that *Quagmire of the Flesh*. His Head is as big as *Gogmagog*'s in *Guildhall*, and his Face not behind the Sign of the *Saracen*'s; only his Eyes are so diminutive, that one wou'd think them retired to behold the *Light within*; for what with his large Bettle-Brows, which like a Pent-house overshadow them, and the *Agitation of the Spirit*, one wou'd think him groping in the Dark without any at all: His Cheeks are like two blown Bladders,

Bladders, and a Trumpeter's ſeem no more to him than a Puppet's: His ruddy carbuncl'd Noſe ſeems as if he ſuck'd his *Inſpiration* from *Bacchus* more than the *Bibe*; and we may at beſt ſuppoſe him drunk with the *Spirit*, and now diſemboguing on the *Brothers* and *Siſters*; and when the *Spewing fit* is over, he'll ſit down to take a Nod: His Mill-poſt Legs are well adapted for the Load of his Body, which looks like an *Altas* able to ſupport the Spheres, but that he is never like to bring his Shoulders near enough to ſo heavenly a Burden; like Sir *John Falſtaff*, he is not made for mounting, but muſt have a ſtrange Alacrity in ſinking; the Noiſe he makes is as particular as his Perſon, and no more to be underſtood than his Religion; 'tis perfectly the Language of the Beaſt, and, as well as the *Apocalypſe*, wants *Jeureux* for an Interpreter. But this, like a great many other *Amuſements*, conſiſts more in Noiſe and Shew, than Senſe.

But who have we here lifted up by the Spirit? Tho' I fear 'tis ſuch a kind of Spirit as ſet our Saviour on the Top of the Pinacle: A brisk dapper Spark, and if I miſtake not, a Taylor; he might be choſe King of the *Pigmies*, and in a ſecond War with the *Cranes*, might prove as notable a Conqueror, as Monſieur *Boufflers*, or any of the *French* Bullies and Hectors: A ſharp Noſe, a quick-Eye, a high Forehead, meagre Looks, a ſhrill Voice, and a voluble Tongue, diſtinguiſhes him. He'll out-talk a *Frenchwoman*, and out-blunder an *Iriſhman*, or *Teaguelander*'s Underſtanding; *Scots* Honeſty, a *Dutchman*'s Temperance, an *Italian*'s Chaſtity, are his peculiar Qualifications; yet he's as ſolemn on the *firſt Day*, and ſpeaks as often as an old Midwife at a Chriſtening. But, like a Cracker, he makes a Noiſe, and ſplutters a little while, then with a Bounce ſtinks and goes out.

But what have we here, old Mother *Shipton* of the ſecond Edition, with Amendments? A cloſe black Hood over a pinch'd Coif, a little low wrinkled Forehead, ſo deeply ploughed with Age, that the Furrows, if plac'd beneath her Eyes and Noſe, as above them, would be very convenient Conveyances for the Liquids that continually flow from her blear Eyes and dropping No-

Noſtrils; which with her hollow Cheeks, pale ſwallow Complexion, Nut-Cracker Chin, that almoſt meets her Noſe, Paralitick Motion of the Head, which keeps Pace with her Tongue, and gives much Advantage to the *Shivering of the Spirit*, makes a compleat *She-Preacher*, fit to denounce *Hell* and the *Devil*; but for Joys and Rewards, and the like, ſhe looks them out of Countenance. Nay, ſays my *Indian* Friend, if the Womens Tongues begin to run, 'tis time for us to ſeek another *Amuſement*

I took him at his Word, and quitted this Houſe of *Dagon*, where a Poet can have no more to do than a Painter; we jogg'd on to our next Adventure, only by the Way, I ventur'd to draw this Character of the Sect.

They would be thought the *only People of God*; tho' their chief Motive to that impudent Ambition, is, that they may claim the Right of *pillaging* and *cheating* all the World beſides, as *Ægyptians*. They are a Sort of *Jews*, and not only *trade* and *fornicate* among themſelves, but *marry* likewiſe in their own *Tribe:* But I beg your Pardon for talking of *Matrimony*; theirs is only *Whoring* with a Witneſs, while the whole Congregation ſet their Hands to the Bargain. They won't ſwear, becauſe they may chance to get by that. A *long Cravat* or *Wig* in a Man, or *high Topping* and *Lace* in a Woman, they abominate as Enſigns of Vanity, but they will wear the beſt Favours and richeſt Silks, uſe the Leather Convenience, and be prouder in their Plainneſs, than the haughtieſt Lady at Court in their Embroideries and Jewels. Their Religion indeed ſeems chiefly in their Cloaths, and ſo they have more need of *Taylors* than *Teachers*. For, *They are a Congregation without Teachers*; *a Church without Sacraments*; *a Religion without Worſhip*; *Formality without Meaning*; *Men without Manners, and Chriſtians without Baptiſm.*

The Bawdy-House.

IT is an old and approved Obſervation of thoſe jolly Fellows who ſpend much Time in the Contemplation of *Bacchus*, and are acquainted with the laudable

Records

The Baudy House.

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Records of the *Bottle*, that generally in Discourse, after *Religion* comes *Bawdry*; and so it happens here: For after so large an *Amusement* of the *Spirit*, we accidentally also tumbled into an *Amusement* of the *Flesh*; for passing from the *Spiritual Bawdy-houses*, betray'd by the Hypocritical Sign of a Coffee-house, we fell into a *Carnal* one.

The *Ægyptians*, who were the first Authors of human Religion, never suffer'd any one to be made a Priest, till he were initiated in the Rites of *Priapus*: And the *Roman* Church will admit no Pope, till the Porphyry Chair has confirm'd his Manhood; so great an Affinity have the ancient and modern *Idolaters* made betwixt the *Pulpit* and the *Brothel*. In other Countries, neareſt the chief Churches and topping Monasteries, you find establish'd *Bawdy-Houses*; and in the very Seat of St. *Peter*, we know 'em settled by Authority of State; and the same is done in the Political State of *Venice*, the Arbitrary State of *Florence*, and almost all Towns and Cities of *Italy*: But here under the purer State of *Reformation*, Bawdy houses are fain to go in Disguise; *Coffee to be sold*, or *fine Spanish Chocolate* invite you in, when in Reality they sell only *Ratifia*, *Rosa Solis*, *Geneva*, and such odd Sorts of Liquor, fit to enflame the Reckoning, and fire the Blood; while the *Secret Commodities* of the Place are ready in the Warehouses, to cool one Inflammation and give a greater; like true Tinkers, stopping one Hole in a Kettle to make two.

Being warm with our *Spiritual Amusement*, we fell into one of these Receptacles of Sinners, with a Design to drink a Dish of *Bohea* or *Coffee*, or at most not to exceed the Debauch of a Penny worth of *cold Nants*. We were no sooner entered, but such a Tun of Female Fat saluted us, that the very Sight was an *Amusement*. The reverend Matron of the Place saluted us, very civilly, tho' with this very odd Appearance: Her Face was broader than the full Moon, and as shining; but it was with Sweat or Pomatum, not Light; her Gray, or rather Silver Locks, were cover'd most curiously with Powder, whose straggling Hairs reach'd almost down to her Eye-Brows; something of a Forehead there was, but all drawn over with the Footsteps

of Wrinkles, which the Fat had driven thence, and ſo they look'd like Seams of Wounds, which, mingl'd with Pock-holes, made an agreeable Mixture over her Face; which, with thoſe, and the large Scars, was made incapable of being clean; ſo that the Dirt, and ſallow Complexion, gave her a Phyz moſt ſurprizing; her Neck look'd like Rolls of Collar'd Pig, and her Bubbies like a Quagmire, ready to over-run the Brink, or like a Haſty-Pudding o'er looking the Diſh; an Ell and three Quarters could not meaſure her from Side to Side, and ſhe was no longer from Head to Foot, than from Hip to Hip; She was ſpherical like a Globe; but I muſt needs ſay, very complaiſant.

My *Indian* ſtarts back as if he had met with a Rattle-Snake, or ſome other noxious Animal dangerous to human Life; and indeed he was not much miſtaken, the Sting ſhe produces being almoſt as fatal. We ask'd for a Diſh of *Bohea*. She reply'd, ſhe had none. We then deſir'd a Diſh of *Coffee*. That was a Pagan Liquor, and not to be admitted within her Dominion. We then deſir'd ſome true *Nants*. That was a *French* Commodity, and ſhe was not for encouraging the Manufacture of an Enemy's Country; but if we would pleaſe to ſit down, ſhe has good *Roſa Solis*, *Ratifia*, *Mead*, *Syder*, *Geneva*, or *Wine*, ſhe could help us to, if we requir'd it. Enquiring if ſhe dealt in no other Liquors, ſhe gave a Stamp with her Foot, and came up one ten times uglier than ſhe——*Run*, cries ſhe, *fetch* Betty Thompſon *hither preſently, and her Bed-fellow with her.* ——Repeating our Demand, not minding what ſhe ſaid to her female *Mercury*, ſhe reply'd, That ſhe had ſent out for as good as any this noble City afforded, Pretty, Plump, Sound, Eaſy, Gay, and a Thouſand Qualities which moſt Trades give to Commodities they have a Mind to diſpoſe of. I ſhould think, ſays I to my *Indian*, we are unawares fallen into a *Bawdy-houſe*, were there not ſo many *Memento*'s of Mortality here, as are ſufficient to baniſh Lechery from the moſt vigorous. But however, this is likewiſe an *Amuſement*, and therefore give us a Quartern of *Gen*. Down we ſat, the Quartern was ſoon evacuated, another fill'd without calling for, and another, when enter two tawdry Whores, brisk,

brisk, gay, and awkard, with sickly smiling Countenances, slatternly Dress, and dirty Shoes. The familiar Doxies threw themselves immediately each in one of our Laps, Hands about our Necks, and Lips to Lips, before we knew where we were: And if they had not given this Alarm, other Parts had been invaded before we could be on the Defensive. *My Dear, shan't we have a Quartern of* Ratifia? says one: *My pretty Rogue, shant we have a Betty of Wine?* says t'other.

But the *Bawd* finding we did not like the Ladies, tipp'd them the Wink, and sent her grizly Messenger for others of the same Gang: Excuses her self, that the damned Jades had been drunk all Night, and not fit for Company, but assur'd us the Black one had been a celebrated Beauty, a Parson's Daughter, and a Taylor's Wife, but was debauched by a young Ensign of the Guards, who leaving her, she was expos'd to the Town, but not above Half a Year; when the Whore has pass'd all her Degrees this seven Years, and was ready to commence *Bawd* the first Coffee-house that was empty, and the first Cull she could get to furnish her with Tables, Chairs, a Table-Bed, two Quartern Pots, and about Half a Crown's worth of the infernal Liquors they deal in.

What Place, says my *Indian*, is this you have brought me to? Is it another *Bedlam?* All the People I have lately seen are mad, some one Way, some another, every House has its peculiar Frenzy. True, said I; for the *Bedlam* you saw in *Moresields*, is but the Representative *Epitome* of this Town, for we are all *Mad*, tho' in different Manners: But as to this Place, I must tell you, it is the Picture of one of the very celebrated Parts of *Hell?* the great awkard Lady of this Place is call'd a *Bawd*, who is generally a worn-out Whore of twenty or thirty Years standing, and she deals in *Damnation*, and so is truly a Factor for the *Devil*. This is the Place of *Battle*, whereas the *Meetings* we saw are only the Place of *Challenge:* There the People meet, and agree the Bargain, here they put it in Execution: The *Bawd*, like the Hangman and the Physician, lives by the Sins of the People. Tho' she has generally *The Practice of Piety* in her Window, yet she knows of no Religion

Religion but short Quarterns, and easy Bubbles; and as she thinks little of *Heaven*, so she dreads no *Hell* like Justice——, the Beadle, or an Informer. *She is the Informer's Slave, the Whore's Tyrant, the Tallyman's Estate, the Surgeon's Benefactor, the Shipwrack of City Prentices, the favourite of Lords and Courtiers, and the Abhorrence of all good Men.*

While I was making this Harangue, two jolly *Bona Roba*'s slip in, and march directly up Stairs, the *Bawd* after them, and the Messenger all in a streaking Sweat, down the Stairs into the *Sodomite* Cellar. Madam soon comes down the Stairs puts on a Thousand awkard Grimaces of good Humour, and vows, because we look'd like Gentlemen, she had prevail'd with two intimate Friends of hers, Ladies of Figure, both kept, one by a rich City Druggist, and the other by a zealous Saint of——, and that to oblige her only they came to her; that she doubted not but we wou'd be generous, and desir'd us to walk up Stairs. But my *Indian* and I, sick of the nauseous Follies of the Place, paid Madam for what we had drank, and made haste out of her inchanted Castle, for fear of some of her Bravoes Resentment of our disappointing both the *Whores* and the *Bawds* Expectations.

In the *Indies*, says my *Indian*, it is no Shame for the young Women, before their Marriage, to make use of their own; but then it is not in this manner trafficked for by *Brokers* and *Goers-between* who put an Extortion on the Pleasure, and cheat both the Purchaser and Seller. Are these Places common?

Why truly, said I, this Town is pretty well stor'd, but much less than formerly; for since Liberty of Conscience, every Meeting-House is a Rendezvous, and now every Tavern a Bawdy-house, every Drawer and Porter a Pimp, and the Whores get more by it, and the Cullies are less cheated in their Liquors and Prizes. Not but that there are some *Bawds* of Figure, which make a pretty Hand of it among the Ladies, and Men of Figure. Mrs.—— has her visiting Day, where all Assignations are managed without Noise or Notice. My Lady——has hers to the same Purpose; and on other Days can furnish a convenient Apartment for Lovers to dis-

pute

pute in, and yet keep their Reputation; for tho' they are known to live by nothing, or little elſe, yet the Ladies and Gentlemen of Figure having both, one time or other, Occaſion to make Uſe of them, they ſlip over any falſe Step, that for want of good Conduct, happens to make a Noiſe, as when———chanc'd to have his Wife dogg'd to my La—— and follow'd her, being acquainted with the Rooms, tho' aſſur'd his Wife was not there, goes up directly, and finds his Lady in a very ſuſpicious Poſture with —· But the Matter was huſh'd up, and the next *Viſiting Day* not a Perſon thinner than uſual.

There are Places of Reception of better Figure than the Quarters we fell into, where you may bring your Lady, and have a Bed and Entertainment from half a Piece to twenty Guineas; for ſome Men are ſo fond of thoſe *Amuſements*, that they ſpare no Coſt to advance them.

Upon Old Man's *and* Young Man's *Coffee-Houſes.*

MY friendly *American*, and your humble Servant, having left *Temple-Bar* to Weſt and by South, we bore away directly for the Palace of St. *James*; but happening to encounter the Church of St. *Clement-Danes* by the way, the numerous Beauties that throng'd thither put my Companion into an excellent Humour; he demanded of me with a pleaſant Impatience, what Place that might be which entertained ſuch good Company? I told him, 'twas a Structure ſacred to the Majeſty of Heaven. He reply'd very ſmartly, that he thought it Heaven itſelf, ſince ſo many Angels attended there, and bleſs'd it with their Preſence. I ſmil'd at his Notion, but deſir'd him not to be too raſh in his Opinion; for thoſe very Numerical Ladies that were the Objects of his Pleaſure, had not half ſo much of Saints in their Conſtitution, as he imagin'd. Obſerve, ſays I, giving him no time to make Anſwer, There's Serjeant *Blunder's* Lady in the Gallery, who never was civil to her Husband, or diſobliging to any body elſe; my Lord

Dorſet certainly drew this Lady's Picture, when he expreſs'd himſelf to this purpoſe:

Nature, in Pity to our Pain,
And with Deſign to eaſe us,
Has to her boundleſs Beauty join'd
A boundleſs Will to pleaſe us.

This diſcerning fair one, continues J, knows the Complexion, Age, and Country of a young Fellow in the dark, by the Touch, as well as her Husband diſtinguiſhes Mutton by the Taſte, tho' he has been, Man and Boy, this forty Years Member of the Honourable Society. There's Madam *Flexible* too, a great Railer at the Times; ſhe heartily laments ſo much Chriſtian Blood ſhould be ſhed abroad, when ſhe knows how to diſpoſe of it to a much better Purpoſe at Home. Of all the Products of your Country, ſhe likes Chocolate the beſt, becauſe 'tis indulgent to Lovers: Of all Virtues ſhe declares for Charity, but the Young and Handſome are the only Subjects of her Compaſſion; and ſhe never maintains any Perſon in Idleneſs; ſuch only who work very vigorouſly are ſenſible of her Munificence. In ſhort, her Husband would have been as rich as any Gentleman of the Long Robe, if this Itch of Liberality had not affected his dear Partner. Tho' after all, ſome Perſons think it very reaſonable, that what one got by his Head, the other ſhou'd ſpend by her Tail.

Their Care and Pains the fair ones do beſtow,
Not to pleaſe God above, but Man below:
Who think them Saints are damnably miſtook,
They're only Saints and Angels in their Look.

The Spirit of Poetry had took Poſſeſſion of me, and without giving my Friend and Fellow-Traveller the Opportunity of interſering, I proceeded,

The Ladies here their Lovers Hearts
By their Devotion win:
Tho' all is Rock and Stone without,
Yet all is ſoft within.

The Character given of theſe fair Hypocrites frighten'd my Sun-burnt Innocent, and he tumbled down the ſtately *Portico*, as nimbly as a Woman of the Town jumps into a Hackney-Coach. I ſtretch'd my ſelf a little to recover the Fugitive, and having reduced him to Reaſon,

Reaſon, we continued our Journey very lovingly together. The Rattling of Coaches, the Spaciouſneſs of the Road, the Pertneſs of the Company we met with upon the Way, the magnificent Equipages, the Richneſs of the Garniture, and the Pleaſure that appeared in every Body's Face, put me into the ſame Sort of Chagrin that perplex'd my *Spaniſh* Friend and old Acquaintance *Don Quevedo*; the Humour took me in the Head that I was directly bound for the Devil; that this broad and open Way was the Road of Perdition; and thoſe little blind Alleys I paſs'd by, were the Defiles that lead to Paradiſe. I had read that ingenious Author a little before, and his diverting Notions had made a very deep Impreſſion upon my Judgment, when Melancholy and ſome malicious Vapours agreed to render me whimſical: Under theſe dreadful Apprehenſions I trudg'd on a pretty Way, without communicating my Thoughts to my ſwarthy Attendant that was to come in for his Share of the Adventure. But on a ſudden, 'ſpying the Rev. Dr. *Fr----n*, Succeſſor of the eloquent Biſhop *Patrick*, walking very gracefully before me; Oh, thinks I to my ſelf, 'tis well enough, 'tis morally impoſſible for me to be in the Paths that deſcend to the Gates of Deſtruction, ſince that venerable, orthodox, and worthy Divine takes the ſame Road, and ſteers in the ſame Latitude; his Charity is conſpicuous, his Piety notorious, and his Converſation humble: He practiſes the Auſterities, Hardſhips and Penance of an Anchorite; he denies himſelf the good Things of this World; he is reſolv'd that he and his Houſe will ſerve the Lord; Faſting and Prayers are the great Duties of Religion, and he and his effectually perform theſe Duties: He Prays, and his Family Faſts, and betwixt the Reverend Seer and the Sons of the Prophet, they exactly comply with the Letter and Intention of the Text. I had no ſooner hit upon this Notion, but my Senſes clear'd up, and I was gay as a Prieſt that has ſatisfied his Revenge; we immediately found our ſelves near the Statue on Horſeback of the late Royal Martyr, I pull'd off my Hat as I paſs'd by the Image of the injur'd Majeſty, when an old Acquaintance of mine, whoſe Family had ſeverely ſuffer'd in our late unhappy Diſſentions, accoſted me, and was

very inquiſitive to know the Cauſe of that unuſual Action. He told me, if I deſign'd ſome Eccleſiaſtical Preferment by that Piece of Condeſcenſion, I was very much miſtaken; That it was as hard to obtain a Commiſſion to act in the Church, as in the Army, unleſs the Ready prepared the Way; That paying my Reſpect to the Statue of that departed Monarch, was to as little Purpoſe, as *Diogenes* begging of a Statue; That it was well for the Reverend Buſt it ſelf, that it ſtood in the ſacred Limits of the Verge, otherwiſe the Creditors of the Son might have made bold with the Father in Execution. As I was attentive to this Diſcourſe, a Raſcally Slave of a Chair-man takes me upon the Northſide of my outward Man with one of the Poles of his Leathern Conveniency, and afterwards cautiouſly bawls out with a ſurly Tone, *By your leave, Sir.* Not at all pleas'd with this Compliment, and deſiring no more of his Civilities, I bruſh'd off as faſt as I could, when *Young Man's Coffee-Houſe* threw it ſelf in my way, and very kindly offer'd its Protection. I acquieſced there, knowing my ſelf ſecure from more Dangers than one, and immediately upon my Entrance mounted the Stairs, and mingled my Perſon with the Knights of the Round Table, who hazard three Months Revenue at a ſingle Caſt; and run the Riſque whether they ſhall be Luxurious one Week, or ſtarve in a Garret for a Dozen. Their Weapons, if not themſelves, were much ancienter than the Inſtitutions of King *Arthur*; we read of Cheſs invented by *Palamedes* at the Siege of *Troy*; and without Diſpute Dice ow'd their Extraction to a more veteran Original; for 'tis very credible the Prince of the Air might be the ingenious Author of theſe Moveables, and imparted the Invention to divert his Proſelytes, when the Fumes of Melancholy or Wine ſet them on the Stool of Repentance. From theſe Inſtances 'tis evident, that Gaming is of venerable Antiquity, tho' the modern Way of Practiſing it is a little unaccountable. We were ſcarce enter'd the Room, when a Volley of Oaths ſaluted us; one blaſphem'd Heaven, but this was a little *French* Lieutenant, who had the ill Fortune to loſe his own Money, and the private Collection made by ſome charitable Perſons for the Relief of the Brethren. Another

ther curs'd himself, and a third his Wife, who, it seems, had intreated him not to play that Morning: The second of these Gentlemen was much in the Wrong, and the last can as little be justified; for 'twas damnable unreasonable in the Husband to give his Wife to the Devil, who has used all her utmost Endeavours to send him to Heaven.

The surprizing Entertainments bred such Confusions in my Stranger, that sometimes he imagin'd 'twas his ill Luck to have hit upon a Rendezvous of Madmen; at other Moments he was persuaded to believe that he had mistook his Way, and fall'n into the bottomless Pit: The small Experience he had in the World assisted to amuse him; and he could not imagine but this House of Curses, Imprecations and gnashing of Teeth, could be any other than some Parlour or Drawing-room belonging to his Infernal Majesty. I guess'd at his Disease, by the Change of his Complexion; and to convince him of his Error, acquainted him that these were Military Men, who got their Money easily, and parted from it with as great Freedom. Upon this he very gravely enquir'd, What I meant by Military Men? And what Profession those Gentlemen were of? I reply'd by Military Men, I meant Soldiers canton'd into several Troops and Companies, consisting of several Individual Persons, kept constantly in Pay by the State, to be useful in Action, and burthensome in Peace; to meet with Applauses upon View of Danger, and Affronts when the Consternation is over. In brief, I intend Men whose Business was fighting in bad Times, and who had Leisure to starve in Good; or take a Turn to the *West-Indies* to find 'em Employment, and season them, by Change of Climate, against another Occasion. My *American* reply'd, He did not doubt their Courage, but must needs be of Opinion, that those Gentlemen, as I call'd them, must of Consequence be free enough of their Persons, who were so prodigal of their Souls; (for my Spark, you must understand, had made shift to learn something from his Marine Chaplain by the Way, besides the Art of composing a Bowl of Punch.) But pray, says my Friend, are not these well dress'd Gentlemen, who make so good an Appearance, very Rich? I let him know 'twas an

Argument he underſtood Mankind very little, when he drew Inferences from their Dreſs; That the Soldier, in Oppoſition to the Tradeſman, (who generally provides the Ready for his Holy-day Cloaths) is always pooreſt when he makes the beſt Shew; what they wear outwardly, they want in Linings. And if his Curioſity induc'd him to know the Expoſition of the Riddle, he might enquire at the Horſe-Guards, at the Agent's Office, or of the Undertakers for the Army. Tired with theſe Scenes of Folly and Extravagance, we convey'd our ſelves down Stairs, in order to find ſomething more entertaining; the Company was numerous, and conſiſted of as much Diverſity, and as many Humours, as the Calves-Head Club; ſome were reading News, others diſcourſing Politicks, and a third Sort of People ſmoaking Tobacco. At the upper End of a long Table ſat a little diminutive Gentleman, to whom ſeveral Perſons, in much better Habit, and more reſembling the divine Image than himſelf, paid a great Deal of Reſpect. *Bleſs me,* ſays I, *what have we got here, the natural Iſſue of ſome inſolent Dame who had doted on a Baboon, and entertain'd her ſelf with the Careſſes of that agreeable Animal?* Here the Whirl-pool of Poetry ſuck'd me in, and I fell a Rhiming without farther Ceremony:

Fond Iſra'l *after brazen Idols whor'd,*
Egyptian Meroe *a Cat ador'd,*
Fiſhes and Dog her impious Zeal implor'd.
No Superſtition, ſurely, cou'd allow
Reſpect to thee, and none but we cou'd bow
To ſuch a brazen, peeviſh Cur as thou.

Whenever Deformity has a mind to expoſe her ſelf undreſs'd, ſhe needs no other ill Figure to appear in: *Providence* conſulted for the Good of Mankind, when ſo *treacherous* a Soul was permitted to infuſe it ſelf in ſo *crooked a Receptacle*; for had his Perſon been agreeable, and not obſtructed the Infidelities of his Mind, he might have ruin'd more honeſt Fellows in Red, than the *Payment of their Debts*, a *long* and *lazy Peace*, or a *diſbanding Parliament*. I expreſs'd my ſelf a little louder than was neceſſary, and being taken notice of by ſome that ſat next me, I reſolv'd to be no more a Martyr to my

Chiming,

Chiming, than *Wit* at *Wills* would be to his *Religion*: So briefly depositing my Copper at the Bar, whilst Mrs. *Man* was pledging an *Irish* Colonel in *Usquebaugh*, and vanish'd out of the Coffee-room, as quick as an inchanted Supper flies from a saucy Clerk that has the ill Manners to say Grace to it. As I was crossing the Way to wait upon a Person of Quality at *Old Man's*, my Fellow-traveller accosted me very gravely; That a Soldier's Way of Life was unaccountable; That he had heard among the Priests of his own Country, there were two *eternal Beings* opposite in their *Nature*, and vastly different in their *Qualities* and *Attributes*; the one Indulgent and Merciful, replete with infinite Wisdom and Goodness; the other of a Disposition Cruel, Malicious and Revengeful; That he could not but imagine, if there were any Truth in these Traditions, that the Military Orders proceeded from the *black* and *ill-natur'd Deity*, which through Fear is worshipp'd by his superstitious Country-men. He added, it seem'd inconsistent with the Design of the Creation, that one Part of it should be bred up in Blood, train'd and educated to destroy the other, and make Havock of the noblest of all sublunary Beings. I could not but be pleas'd with his Theology, yet told him, Those *formidable Fellows* (pointing at the *double Creatures over the Way*) dress'd with all the Equipage of Murder, were not half so good at Execution, as the *Gentlemen* of the *College*; That the Sound of their Mortars in an Apothecary's Shop, was as sure a Presage of a *Funeral*, as a *Passing-bell* in the Times of Superstition and Ignorance: That some *philosophical Inquisitions*, after the *Cause* and *Cure* of the *Diseases*, by a single Member of a *worthy* and *judicious Society*, had dismis'd a greater Number of Wretches from the Afflictions of this miserable World in a *Year*, than e'er a *hoary-headed Red-coat* in all the Rencounters of his Life.

We popt into *Old Man's* just as I had ended my Morality, where the Agreeableness of the Company, the Magnificence of their Dress, and the Ceremony that was us'd on all Occasions, entertain'd my Fellow-traveller with very diverting Ideas: He observ'd the Word *Honour* to be mix'd in all their solemn Assertions, and

ſoftly demanded what *God* that might be, whoſe Name was mention'd with ſuch a religious Deference? *Honour*, I return'd, was a *Deity* which only *Ladies* and *Gentlemen* paid their Reſpects to; the one, when they ſacrific'd their Pleaſure to their Fame; and the other, when in ridiculous *Duels* they ventured Life to maintain a *barren Reputation*. 'Tis true, all Orders and Diſtinctions of Men pretend a Reverence for this *whimſical Phantom*, which exiſts only in Imagination: But to give you a clearer Notion, how far their Actions are agreeable to their Words, I believe we have no more to do, than to reflect upon what thoſe Gentlemen in the Corner are doing: We obſerv'd there a *Colonel* and his *Agent*, upon whom a pretty brisk Youth of about Seventeen attended at three or four Yards diſtance in the Rear, and made his Honours upon every Occaſion, (we happen'd to place our ſelves very near) and immediately the *Agent* expreſs'd himſelf as follows: "This young Gentleman "has a particular Regard for your Honour, and a De- "ſire to learn the Art of War under ſo experienc'd an "Officer: 'Tis true, he can't boaſt any Antiquity of "Blood, or Service in the Army, to Recommend him "to ſo conſiderable a Poſt as that of Enſign to your "Honour; but, Sir, he has depoſited a hundred Guineas "in the Hands of Sir *Francis Child*, which, I preſume, "will plead his Merit very weightily; beſides an Ac- "knowledgement to your humble Servant". The Favour was granted, and the young Beau diſmiſs'd to his Satisfaction. My *Indian* flung out of the Room in a Paſſion for by this time he underſtood ſomething of theſe Military Intrigues, and wonder'd how Mankind cou'd be ſo inſenſible as to pay for Ruin, he affirm'd that Blood and Money was too much; that he had often heard of Perſons willing to buy Life, even with the baſeſt Articles, but never knew of any ſo mad before, to purchaſe Death upon the loweſt Conſideration.

By this time we were come to the *Admiralty Office*; the Outſide invited us in, but here we found only a Company of Tarrs walking to and fro with their Hands in their Pockets as on the Quarter deck aboard; in one Room there was a Company of Lieutenants, ſome had

ſerv'd

ſerv'd twenty Years without being rais'd, becauſe they either knew not how to bribe in the right Place, or were ſo tenacious of what they had ſo hardly purchas'd, that their only Hopes were now *Half-pay*, or *Superannuation*. In another Place were Seamens Wives with Petitions, and preſſing Deputy *B* ——, who was as ſurly to them, as a *true Whig* in Office; but tho' he demanded no Fee he could be mollify'd by a little *Fellow-feeling*, that like a Sop to *Cerberus*, let Petitions and Men paſs too: Then you fall in betwixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, the Clerks on one Side, and Sea-captains on the other; where Cowards that have loſt one Ship, eaſily get another; and Men of Valour, without Intereſt, wait in vain for Preferment, from thoſe who diſpoſe of what they do not underſtand; for here the *Land* determines of the *Main*, and he that never ſaw the *North foreland*, diſpoſes of Things, as if he knew all the Creeks and Bays, Shelves, Sands, and Nations of the Univerſe.

But *Mum*'s the Word — for who wou'd ſpeak their Mind among Tarrs and Commiſſioners; for the cracking their Shell, is too hard an *Amuſement* for my Teeth. So my *Indian* and I paſs'd haſtily out, and made our Way over the *Parade* towards *Weſtminſter*; when we had paſs'd the *Horſe-guards*, and enter'd the odoriferous Park of St. *James*'s, we found it *High-change* on the *Parade*, Red-coats and Laced-hats ſpread every where, and Faces that breath'd Fire and Blood were all about us; ſome were eager, and walk'd faſt; others were grave, and look'd as if they thought: Here is decided the Price of Commiſſions, which are openly bought and ſold, as if a lawful Merchandize. Here Sieges are form'd, Battles fought, Victories won. Here *Iriſh*, *Scots*, and *Engliſh* meet very amicably, make a buz, and contend in Nonſenſe: Here you may hear all this General's Miſcarriages fully accounted for; that General's Succeſs magnify'd and deſcrib'd; that Colonel damn'd for being put over this Captain's Head; that Agent curs'd for tricking the Regiment out of their Pay, or by raiſing ſuch Contributions with the Colonel's Connivance, that Eſtates are now got at this End of the Town, as well as by *Stock-jobbing* in the City. Here honeſt *Pain* and *Potter*,

and divers others of that Fraternity, take their Mid-days Perambulation, to agree with the Spendthrift Officers, for advancing their Money at 20 *per Cent.* Here walks a tall *Iriſhman*, with abundance of thoughtful Gravity in his Face, who had ſpent his Eſtate, and now lives on Women; and what is more prepoſterous, ſets up for a *Wit*, the odded Ambition that ever was in Nature; for *Wit* was never yet the Growth of that Country.

We as naturally went from *Man's Coffee-houſe* to the *Parade*, as a Coachman drives from *Locket's* to the *Play-houſe*. Tho' the Scene was changed, the Actors were the ſame as to their *Profeſſion*, but infinitely different in their *Character*, *Degrees* and *Circumſtances*. The firſt Gentleman I happen'd to caſt my Eyes upon, was my old Friend and Fellow-collegian honeſt *Bartholomew Cringe*. I wonder'd who in the Devil's Name had equipt him with a Whig large enough to load a Camel. If Nature had indulg'd our primitive Parents with ſuch an extraordinary Production, they would have had little Reaſon to have bluſh'd at, or been aſham'd of their Nakedneſs; and the Original of that *virtuous Profeſſion Mantua-making*, our good Grandmother *Eve* might have ſav'd her ſelf a great Deal of Trouble in tacking together her *primitive Green Petticoat* and *Waſtcoat*. His Sword in Length reſembled a Footman's, who aſſerts the Reputation of his Miſtreſs, which, for divers good Cauſes and Reaſons, he is very nearly concern'd in. His Coat was as blue as the Sky; and his Hat boldly erected its ſable Penthouſe, to play with greater Vivacity on the ruddy Complexion of its Owner. I conſidered him with the ſtricteſt Attention, and could hardly give Credit to the Informers of my Mind, when my Spark, to End the *Amuſement*, accoſted me in a very obliging Manner. Says he, Dear Friend *Tom*, you're ſurpriz'd to find your old Friend in this Place and Habit. I wear this Dreſs and Garniture, as the Emblems of my Militant Capacity. I have the Honour to perform the Duties of my Office under the Protection of that worthy Gentleman Lieutenant General ———, in the Quality of Chaplain to his Regiment of Horſe; and faith, dear *Tom*, to be plain with you, I was looking for ſuch a pleaſant Companion as your ſelf, to whom a Man might unboſom a

few

few Secrets, which are a little hard of Digestion. We've had many a smart Touch together; and to deal sincerely, what betwixt my Respects to his Excellency, and some necessary Punctilio's to the Castle, I am become as melancholly as a Statesman debarr'd from doing Mischief, or a Bawd in *Bridewell*. If you'll do me the Favour to contribute your Assistance, in order to expel these splenetick Vapours, your old Acquaintance, a Bit to eat, a Bottle of Wine expect you at *Shuttleworth's*, where I know you have Courage enough to come, tho' the Devil appears upon the Sign-post. I told him, I kiss'd his Hand with all imaginable Respect; that I would not fail to oblige my self and him with the Interview he propos'd, as soon as I had treated my Sunburnt Friend with a View of some Rarities in the *Park*, who I design'd with his good Leave, should share in the Entertainment. We immediately parted; the *Canonical Cavalier* to the Tavern, and my *American Pupil*, with his Instructor, toward the Canal, where once the Centinels and Gladiators, with equal Concern, guarded her Majesty's Subjects of the feather'd Generation.

I was as gay and pleasant, in Expectation of the promis'd Regalement, at that Reverend Judge *Don Sancho*, wou'd have been after a plentiful Collation. I met with several *Amusements*, during three or four Turns I made, that augmented the Pleasure which possest me. My Fellow-traveller demanded, What Officer that might be, who was so kind to desire our Company at Dinner? An Officer, quoth I! not a Jot of an Officer, or a Soldier that I know of: He is indeed a Sort of an *Ecclesiastical Drum-major*, that calls the Military Herd to Battle, Penance or Fasting, when the General thinks convenient to fight, or the Want of Provisions makes an Humiliation important or necessary. Indeed, to do the Man Justice, he does not much delight in Fasting; he looks upon that as a Qualification fitter for a Bishop, such as the Reverend Dr. *K———n*, than the Chaplain of a Regiment, who ought in Conscience to give a good Example to the Soldiers. Turning about to see what a Clock 'twas, in order to make good my Assignation, I had almost tumbl'd over a young Gentlewoman,

man, who was marching off the Parade, with a Colonel; the Surgeon of his Battalion follow'd close in the Rear, who was ready to give an authentick Certificate, *to all whom it might concern*, of her Ladyship's being in good Health, and that his Honour had no more Reason to apprehend any Danger of Fire from her, than he had formerly from the Combatants of *Steinkirk* or *Landen*; who being a quarrelsome Sort of People, this Gentleman most cautiously avoided their Conversation, and always had the good Fortune to be Sick, or in Garrison, at the critical Time of any dangerous Rencounter. But whatever Objections the Malicious might raise against his Courage, he had the good Fortune of shewing his Manhood to the Ladies; and without dispute, he was infinitely in the right on't, since the Work of Generation is much more glorious than that of Privation, extinguishing Life, or honourable Murder. My *Indian* Friend ask'd me, Whether this was not another *Exchange?* The Question was to the Purpose, and I frankly return'd, The *Parade* might properly be call'd an *Exchange*, or a Market, for every Thing here was Veneal; ready Money, or a handsome Sister, were never-failing Presents, if a Man had an Intent to purchase a Commission; That good Friends, and a large Stock of Assurance, sometimes admitted the Soldier to Preferment; but Courage, long Service, or true Merit, very rarely. The Colonel here sells his Honour, the Agent his Conscience, and every Thing bears a Price but Virtue. Shou'd the *God of War* serve under these Gentlemen, I question whether he wou'd arrive to the Dignity of a Serjeant, unless his Mistress the *Queen of Love*, or the more prevailing Picture of her Majesty, introduc'd him. Observe that little Gentleman upon the right Hand; his Business is to state Accounts of the Army; and it turns very well to his own: If a young Widow wants the Arrears of her Husband, and imagines in Respect to the Dead, or Compassion to the Living, she shall be honourably dealt with, such Persons will find themselves damnably mistaken: No, there's another Way to go to work; the Lady must take a Tour as far as *Knightsbridge* or *Kensington*, stop may be at the *World's-end*, or the *Swan*, offer my Spark a small Treat, when

when upon examining her Affairs at Night, 'tis a Hundred to one but he does her Business in the Morning. Tho' my Stomach gave me Warning, I trespass'd upon good Manners, in permiting my Friend to be so long alone, or entertain'd with no better Company than what the Mistress of the hospitable Tenement where he resided, could afford him: Yet before I repaired to my Fellow-collegian, I could not forbear making this poetical Reflexion;

The Colonels here in solemn Manner meet,
Not with a full Design the French *to beat,*
But to consult whether they may nicely eat,
What trusting Mortal sells the noblest Wine,
Where free from Duns, they may securely dine.

We walk'd thro' the Horse guards; I call'd to mind the Happiness of those serene Times, when the Troops of the Houshold, instead of being transported to foreign Countries, guarded the royal Poultry with great Care and Application; when these generous Knights Errants presided over the Converse of sighing Lovers, and protected their nocturnal Amours from Violence and Injuries. This was the *Golden Age*, unless preceding *Æra*'s claim that venerable Title, when even the Guards themselves were unknown, unthought of; when Majesty had no other Defence, than the Love and Piety of their Subjects.

Tyrant and Traytor then were Names unknown,
Nor Guards secur'd, nor Fears disturb'd a Throne:
Then Kings enjoy'd a long and happy Reign,
And slept as quiet as the meanest Swain;
Honour'd and Old, to Death did gently bend;
And without Blood to Proserpine *descend.*

This Martial *Amusement* did not long detain us, but we pass'd through, and made our Way for the *Abbey of Westminster*; where we taking a solitary Walk, my *Indian* seem'd pleas'd with the Solemnity of the Place, which struck a Sort of sacred Horror into us, and inspir'd an unsought Devotion to the Deity it was erected to.

WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

IT being Prayer-time, we *amus'd* our ſelves with viewing the glorious Circumſtances of the Dead; on which my *Indian* Friend made many moral Reflexions, as on the fooliſh Vanity of Men, in extending their Folly beyond this Life. *Pride*, that was their Vice while living, will not forſake them in the Grave, they making that the laſting Monument of it. Flattering Inſcriptions and Marble Monuments they have Refuge to, when they want Soul to recommend themſelves to Poſterity by their good and generous Actions. In the North-Iſle we found a remarkable Inſtance of *Modeſty*, while over the immortal *Ben. Johnſon* there was only on a plain little Stone inſcrib'd, *O rare Ben. Johnſon!* But whether this were the Effect of the Avarice of his Friends, or their Confidence in his admirable Works, or his own Modeſty, I ſhall not determine, overlooking the other Pieces of this Nature on this Side, except that of *Harry Purcell*, the Memory of whoſe Harmony held us a little, we paſs'd on to the other Side where one Thing was remarkable; for on a Woman's Monument we found an Inſcription in *Greek*, *Hebrew*, and *Æthiopick*, as if by the Multiplicity of the Figures they wou'd expreſs the Volubility of that of the Sex in one: And that of *Fairbon* in *Engliſh* ſet up by his pious Wife, in order to get her a ſecond Husband, the Comforts of a ſecond Marriage being the ſureſt to a Widow for the Loſs of a firſt Husband. Caſting our Eyes forward, *Tom of ten Thouſand* intercepts our Sight, a mournful Inſtance of a *Martyr* of *Love*. Tho' we could not but ſtop at the Tomb of a Judge, his Neighbour, and wonder at his Aſſurance, in telling us of his Hopes of a Reſurrection, when he muſt paſs the fiery Trial of the Judgment upon it, where he'll ſtand as a *Culprit*, not in *ſtatu quo*: He had certainly forgot how many bad Cauſes he had defended, before he could come to ſleep over the Cauſe he was to determine; and how many Times he had judg'd by his own Paſſions, or Intereſt, or Affections, more than by the Law.

The

The next that drew our Eyes, for the Admirableness of the Work, as well as the Character of the Man, was the famous Dr. *Busby* of *flogging Memory*; his Inscription tells us how many he had bred to the Bench and the Board; but some have been apt to think, he had better have employ'd his Time in teaching them *Honesty* and *Understanding*, than *Latin* and *Greek*; it had been better for the State at least, if not for themselves. His Pupils, when they come by, look as pale as his Marble, in Remembrance of his severe Execution on their Posteriors.

From him we easily pass'd to the *Poets* his Neighbours; and first old *Abraham Cowley* salutes us with an Epitaph and Inscription of equal Truth, truly Poetical indeed, as all *Mat. Clifford's* Fictions; for he was no more the *Horace*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, &c. of *England*, than the Monument was of his Grace of *Bucks*'s erecting, at least paying for.

The venerable *Chaucer* was next, a Poet indeed, and the *English Homer* truly; at whose Feet, without any Name, lyes *John Dryden* his Admirer, and truly the *English Maro*. *Drayton*, with half a Nose comes next, admir'd in his Time, but whose Works are forgot before his Monument is worn out. The great *Spencer* keeps the Entry of the Church, in a plain Stone Tomb, but his Works are more glorious than all the Marble and Brass Monuments within.

To which we now ventur'd to enter, being first encountered by a dapper pert Scoundrel in a crop-ear'd Wig, the Parrot of the Place, but a Piece of a *Westminster* Wit; for he throws in his Jokes as formally, and as much to the Purpose, as a Fanatick Holderforth does his Text.

My *Indian* Friend was indeed surpriz'd at the first Apartment of the Dead that we entered; there was something very magnificent and fine in the Tombs. Here lay a great Minister of State in a tatterr'd Brass Case; there the immortal *Talbot*; here a Reverend Bishop under Foot; there a fine Lady lifted aloft: Here lay the shatter'd clumsy Figure of a noble Knight, with his now peaceful Dudgeon at his Side; and there the Lady who had the odd Fate of dying by pricking her

her Fore-finger with a Needle: Here a topping young Hero like *Mars*; and there two diminutive Figures of Princes.

But to run over the Particulars of all this *Amusement* of the Dead, would be too tedious a Repetition: There was a Conqueror without a Head; for they were so vile to make that of Silver, and his Body of Brass, so the Thief stole the Head, and left the Trunk unattempted.

But we can't leave this venerable Place, without a View of a formidable Sword and Buckler with which he conquer'd the *French*; and they must have been Giants indeed, to have resisted such formidable Weapons, if his Soldiers fought with the like. Here was the Pillar of old *Jacob*, brought to *Scotland* by *Pharaoh*'s Daughter, with this Advantage, that where-ever that Stone should go, the *Scots* should reign. But whether *Edward* the First brought it out of *Scotland* out of Zeal to *Jacob*, or to take away the Foe's *Palladium*, here it is; and if you won't believe it, you had best dispute it with the Parrots of the Place: But true or false, it has been an *Amusement* Time out of Mind, and so will continue for all that I can discover to the contrary.

Edward the Confessor's Tomb is the chief Piece of Antiquity, who was the first Royal Empirick for Scabs and Scrophulous Humours He was a whimsical Sort of a Gentleman, that not being willing or capable to lye with his Wife, was yet so jealous of her, that he caus'd her to pass the fiery Trial of the *Ordeal*, which she did to the Satisfaction of the Beholders, but not of the King, who could never be brought to give her his Royal Benevolence, for which the Monks make him a Saint, and the Nation was expos'd to Invasion and Ruin in *William* the Bastard of *Normandy*, whom the Monks call'd in a barbarous Latin, *Conquestor*, or *Conqueror*.

From hence we pass'd to another Apartment, where the noble Earl of *Exeter* lyes cover'd with Marble, with his own Effigies and his first Wife's; and to shew that he was not far behind-hand in Love with his second, he left her a Place to lye by him, when she took her eternal Nap. But she being a Person of a very nice

Taste

Taste in the Ceremonials of Place, chose rather to be alone, than to lye on his left Hand.

Hence we advanc'd into the curious Chapel of *Henry* VII and by the Way saw good Queen *Bess*, and bless'd her pious Memory. Here we found that cunning Monarch enshrin'd in monumental Brass, which perhaps he got the Expence of from *Dudley*'s and *Empson*'s Estates, which he had squeez'd out of the People.

Having some Notice before-hand, I desir'd my *Indian* Friend to amuse himself with a View of the Stalls of the ancient Monks of this Chapel. Here was inlaid half a Dozen jolly Fellows, some drunk and spewing, others maudlin, some quarrelling. There were more numerous Sparks in the Act of Fornication; other good Friars, *&c.* engag'd with their *Gampucades*, and in every Place their Master old *Lucifer* rejoicing at their Exploits. My *Indian* was extreamly *amused* with the Piety of the Representation. But I saw with a little Indignation, Things too scandalous for a Brothel, made free of in the Church. And so we pass'd on to see the Ruins of Majesty in the Women Figures placed there by Authority. As soon as we had ascended Half a Score Stone Steps in a dirty Cobweb Hole, and in old worm-eaten Presses, whose Doors flew open on our Approach, here stood *Edward* III. as they told us, which was a broken Piece of Wax-work, a batter'd Head, and a Straw-stuff'd Body, not one Quarter cover'd with Rags. His beautiful Queen stood by, not better in Repair; and so to the Number of half a Score of Kings and Queens, not near so good Figures as the King of the Beggars makes, and the begging Crew would be asham'd of their Company. Their Rear was brought up with good *Queen Bess*, with the Remnants of an old dirty Ruff, and nothing to cover her Majesty's Nakedness

Tir'd with this *musement*, I was enquiring if there were no Charnel-house to complete the View of the Dead. There is no need of that, says my *Indian*, for this Place, I think, gives as melancholy a View of the Dead as that can do; there the Bones and Skulls seem to want no Garniture, but here we see Kings, after their Death, cloath'd like Vagrants, and all their Pomp and Grandeur confin'd to a Rag and a Cupboard. And this proves that

All

All mortal Things are subject to Decay.
And when Fate summons, Monarchs must obey,

Upon the COMPTERS.

I Slept as heartily as Innocence it self, when my Fellow-traveller, who shar'd in the Adventures I am going to relate, enter'd my Room, and by the Noise and Pains he took to wake me, dispersed those agreeable Ideas Fancy at that Time was entertaining me with. And instead of flattering Dreams of Pleasure, which at that Instant obligingly amused me, opening my Eyes, and collecting my Senses, I found my self no richer or wiser than I was the preceding Morning: The Bells were ringing in all the Steeples of the City, and made a Noise as harmonious as the pathetick Harangue of that *Urban* Magistrate a *R*———*r*, when he delivers himself upon some very important Occasion. Having taken a sound Nap, by preparing my Person with the invincible Opiates of a Glass of good Wine, and the Lecture of some Pages in Sir *R*———*d B*———*re's Eliza*, I thought I had no incumbent Necessity upon me to go to Church to hear Dr. *Y*———*n* preach against Avarice, or the Rev. Master of the Temple rip open mysterious Points of Divinity, as plain as he did Dr. *Overrall's* Convocation Book; and being as little inclin'd to be merry, or to see a *Harlequin* in a Pulpit, I avoided the Theatre in *Russel-Court*, where more Farces have been acted, than ever appeared upon the Stages of *Drury-Lane* or *Dorset-Garden*. Faith, says I to my *Indian*, it shall be so; I'll e'en go shew you the Tombs. Those of *Westminster*, says my Friend, I am satisfy'd they are very entertaining, the Dead in those Vaults sleep very magnificently; and there's a certain Air of Greatness and Antiquity interspersed among those venerable Monuments: But pray, continu'd he, what Tombs, what Monuments do you mean? Said *I*, with a Smile, you are infinitely mistaken, if you conclude we have no other remarkable Monuments than those of the *Plantagenets*, situate in the tempestuous Air of *Westminster*; the

Tombs

Tombs of *Woodſtreet* and the *Poultry* much more deſerve Conſideration, and thither 'tis I deſign to conduct you.

At this Period I found my ſelf dreſs'd, and privately thank'd Heaven my humble Equipage had neither brought Ruin or Inconvenience upon any Family; That the Cloaths I had put on had not made me criminate; That I had hurt no Tradeſman, by obliging him to truſt me; nor increas'd the Injury, by deluding him into an unneceſſary Attendance. Theſe ſerious Reflections put me into a Sort of Melancholy, which ſuggeſted to my Fancy, that the Places I was going to were real, not imaginary Tombs or Monuments; and that as our Churchyards, and Burial-places were attended with Eccleſiaſtical Officers, as *Clerk*, *Sexton*, and *Grave-digger*; ſo theſe Burial-places for the Living, are as little deſtitute of their Chiefs and Aſſiſtants, who take the unhappy Wretches in the Limits of their Dominions, with a ſeverer Juſtice than the infernal Judges are fabled by the ancient *Grecians* to have Lorded it in Hell over the dusky Populace of *Styx* and *Acheron*. The Right Worſhipful the *L——d M——r* for the Time being ſupplies the Place of *Clerk*, the Worſhipful the *Sheriffs* are the *Sextons*, and the *Serjeants* and *Yeomen* are the *Grave-diggers*; but in the Houſe your Parochial Pioneer digs up for the Manſions of the mouldering Tenants, that meet with a ſerene Quiet, a long Inſenſibility from Pain, which thoſe that are immur'd in this diſmal Faſtneſs can never pretend to; no ſurly Goaler diſturbs the Dead, they ſleep from Debts, Neceſſities and Cares; no gingling Keys break their ſacred extended Slumbers; nor does the ſaucy Inſolence of villainous Keepers plague them with Oppreſſions and Injuſtice.

Whilſt theſe Images were revolving themſelves in my Mind, we approached the wooden *Porculiis* that guards the melancholy Avenue of a terreſtrial Hell. *Virgil* expreſſes himſelf very beautifully concerning the *Stygian* Palace reſided in by the Son-in-Law of *Ceres*.

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.
——facilis eſt deſcenſus Averni;

Sed

Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras
Hic labor, hoc opus———
Swift of Access is Ceres *grizly Son,*
His brazen Gates on ready Hinges turn:
But from Avernus *and the Realms of Night,*
Upwards to move, and view th' ethereal Light,
This is the Task———

But we found the Case quite alter'd in this House of Torment, and it was almost as difficult for us that were without Doors to get in, as it was for them within Doors to get out. His *Cerberusship* demanded our Business, and by the Grimness of his Face gave us a dreadful Idea of the Horrors which are inseparable to the infernal Mastiff. I told him very civilly, that I was come to see a Friend of mine in Confinement; That it being *Sunday*, I concluded a Visit to Persons either Sick or in Prison, was as acceptable to the Divine Goodness, as offering up my Devotions at Church. He smiled at my Notions of Piety, and turning the Key, not without an insolent Grin, gave us Admittance to a Scene of Horror, which discover'd the Prudence, Christianity and Tenderness of the City-government. The Gentleman was call'd down from breathing in the Air upon the Leads, who occasion'd us that Visit. After some Compliments of Condolance being pass'd betwixt us, we desired him to entertain himself with a Quart of comfortable Ale; and if that was not potent enough to make him forget his Cares, we engaged him to mingle it with the infallible Prescription of a Nipperkin of Brandy. Whilst we amused our selves with our Curiosity, and the dismal Diversion of the sable Apartments, a Multiplicity of different Figures immediately presented themselves of both Sexes, and almost of all Ages and Conditions; their Visages were pale and ghastly; their Dress squallidly neglected; and the Disorder of their Seats sufficiently appeared, by the Contempt they had of their Bodies. One walk'd as swiftly as a bending Tradesman from a *Saturday* Dun, when, God knows, he was as near his Journey's End, as a decaying Whore is to a Bawd, or a young giggling Girl to the Loss of her Maidenhead. Another most demurely, with Hat, Cane, and Gloves, and the Phiz of Business, marches from one

Side

Side of the Ward to another, as if he was just a going to the *Exchange*, to monopolize the Commodities of both the *Indies*; when alas! the Wretch has never seen that busy Place, since a Brace of ill-looking Officers whisper'd him in the Ear, a Sort of a scurvy Story, and in secure and safe Custody, brought him to the Ware-house which he pays no Rent for; yet nevertheless has got but a very indifferent Bargain. A third damns his Attorney, and a fourth curses as heartily his Wife. *That Rogue of a Lawyer*, says one of these irreligious Recluses, raging and almost mad with his Misfortunes, *if he had not play'd fast and loose with me, I had never been brought to this. Confound that Villain o' a Creditor*, continues he, *who brib'd the f—ge and Jury; and the Devil take the Jury that sold my Cause.* Here starts up another, and in an infinite Passion demanded, What Reason he had to use so many Execrations? *Pray Si*, says the Party that ask'd the Question, *if you have so good a Hand at Cursing, do me the Favour to curse my Wife: My Wife, a Plague confound her, brought me hither: To my Wife I owe this fantastical Misery, this horrid Air, and this ridiculous Habit. She brought me nothing*, adds he, *before Consummation, but Pride, Poverty, and Lewdness, and that was a Portion with a Vengeance; but since the fatal Moment of taking* For Better for Worse He would have run on a Brace of Hours upon this nuptial Panegyrick, but we decently left him to make his Complaint among the listning Herd of his Fellow sufferers, and turn'd our selves about, in order to reflect with Concern upon a Figure lamentably wretched, the very Picture of Sadness it self: His Air was dejected; Despair and solid Melancholy took up their Residence upon his Face, and interwove themselves in all his Discourses and Actions; yet his Misfortunes had not absolutely robb'd him of every Thing that was agreeable: His Judgment remained very penetrating, and his good Manners and Civility render'd him unworthy of the Condition that the Capriciousness of Fortune had reduc'd him to. We address'd our selves to him, and begged the Knowledge of those ill Accidents that had brought him to a Station so different from what we imagin'd he was once in Possession of.

Whether

Whether to oblige our Enquiries, or to indulge his Grief by the Repetition of his Story, I am uncertain; but he gave us to underſtand in very pathetick Terms, That he was a Perſon had made a handſome Appearance in the World; that he had been Maſter of a very conſiderable Eſtate, and tho' he had not comply'd with his Payments ſo exactly as Sir *F*——— *C*——*d*, yet he had more punctually perform'd his Word than *Sweet-apple* or *F*———*s*. That he was in thriving Circumſtances, when his Affairs oblig'd him to take a Journey into the Country; where ſtaying, by the Means of Sickneſs that detained him a little longer than was expected, a ſober religious Common-council-man, with whom he had dealt ſeveral Years, took out a Statute againſt him, ſeiz'd three Times the Value of what he ow'd, which was moſt of it ſpent at *Pontack*'s or the *Rummer*, upon debating the weighty Points of Contribution and Dividends; then ſeiz'd upon his Perſon, threw him into the *Compter*, and took Care his Family ſhould be like the State of the Chriſtian Church, diſperſs'd aud diſtreſs'd over the Face of the whole Earth. We pity'd the Injuſtice he had met with, and return'd to my Friend, with whom I could not help murmuring againſt the Imprudence of ſome Part of our Legal Conſtitution. We wonder'd, that a Thief ſhould be hang'd for ſome Sort of Felonies, and by that Means find an End of his Torment, and for other Actions of like Nature have the *Benefit of the Clergy*; when neither the Law nor the Goſpel found Means to diſcharge an Inſolvent Debtor. That according to the unhappy Severity of our Laws, we might at a much eaſier Rate offend Heaven, than be indebted to Man; and that in all Degrees of criminal Caſes, the Priſoner ſome Way or other made his *Exit* from a Dungeon: a Debtor is only Priſoner for Life, and his Misfortune is hereditary to his Family; the innocent Children ſhare the Puniſhment of their Father, who were never acceſſary to his Guilt; and Vengeance here is extended to the third and fourth Generation. My *American*, tho' he had been a Witneſs to the ſeveral Paſſages I have related, yet would needs impoſe upon me ſo far, as to affirm the Inhabitants of theſe Catacombs were Perſons guilty of a Murder, and here

here expiated their Crimes by the Confinement of their Persons. I told him indeed, that whoever had brought themselves thither, were a Sort of Self-murderers, and so (according to the Opinion of the Orthodox) suffer'd the Pain and Penalty of Damnation. But truly speaking, these Unfortunates rather suffer'd than avoided that Crime; and, without Dispute, of all Persons whatsoever, are most worthy our Compassion. For my Part, says I, rising to be gone, after I had put an End to a few Consolations which I gave my inchanted Friend, This Place is certainly *Purgatory*, and agrees very well with the Character *Virgil* gave us of that infernal Prison, some two Thousand Years ago; you shall see the Description when I meet you on the other Side of this Castle; mean time, I wish you all the Satisfaction so uncomfortable a Place can afford you.

The THAMES.

NOW (said I to my *Indian*) I have feasted your Curiosity with such Variety of *Amusements* upon *Terra firma*, I'll present you upon the *Water* with a surprising Entertainment, that shall startle you much more than all the hair-brain'd Confusions, or ridiculous Adventures you have ever met with on this Side the Equinoctial. Then your River, says he, must afford something that is very extraordinary; for I think your Streets and Publick-houses abound with such an amazing Medley of all Manner of Contrarities, that if a Man had the Eyes of *Argus*, he might employ them all in this your Christian *Babel* to his continual Satisfaction: However, I shall be glad to wait on you, if for no other Reason, but the Benefit of a little fresh Air in this sultry Weather.

Finding my *Antipodian* Companion thus agreeable to my Humour, I steer'd him down *Black Fryers* towards the *Thames* side, 'till coming near the Stairs, where from their lousy Benches up started such a noisy Multitude of old grizly *Tritons*, in sweaty Shirts, and short-skirted Doublets, hallowing and hooting out, *Next Oars* and

and *Skullers*, shaking their Cuckolds Caps over their bald Noddles, seeming over-joy'd to see us, as if we had been Foreign Princes come out of mark Love and Kindness to redeem them and their Families from cruel Popery and Slavery. Ad's Flesh, says my poor frighted *Indian*, let's not venture any farther, in the Name of *Neptune*; What are this Crowd of *Myrmidons*, who approach us so like *Canibals*, as if they resolv'd to devour us, and were squabbling with one another at the Sight of their Prey who should have the first Bit? Never fear, said I, with one Word I'll put you out of your Pain; and with that I bawl'd out as loud as a Speaking-trumpet, *Next Oars!* and away run Captain *Charon* from the Front of his wrangling Fraternity, with a Badge upon his Arm, that the World might behold whose Slave he was, and hallow'd to his Man *Ben.* to bring the Boat near, whilst the rest withdrew to their Seats, calling one another *Lousy Rogue*, and *Sorry Rascal*, giving us a clear Passage without further Molestation. Upon my Word, says my *Indian* Friend, I am glad we are past them, for this is one of the most ill looking Rabble, and from whom I had more Apprehensions of Danger, than from any I have yet met with. 'Tis all, said I, but an *Amusement*; step into the Boat; sit down Water-men, and row us up to *Chelsea*. No sooner had we put off into the Middle of the Stream, but our *Charon* and his Assistant (being jolly Fellows) began to scatter the verbal Wild-fire on every Side of them, their first Attack being on a couple of fine Ladies, with a Footman in the Stern, as follows, *viz. How now you two confederate Brimstones, Where are you swimming with your fine Top-knots, to invite some* Irish *Bully or* Scotch *Highlander to scour your cloven Furbuloes for a Petticoat Pension? I'll warrant your poor Cuckolds are hovering about 'Change to hear what News from* Flanders, *whilst you, like a couple of hollow belly'd Wh—s, are sailing up to* Spring-garden *to cram one End with roasted Fowls, and the other with raw Sausages.* One of the Ladies taking Courage, pluck'd up a Female Spirit of Revenge, and facing us with the Gallantry of an *Amazon*, made the following Return, *viz. Get you home, you old Cuckold, look under your Wife's Bed, and see*

ee what a lusty Gardener has been planting, a Son of a Wh e in your Parsley-bed: O how fond the old Fool will be of the Fruits of another Man's Labour, when the Midwife vouches the Bastard to be the true Picture of his Daddy: Out you old Rogue, Gray before you're Good, and Bald before you're Mannerly; ho'd your Bawling, you rusty old hurl, whose dogged Countenance makes you look as if you were begot by a Tanner's Mastiff; talk not to a Woman, you surly Whelp, for you are fit for nothing, but like the Breed you came on, to crawl upon all fours, and cry Bow-vow at a Bear-garden.

No sooner had we saluted each other with these Water-compliments as we pass'd by, but a Western-boat, stow'd with a Mixture of both Sexes, began a fresh Attack upon us in the Manner following, *viz. How now, Old Dad, whither are you carrying that King of the Gypsies you have pick'd up for a Fare? Why, he looks as if he had painted his Face with a Child's Surreverence, to make his Countenance shine like a Turmerick Pudding. Out you nasty T-d-coloured Dog, born upon a Dunghil without a Head, that your Mother was forc'd to supply the Defect with a yellow Pumkin.* Which unsavoury Compliment was thus retorted by our foul-mouth'd Prolocutor, *viz. Stop your Smoak-hole, Nincompoop; What laden Tor* Puddle-dock *with Taylors, Bailiffs, fat Bawds, and Chamber-maids? Shoot your Rubbish, you Rogue, at the next Lay-stall, and carry back Dung to the next Gardner's House, that you may beg a Bunch of Carrots for the Sow your Bed-fellow, to stop her Mouth from scolding. Who was it that caught the Boat-builder's Journeyman kissing his Wife, and forgave him for half a Dozen of Mother* Shepherd's *Beer, because he swore upon the Old Woman's Bible, 'twas the first Time? O rare* Tom Sanders; *you lye like a Cuckold: Get you gone, you old Fumbler, to my Dame* Tofield's *Daughter, and make a Fool of the poor Wench in the House of Ease, and afterwards kiss the Mother upon* Horn-fair-day *for Nuts and Ginger-bread.*

This Dialogue being thus ended, the next that we met was a jolly Parson, skudding from *Lambeth-house* in a Skuller, sitting at the upper End of the Boat by himself, like a Lady in a Lobster-shell. *Rare Game,*

O *Master,*

Master, cries our navicular Spokesman, and thus he accosted the Man of Scripture, as soon as within hearing, *viz. Well met, Holy Father, I'll warrant in yo r Time you have drawn as many Tythe pigs in at your Mouth, and out at your Fundament, as would have stock'd* Bartholomew-fair *for a whole Season, or e'se you could never have shewn such a fat Gut to your lean Parishoners. Ah, Doctor, 'tis a Sign the Church is at a low Ebb, or else a long Scarf and a Rose-hatband, would never be so humble, as to be seen lolling in a Skuller, in such a pious Age too, when every* Wapping *Understrapper, that has but a Congregation of old Women to hold himself forth to, scorns to have less than Oars, tho' he crosses but the Water, to administer Comfort to a Holy Sister — Thou art a wicked Reprobate, I'll warrant thee,* reply'd the Priest; *Prithee desire the Minister of your Parish to teach thee the* Lord's Prayer *and the* Ten Commandments, *that thou may'st not go out of this World in thy old Age like a Heathen, and be damn'd in the next for the Sin of Wilful Ignorance.——— Thank you, Master,* cries old Grizzel, *for your good Advice, but I believe, 'tis the first that ever you bestowed so generously, without being paid for it: Ah, wo is me, that ever the plentiful Age of* Passive Obedience *and* Non-Resistance *should ever be changed into the mercenary Times of* Moderation *and* Vertue.

No sooner had we steer'd clear of Divinity, but we fell foul (in Words I mean) upon a nimble Pair of Oars, freighted with a couple of scarlet Officers, and between them a Lady furbulo d with all the Colours of the Rain-bow: No sooner were they come up a Broad side of us, but our bold Son of *Neptune*, seconded by his Man, began a vigorous Attack upon the Sons of *Mars*, who sat hugging their *Venus*, as the two Elders did *Susanna*, viz *'Esaith noble Captain, you lay close Siege; I dare swear, at the very first Assault, Love's Fortress will surrender upon your own Terms; tho' I can tell you this for your Comfort, as soon as your Ammunition is spent, and your Guns are dismounted, you'll be forc'd to quit the Possession: But whatever you do, take Care before you enter, that the Castle is not on Fire; for if it should, you had better break up your Seige, than*

go

go on any further. Hold your Tongue, you old Swobber, replies one of the Heroes, *and pull off my Lord-mayor's Jacket and louse yourself, or else, you Rogue, we will have you whipt in* Bridewel, *for suffering his Lordship's Livery to be over-run with Vermin, to the Dishonour of the City. You are mistaken Captain,* cries Bullface, *a Louse is a Soldier's Companion, and not a Waterman's; therefore pray look in your own Collar, for a Red-coat and a Creeper are inseparable Companions, as a Dog and a Flea, Virginity and a C—b-louse. Out you nasty Fellow,* cries the Lady, *what an old Man and a Beast! Why how now, Madam Rain-bow,* cries our Advocate, *what so young a Wench and so notorious a Strumpet, to have two Soldiers at a Time to relieve your Concupiscence, when* Venus *herself, the damnedst Whore in the Heavens, was contented with but one, tho' she had fifty Times your Beauty.*

The next we encounter'd was a Quaker and his Handmaid, with whom our merry Pilot thus began his Drollery, *viz. Well done, Holy ones, I see* Aminadab *will have his* Abigal, *as well as the wicked ones their Harlots; in spite of the Holy Spirit, G—'s Lambs will play, tho' they sin after a sanctified manner; by and by snap goes the Cakes, and whiz cries the Bottle ale; Then,* O Abigal, *since the Light of thy Countenance hath moved the outward Man to uncover thy Nakedness, I say, stretch thou forth one Leg towards* Dan, *the other towards* Bersheba, *and hold up thy fleshly Idol, that I may raise Seed unto thy Husband* Abraham, *who at present is a weak Friend, and cannot, as he ought, administer the Comforts of Wedlock unto thee his Wife. Out upon thee,* says the Quaker, *for a foul Friend, thou art the Seed of the Serpent, and the Light is not in thee: O Generation of Vipers! that this River* Jordan *should be so defil'd in the Hearing of the Saints, by thy abominable Utterance. I say unto thee, Repent, Repent, or that wicked Member, thy unruly Tongue, will at last bring thee to be buffeted by Satan.* Thus our Waterman's Language so provok'd the *Quaker*, that the Spirit mov'd him to Hold forth; but meeting each other, and rowing contrary Ways, we had but a short Benefit of his pious Exhortations.

Pray, says my *Moletto* Companion (pointing at the *Folly*) what noble Structure is that floating on the Water? I have often heard of Castles in the Air, and this seems to me to be a Kind of an Essay towards such a windy Project. That whimsical Piece of Architect, said I, was as a Musical Summer-house for the Entertainment of Quality, where they might meet, and ogle one another into a Fit of those amorous Vapours, that are not to be cured by any other Means, than by the secret Administration of a little mutual Familiarity. But the Ladies of the Town, finding it as convenient a Rendezvous for their Purpose, over-stock'd the Place with such an Inundation of Harlotry, that dash'd the Female Quality out of Countenance, and made them seek more retir'd Conveniency, where they might carry on their amorous Intrigues with greater Privacy.

For secret Whores, who Sin to ease Love's Pain,
Cry Foh! at those who do the like for Gain.

By these Means the Mercenaries of the Town drove away their private Enemies, (who hinder the Trade of the Publick, by dispensing their Favours *gratis* in a Corner) and entirely possess'd themselves of this moveable Mansion, which they have occupy'd ever since, very much to their Advantage. Therefore we'll step on Board, where perhaps we may meet with some Novelty or other that may oblige your Curiosity: So accordingly we bid the Waterman row us to the *Folly*, where we no sooner enter'd, but we had as many Ladies staring us in our Faces, as if we had been either handsome to Admiration, or ugly to a Miracle; so that we could scarce move without crippling the Corns of an old Bawd, or disobliging the lac'd Shoes of a young Harlot; but with much ado we broke through the leading File of these *Amazonian* Strumpets, and thrust our selves into the Body of the Seraglio, where from Fifteen to Fifty we could have fitted our selves with Concubines of any Age, Stature, or Complexion; for we were so surrounded with a Crowd of Courtezans of all Sorts and Sizes, mix'd with those ignominious Vermin their ruffianly Protectors, that a Man could not stir without jostling a Tunbelly'd Bawd, a Furbulo'd

Furbulo'd Whore, or a Long-sworded Bully; some dancing as they mov'd, to shew the Airyness of their Temper; some ogling their Gallants, to shew their vicious Inclinations; and others crowded into Boxes, like Passengers into a Western Wherry, sat smoaking their Noses, and drinking burnt Brandy, to defend their Stomachs from the chill Air upon the Water; the young Whores squirting about like Rabbets in a Warren; the old ones mumbling perfum'd Almonds, to disguise the nauseous Sourness of their stinking Breaths: Beaus, some tattling and cringing to a Pack of Twelve-penny Strumpets, as if they were Ladies of Quality; others humming *Chickens and 'Sparagus*, now and then dancing as they walk'd, to their own Musick. In short, it was such a confused Scene of Folly, Madness and Debauchery, that we stept again into our Boat without Drinking, to avoid the Inconveniences that attend mixing with such a Swarm of Caterpillars, who are always dangerous to the Unwary, and destructive to the Innocent. Now proceeding on our intended Voyage.

The next diverting Scene that the River afforded us, was a very warm Engagement between a Western Barge and a Boat full of *Lambeth* Gardners, by whom *Billingsgate* was much outdone in stupendious Obscenity, tonitrous Verbosity, and malicious Scurrility, as if one Side had been *Daniel——f——'s* Party, and the other the *Observator's*: And because the Reader shall have a Taste of their modest Dialect, and incomparable Breeding, I have ventur'd to stain the Paper with some of their spiteful Eloquence, *viz. B, a, a, Sheep-stealers*, cry'd the Gardeners to the Bargemen, *What Kin are you to* Tom Collet *of* Staines, *that beat his own Father, stood Pimp to his Mother, lay with his Sister, and B——d his Brother, all in one Night. He was a Western Bargeman, you Rogues, he was so. Foh, you nasty Dogs*, reply'd the Bargemen, *that get your Bread by the Drippings of other People's Fundaments; well may you pray for the Dunghil, for if that should fail you, no T—d, no Gardener. Who was that, you Rogues, that dung'd in his own Cap at* Stocks-market, *and carry'd Home the old Gold to enrich his Radish-bed? Out upon you, for a Pack of*

Snail-picking Adamites! *Who was it that took the old Woman from Weeding, and gave her a Flurt under the Burgamy Pear-tree, and when he was caught by his 'Prentice, gave the Boy a Holiday, becauſe he ſhould not tell his Miſtreſs?* With this Sort of *Billingſgate* Facundity were we merrily entertain'd, 'till we had arriv'd at that Port to which we had conſign'd ourſelves, where we quitted our Boat, and offering old *Charon* three Shillings, he ſwore he would have a Crown; but having the printed Rates in my Pocket, I was forc'd to lug out my Oracle before the freſh-Water Looby would be convinc'd of his Error; and withal told him, had it been in *London*, I would have carry'd him before my Lord Mayor, and have had him puniſh'd, for making, contrary to Law, ſo unreaſonable a Demand. With that he takes the Money, and putting off his Boat, gave us a notable Farewel, after the following Manner, *viz. You're a couple of niggardly Sons of Whores; I care not a Fart for my Lord M——r; Damn the Rogue that printed that Book; and Pox take you for a Book learn'd Blockhead; and a P——e confound him that learnt you to read*; and ſo we parted; my Friend and I after a little Refreſhment, returning Home by Land, merrily reflecting on the comical Paſſages we had met with on the Water.

The End of the Second Part.

The

The DISPENSARY,

A FARCE:

Written in the Year 1697.

John Galen Doctor of Physick, and Fellow of the Royal College of *Physicians, London.*

Tom Gallypot, an Apothecary by Trade, but practises Physick as a Doctor near ——— *Garden.*

Lancet Pestle, an Apothecary by Profession, but boldly undertakes to be a Physician and Surgeon also, to all his Patients that want the Assistance of either, living in ——— *Market.*

Retorto Spatula d'Ulceroso, an Apothecary in ——— *Lane,* but pretends to be a great Doctor, Surgeon, and Chymist, valuing himself much upon his foreign Birth and Education.

Jack Comprehensive, an Apothecary living in ——— *Street,* who professes himself only to be a Doctor, Surgeon, Chymist, Druggist, Distiller, Confectioner, and (on Occasion) Corn-cutter, *&c.*

Trueman, a Gentleman of honest Principles, endeavouring to shew each Person their Faults, and persuading them to act in their own Sphere only.

Messengers, Clyster-pipes, Mortars, Saws, Forceps, Boxes, Bolt-heads, Crucibles, &c. *and other Attendants.*

The SCENE *Apothecaries-hall.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

[*Enter Dr.* Galen *and* Trueman.]

True. DOctor, Good Morrow; what News do you hear about the Plot? Who are taken up? Who are Evidences? Are there any Persons of Quality concern'd in it, d'ye hear?

Dr. I mind no Plots, not I, but a Plot to get good Store of Patients, if I can; but I think they never were so healthy.

True. So, what? You ſeem to ſpeak a little concern'd, and look as if ſomething had vex'd you. What's the Matter, Doctor?

Dr. Matter! Let me tell you, Mr. *Trueman*, I have been a Phyſician in *London* almoſt forty Years, and I never knew ſo little Buſineſs to do in all my Life-time. 'Tis a *damnable healthy* Town grown ſince I knew it firſt. I have known the Time ſince I could go out and pick up 10 or 12 *l.* in a Morning, come Home to Dinner and empty, ſo out again after to repleniſh. But I am ſure the Times are now ſo hard, that if my good Father had not conveniently ſtepp'd aſide, I could no more have bragg'd of living by my Wit, as ſome Men do, than the D———s of *N*——— can of her Chaſtity.

True. Pray, Doctor, not too ſevere. Why damnable Healthy?

Dr. I call that damnable Healthy (tho' I know it bears another Senſe) when the Sickneſs is not great enough to require the Skill of a Phyſician, but every ignorant Apothecary aſſumes the Cure, and pretends to know more than the learnedſt Phyſician of us all.

True. What? Then you would not have the Apothecaries recover People's Health, would you?

Dr. Yes, but I would, by all Means, only let 'em do their Part in their own Sphere, and within their own Limits or Bounds.

[Tom Gallypot *peeps in with a Clyſter-pipe in one Hand, and a Cordial Bolus in t'other.*]

True. Come in, come in; we are no ſooner talking of Rogues, but enters an Apothecary; Prithee, *Tom*, where haſt been, that thou com'ſt with the Accoutrements of thy Profeſſion thus?

Gallyp Truly, Sir, I have been at your Houſe; your Lady was not very well to Day, and ſhe ſent for me to—to—to—Cannonade her Poſteriors: You know by my Inſtrument what I have been doing; and now I have done that, I have preſcribed a ſpecifick *Bolus* for her to take after it.

True. A Pox of your ſpecifick *Bolus* and you. My Wife is never well, but when ſhe fancies herſelf ill, and is taking Phyſick, I think. Prithee, Mr. *Gallypot*,

pot, what will be the Charges of this Morning's Work.

Gallyp. O, Sir, but little, you never stand upon that, I am sure, for your Lady's Good: She must also have a Pearl Julep, and an *Anodyne* Draught, and then I hope she'll be very speedily well again.

True. A Pox had you with your cramp Names. Tell me what all this will cost? I am sure I left her well not above an Hour ago.

Gallyp. [*Starting back*] Good Sir, be not so unreasonably passionate, and I'll tell you, Sir; the Pearl Julep will be 6*s.* and 8*d.* Pearls being dear since our clipt Money was current. The Specifick *Bolus* 4*s.* and 6*d.* I never reckon less; my Master in *Leaden-street* never set down less, be what it would. The *Antihysterick* Clyster 3*s.* and 6*d.* (a common one is but 2*s.* and 6*d.*) and the *Anodyne* Draught 3*s.* and 4*d.* That's all, Sir; a small Matter, an't please you, Sir, for your Lady. My Fee is what you please, Sir. All the Bill is but eighteen Shillings.

True. Very fine, 'Efaith; d'ye make a *But* at it? I do suppose, to be genteel, I must give you a Crown.

Gallyp. If your Worship please, I take it to be a fair and honest Bill.

True. Do you so indeed? But I wish you had called a Doctor, perhaps he would have advis'd her to have forbore taking any Thing, as yet at least, and so I had sav'd 13*s.* in my Pocket.

Gallyp. O Sir, call a Doctor; we never do that, at least very rarely, 'till we have done all we can with the Patients; and when we can't tell what to do with 'em, then we oblige a Doctor, and call him in.

Dr. Very fairly confess'd, Mr. *Gallypot*; I believe you never spoke a truer Thing in all your Life. I am glad to hear your Confession to Mr. *Trueman*; and am very sorry the State does not think fit to handle you a little for your unreasonable Practices. I see you have Impudence to demand a Fee too, but wonder you should do it before my Face.

Gallyp. Truly, Doctor, I did not mind you: However, I hope I may take what Gentlemen please to give me.

Dr. Pleas'd to give you! Faith, I am ashamed to see Gentlemen so imposed upon by ye Masters, Doctors.

Gallyp. Troth, Doctor, that was a lucky Thought of yours; we are but Masters, tho' they commonly call us Doctors. And now you put me in Mind of it, han't you seen my Paper set out *March* 2. 1695. wherein I make above half the College of Physicians Masters, tho' they are called Doctors among themselves?

True. How! Mr. *Gallypot?* How do you do that? That's a Trick and half; pray let's know it.

Gallyp. O Lord, Mr. *Trueman*, can't you guess how? If the Doctor pleases, I'll tell you immediately.

Dr. With all my Heart.

Gallyp. I can infallibly prove more than that if I once undertake it. You must know, that I own none to be Doctors, but those who have regularly done their Exercise for Physick in one of our Universities; that's plain: But hold a little, here's my Brother *Pestle* of *King-street* coming in; he can be Witness of the whole. 'I Gad, I have so ferreted and humbled 'em, that I'll spoil their Association against the Apothecaries; for they have associated by the Names of Doctors, and I'll prove above half of 'em to be but Masters at best.

[*Enter* Lancet Pestle, *with a Plaister-box in his Hand.*]

Brother *Pestle*, I am glad you are come in, in this Nick of Time; I was just telling Mr. *Trueman* how I have humbled the College of Physicians; has'nt thee read my Paper of Queries, I put out *March* 2. 1695? Do'st not see how smartly and finely I jerk 'em? Hey!

Pestle. Ay, Brother, I must needs say you have done your Part very handsomely, tho' I don't hear any Body took much Notice of what you said.

Gallyp. True, that may be; and does not that shew their Want of Understanding the more? None but a Blockhead would slight such smart Reflections.

Pestle. I am in haste, and must go to bleed an eminent Citizen in *Tower-street:* So I am in haste.

True. Hold a little, Mr. *Pestle*, one Word with you before you go. Bleed, Mr *Pestle?* I thought you had been an Apprentice to an Apothecary.

Pestle. So I was, Sir; but I thank God, and my own Industry, I have by my Diligence perfectly acquir'd the whole

whole Knowledge of Surgery. I Phlebotomize as well as the best Surgeon in *London*, tho' I say it, that should not say it. I'll tell you how I came to be so dexterous in performing that Operation in particular.

True. Well, now am I fairly hope up, betwen two of ye, one endeavouring to prove all his Doctors to be Masters, and t'other shewing his Dexterity in Phlebotomizing, as he calls it. What a Pox, were not both of ye bred Apothecaries?

Gallyp. and *Pestle.* Sir, Pray be not so passionate. Yes, we were both of us bred Apothecaries. But Knowledge —— [*Enter Messenger.*]

Mess. Is Dr. *Pestle* here.

Pestle. Yes, he is. What, d'ye come from Sir *Thomas* in *Tower-street?* What, does he want to be let Blood immediately?

Mess. Yes, Sir, he does, and stays for you.

Pestle. Good Lad. Well, I'll come presently. [*Exit Mes.*] Now I know he will be blooded by no Body else. I have persuaded him that all the Surgeons are Blunderers, as to Bleeding. Sir *Thomas* is a good-natur'd Gentleman; He believes that no Body understands the curing a Disease, or an Ulcer, or indeed any Thing, but an Apothecary. Faith he is one of the honestest Gentlemen in *England.*

True. You make him a fine Gentleman indeed. Honest, for no other Reason, as I see, but because he suffers himself to be made a Fool of by such as you.

Pestle. But Mr. *Trueman,* assure yourself he's a Man of very good Sense; all the Apothecaries in Town say so, and then I am sure it must be true. He pays well, and takes Physick freely; besides, I particularly know his Constitution; after bleeding, he must take a Purge or two, then some Cordial Powders, Dulcifers of the Blood, and two or three odd Things more. But as I was saying, this Sir *Thomas* has a Vein as fine and as small as the finest Silk you can imagine.

True. But suppose this true, does this make you a compleat Surgeon, so as to undertake the Cure of any Ulcer or Wound?

Pestle. Puh! Mr. *Trueman,* I tell you 'tis an easy Thing for a Man of Parts to be a Surgeon: Do but buy a Lancet,

Lancet, Forceps, a Saw; talk a little of Contuſions, Fractures, Compreſs and Bandage; you'll preſently, by moſt People, be thought an excellent Surgeon. Eſpecially — d'ye mind me — Lord, you nod, methinks, as if you were ſleepy.

True. O, Sir, I hear you: But I ſat up late laſt Night, and am a little drouſy. But I heard you ſay you were a Man of Parts, I think, and that you had two familiar Acquaintance, Compreſs and Bandage. I grant it, Sir, [*rubbing his Eyes*] but ſtill how does this make you a Surgeon? You may as well ſay, my keeping Company with a Biſhop, may make me a good Divine.

Peſtle. Alas! poor Gentleman, I find you did not ſleep well laſt Night. Hah! Hah! I can't but laugh at your Miſtake. My two Acquaintance! Hah! Hah! Hah! a pretty Miſtake! — but true enough: For a Man muſt be acquainted with his Buſineſs indeed. Now Compreſs and Bandage being a Part of it, you may term them my familiar Acquaintance, if you pleaſe, Mr. *Trueman* ——. Lord, I think the Devil's in you for Drouſineſs, and Gaping.

True. Pray, Mr. *Peſtle*, ſay ſomething then that may divert me, and keep me awake, for I proteſt, to hear you talk of Skill in Surgery, will never do. For my Part, I am for employing every Man in his own Way; the Doctor for Advice, the Apothecary for Medicines, and the Surgeon for Wounds. *&c.*

Peſtle. Now, how you are miſtaken again! Don't you think that one Man, being an Apothecary, may underſtand perfectly and throughly all three Parts?

True. O, Sir, being an Apothecary, indeed, he may underſtand very much, as you ſay, eſpecially if he be a Man of great Learning.

Peſtle. Learning! That ſignifies but little in this Age, nor (I thank our kind Stars) had ever leſs Encouragement. If you do but profeſs yourſelf an Apothecary, and then undertake any Thing whatever, (as we dare do) no Body queſtions but that you are an able Doctor, and a good Surgeon, at any time.

True. Very fine, on my Word! And do you think the World ſo blind as to believe it?

Peſtle. Faith, Mr. *Trueman*, they generally are. I my ſelf

self have turn'd out several Doctors from serving Families, because they would not prescribe Physick *plentifully*, and in large Quantities. I have persuaded my Patients, that they did not well understand their Distemper; so have brought in another, who has *swingingly dos'd 'em*. I could tell you of a Sir *Harry*, that paid an 100*l.* for Physick in six Weeks, and I accepted it, being a Friend, without requiring one Penny for my Fees.— You don't know the Mystery of Trade.

True. In plain *English*, I know not what you call Mystery, but now I know the Roguery of that Doctor and you too. What, an 100*l.* in six Weeks? Bless me, what did she take? I believe she swallow'd Guineas made into Bullets for the Gripes, so discharg'd 'em again for the Gold-finders: For I hear Guineas are grown so cheap, that Ladies begin to think they can take them cheaper than Apothecaries Doses.

Pestle. O, abominable! Do'st hear, Brother *Gallypot?* I protest, Mr. *Trueman*, you scan People's Actions too narrowly. Wou'dn't you have us live?

True. The ame Question may as well be ask'd by an Highway-man, or a Pick-pocket. Live upon honest Gains, comedo, and then it will *wear* well.

Pestle. Well, Sir, I'll go to Sir *Thomas*, and wait on you again presently.

True. Nay, if you must be gone, e'en let's all go for the present, and discourse the rest over to-Morrow.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

ACT II. Scene II.

Being the Representation of several Apothecaries, weighing rich Mens Bones in their Scales by Scruples.

[*Enter Dr.* Galen *and* Trueman.]

Dr. MR. *Trueman*, Methinks 'twas a pretty Diversion Yesterday, to hear the Apothecary brag of his Skill in Surgery and Physick; I could not imagine what he had to set up with, but a large Stock of Impudence. I know all his Medicines in his Shop did not cost above Fifty Pounds, and in six Weeks Time has he made an Hundred Pounds of one Part of it? Such Reflexions as these would make a Man burn his Books, and curse the Gentility of his Education. It seems

seems indeed a Wonder to me, that so many Gentlemen, who serve in Parliament, and have oft-times many younger Sons to provide for, do not find out a Way to suppress these griping Empiricks and Quacks, that their Children may be the better able to support themselves in a genteel Profession, answerable to the Expence they have been at in their Education. In Troth 'tis a Thing worthy Consideration.

True. Truly, Doctor, I am of your Opinion; but in such Points our *English* Gentlemen, of what Sect soever, are generally of the same Temper with those they call *Church of England Men*, that is, *lazy and slow in prosecuting a publick Interest, but active enough to promote their own private Advantage.* And this, to give you but one Instance, is evident enough in the Choice of a Parliament-man, where the active Dissenter generally gets the Day, because the lazy Church-man won't stir to manage a publick Cause, and chuse honest Representatives, tho' his own private Interest may be often promoted by the Assistance of such a publick Friend.

Dr. We have an *English* Saying that does a great deal of Mischief, which is this; *That which is every Body's Business, is no Body's Business.* Therefore I wonder that the College of Physicians don't Petition the Parliament for a Remedy in this Case, and make it their particular Business.

[*Enter* Tom Gallypot *hastily.*]

Gallyp. College of Physicians! What of them? By your Leave, Doctor, I think the Company of Apothecaries very substantial Men, and are able to buy twice your College. They are money'd Men, and have an Interest almost every where. College of Physicians! they are learned Men, they say, but what's that to Money? Hah! Hah! Hah!

Dr. Look you, Mr. *Trueman,* I suppose you know this Gentleman is an Apothecary, by his Carriage and rude Behaviour.

True. Know him, Doctor, ay, very well; but I suppose he has been taking a *large Whet* this Morning.

Gallyp. No, Sir, but I han't; I understand the regulating my Health better than so. I that have practis'd Physick now near thirty Years, know better Things than *Whets,* as you call 'em.

True.

True. Nay, *Tom*, if thee wou'l't have no Excuse made for thy Uncivility, I have done. Then for ought I know, Impudence is as necessary an Ingredient to an Apothecary, as Sugar of Pearl for your Pearl Cordials, with a Pox.

Gallyp. Sir, you are my Patient, so you may say what you please.

Dr. I have no Patience to hear this Fellow's prating.

True. Nay, but prithee, Doctor, stay a little longer.

Dr. I beg your Excuse; I'll wait on you to Morrow. [*Exit.*

Gallyp. Let him go, let him go, Mr. *Trueman* —— he's envious of my Parts —— for under the Rose, I can write a Prescription as well as any Doctor of them all; I learn'd that the first Thing I did, by reading Doctors Bills in my Shop.

True So, I am glad you own your Instructors. But hold, who is that coming hither so gravely? What's his Name?

[*Enter* Retorto Spatula d'Ulceroso.]

Gallyp. I can't call him readily to my Mind, but I know him very well by Sight. I use to meet him at *Apothecaries-hall.*

True. Sir, your humble Servant. Pray don't you belong to the *Spanish* Embassador?

Retort. [*Stroking his Whiskers.*] No, Sir, but I am an *Italian* born; my Name is *Retorto Spatula d'Ulceroso* I was bred in *Italy* to what you call an Apothecary, by which I attain'd to the Knowledge of Physick, both the Theoretick and Practick Part. I also exercise the Art of Chirurgery, as Scarrifying, Cupping, Stupes, Rollers, and Bandage, *&c.* Besides, I can by Chymistry extract the Quintessence of the four Elements, and tame the red Dragon: And in fine, I can make up a Cordial-bolus, or Pills, *according to the best Mode in Foreign Countries,* as you may see in my Shop in ——*lane.*

True. Hold, Sir, not too fast; after all, with your hard Names, I believe you are bred an Outlandish Apothecary; and they, forsooth, make up Things far better than our *English* Apothecaries do theirs.

Retort. O, Sir, infinitely better; in my Shop, I should be asham'd, if *my Pills* look'd not like true Gold, tho' but

but gilt: *My Bolus*'s are put up all in gilt Paper, cut in fine Shapes and Figures, a Quire coſts me 5*s.* the cutting; beſides the Paper is pure *Venice* Paper. My Cordials are put into *Venice* Vials, *&c.* And all this *Alamode de Italiano*, to make the Phyſick *taſte* the better, *work* the better, and *look* the better. O fine *Italians!*

True. Now you ſay ſomething *look the better*; but to taſte the better, or work the better, I don't well underſtand. Will a Vomit work the better for being in a fine *Venice* Glaſs? I think a little Naſtineſs for a Vomit makes it work the better. I knew a Doctor that us'd to ſtir it with his Finger, before he gave it, to make it nauſeate the more.

Retort. O, Sir, that be very unhandſome. No *Engliſh* Man can do ſo finely as I can.

True. Then I muſt beg your Pardon, I believe they can all do as well as you pretend; but I ſhall look on it as a needleſs Piece of Foppery, if they all ſhould do as you do: And I am ſure the Patient muſt pay more Sauce for his Medicines.

Retort. O, Sir, that's very true; a good Cook will be well pay'd for his Sauce, you know, Sir.

True. A Pox, but this is paying Sauce for the Uſe of Diſhes, like a young *Oxford* Scholar's Treat; if he ſpends 5*l.* in Meat, 'tis odds but he pays 3 or 4*l.* for the Uſe of Diſhes and Linnen.

Retort. Sir, notwithſtanding all this, I never reckon for a little *Bolus* above 11 or 12 *s.* made of very good *Diaſcordium*, very good *Gaſcoin* Powder, and a little Pearl.

True. No! on my Word that's mighty kind, to take not above 12 *s.* for all your fine Dreſſing, and a Groat's-worth of Medicines. And do you take any Apprentices?

Retort. Yes, Sir, I do, for about 100*l.* a Lad.

True. Faith, and very well worth it too, and a great Deal of Money ſav'd, if you teach him all your Trades; for the Devil's in't if one don't hit. For the Education of a Son, to be a Regular Doctor, is reputed 1000*l.* Charge at long Run. Any Surgeon of Note will have 120*l.* or more, an Apothecary 50*l.* or more, a Chymiſt perhaps as much. Now, if you will teach my

Son

Son all these Arts and Sciences, I think I have a very good Bargain.

Retort. I'll certainly do it, Sir, never doubt it.

True. Well, agreed; I'll send my eldest Son to you, and when he is out of his Time, I'll bind all his younger Brothers to him, so each will have four Trades or Callings, won't they, Mr. *Retorto.*

Retort. D'ye doubt it? I thought you had known an Apothecary better, than to disbelieve him in his own Calling. Nay, Sir, to be free with you, I'll teach you how to multiply Medicines so fast upon a Patient, that in a Week's Time he shall get ten Pounds in some Cases, when the Doctor shan't get above twenty Shillings.

True. That's a rare Art indeed; then I suppose you must attack your Patient with a Quadripartie Army of Medicines, drawn from all Quarters of your four Sciences.

Retort. I can do it, and will; and if you don't think this enough, here's my Brother *Comprehensive* a coming.

[*Enter* Comprehensive.]

Comp. He can, besides this, teach him to make all Sorts Sweet-meats, buy and sell Drugs, distil all Sorts of Strong waters; nay, cut Corns, for a Need, to Persons of Quality.

True. O, Sir, then he is a Corn-cutter only to Persons of Quality.

Comp. No, not unless he pleases.

True. Nor any Thing else, unless he pleases. However, I am content my Son shall only learn your four Arts, or Sciences, as you call them. I think that's enough for one, especially if he learn throughly the last, that is, to multiply Medicines, so as to get ten Pounds to the Doctor's twenty Shillings.

Retort. That, assure yourself, I'll teach him perfectly: For all the Apothecaries in Town, now, understand it pretty well; and, I think, I understand it *exceeding* well.

True. Well, Sir, I thank you for your Kindness; but I'll see ye all at the Devil first, to learn how to swallow *Assa Fœtida*, before ye shall have the Education of my Son. I think, if it be possible, ye have less Honesty than

than a Lawyer that has but one Cause in a Year to keep him and his Family out of———

Compreh. Sir, by your Leave, this is not fit Language for a Gentleman Apothecary to bear: He's a Brother of the Quill, and an honest Man, I'll justify it: He was Master of the Company not long ago.

True. That may be, and never the honester Man, if he teaches his Apprentices that Cheat But, by your Leave, I suppose you are an Apothecary too, by your Talk. Pray what may I call your Name.

Compreh. My Name, Sir, is *Jack omprehensive*, originally a North-country-man, and Brother Apothecary to this worthy Gentleman, Mr. *Retorto Spatula d'Ulcereso*, Apothecary, Surgeon, Chymist, and Doctor.

True. Ay, Sir, these Titles I knew before; and pray, Sir, how many have you?

Compreh. Sir, I am in short generally call'd Doctor only, but I also profess myself a Surgeon; an Apothecary, I should have said first, then Surgeon, Chymist, Druggist, Confectioner, Distiller, *&c.* and to Persons of Quality, Corn-cutter. And——

True. Hold, Sir, pray, a little, till——I'll take out my Table-book, lest I should miscall you, and not give you your right Title.

Compreh. O, Sir, no Matter, Sir, to give your self that Trouble; I answer to any one of them.

True. Sir, I am glad you do, for fear of giving Offence. Then pray Mr. *Corn-cutter* of Quality (that was the last Title I heard) tell me, since you have so many Trades, which of all these were you bound to first? Or were you bound to 'em all at once?

Compreh. Corn-cutter of Quality! What could you pick out none but that; I told you I was usually call'd Doctor, and nothing else. I won't tell you what Trade I was bound to, one would think you had Sense enough to guess I was an Apothecary.

True. Good Sir, pray don't be so angry. How should I guess so many Trades to centre in one Man?

Compreh. Then I see you don't know the Town. I thought you had told me you had been in Town above thirty Years.

True.

True Truly so I have, and have known Apothecaries call'd Doctors, which are but two Names; but you are Apothecary, Doctor, Chymist, Distiller, — Hold, call my Man to give me my Pocket-book out of—O! I have it by me in my Pocket. Faith, you must excuse me, I can't remember all your Titles.

Compreh. 'Tis no Matter, Sir; remember but Doctor, that's enough; I'll answer to that if you please.

True. Mr. *Comprehensive the Apothecary* is a better Name in my Mind; it does not please me to call you Doctor.

Compreh. Then call me what you please; I am sure some of the greatest Men in the Nation honour us with that Title, and value our Skill above a Physician's often.

True. I am sorry they do; and do think it a great Fault in our Government, that Men of liberal and ingenuous Education——

[*Enter* Pestle *and* Gallypot.]

True. Now, Gentlemen, I see you are all four together, I'll leave ye a little, and go and see if I can reduce the Doctor to a better Temper —Your Servant. [*Retires only behind the Hangings.*

Gallyp. Come Gentlemen, now we are got by our selves, let's talk a little about Trade: How stand Affairs? Is there any Business stirring? We ought to have a Meeting every now and then, to settle what ought to be the Prices of our Medicines. Pray, how do ye at your End of the Town price a Dose of common Purging Pills?

Retort. Why Brother, about eighteen Pence, sometimes two Shillings, with an *Haustus* after them of three and Six-pence.

Pestle. And can you live so? I believe all the Things cost you at least a Shilling out of Pocket.

Retort. No, God forbid! How could I live then? Indeed they cost me about Six-pence, and I take but five Shillings and Six-pence, sometimes less, and I think that's honest Gains: Hey Brother!

Compreh. O very honest! very fair! There's nothing can be fairer in the World! Shall I tell you Gentlemen? I not long ago had a Patient, who accidentally had a robust

robust heavy Fellow tread upon a Corn that grew on his left Toe, which put him into some Pain. I persuaded him he was a little Feverish, so blooded him, and applied a Caustick to his Toe (as I told him) to eat out the Corn; but unluckily eat to the very Bone, and made a pretty handsome Ulcer. Then I Blister'd him, and distill'd some *Antifebrifuge* Drops, Specificks for him only, and good for no Body else besides. In short, he lay ill of this but eleven Weeks; and what do'st think he would have paid me for the Cure?

Gallyp. Faith, I can't tell; perhaps 40*l.* But why didst not call a Surgeon at last, for a dead Lift.

Compreh. O Pox, Man! I saw I could do it my self, tho' but slowly. But Faith, I thank my Stars, I have learn'd now to use them like the Doctors; never call in either, but when I can't tell what to do myself.

Gallyp. Right, so have I: But what hadst at last?

Compre. What do'st talk of forty Pounds! Indeed, as an Apothecary, not above thirty Pounds a Month, or so, was enough; but as Doctor, (and thereby saving many Fees and Surgeon also, I ask'd him but 132*l.* 12*s.* and 8*d.* and he scrupl'd to give it me.

True. [*Peeps in from behind the Hangings.*] A Parcel of Canary-birds; now your Rogueries and Cheats come out.

Retort. Prithee, who was that peep'd in, and talk'd so? Was it not Mr. *Trueman?* Well, I like that Man's Company very well, were he not too censorious upon a Man for getting an honest Livelyhood.

Gallyp. Ay, he is well enough, but he has that disobliging Humour in him.

True What o'Pox, if I tell ye that ye are Knaves and Cheats, when ye are so, this ye call a disobliging Humour. Leave off cheating then, and practise fair in your own Sphere.

Pestle. Cheats, and Rogues, and Knaves! That will bear an Action, I am sure. Let's at him at Law, and maul him. Have none of ye a Lawyer Clapt, or (to speak more modestly) has the High Scurvey? Let us employ him. As we take his Mony, let him take ours, I warrant ye, we'll out-do him in making a Bill of Costs.

Compreh.

Compreh. That, Brother, I don't queſtion: Beſides, you know, if a Man be a Knave, 'tis a hard Matter to prove him ſo. Let's put him upon the Proof of any one Apothecary in Town. If he ſhou'd at laſt prove it, why it is but one mangy Hound in the whole Pack.

Retort. Soft and fair, Brother: For ſuppoſe he ſhould prove you or me, Brother, to be the very Knave ye talk'd of? Don't venture Proofs. Come let's threaten him with it, and he'll hold his Tongue a-courſe.

Gallyp. Gad, I won't venture it, not I.

Peſtle. Nor I neither. Come, let's talk of ſomething elſe.

Retort. Ay, prithee, Brother *Comprehenſive*, tell me, didſt abate him any Thing of the Bill?

Compreh. Yes, Faith, I did; being an old Cuſtomer I abated the odd 32 *l.* 12 *s.* and 8 *d.* and took a Goldſmith's Note for the other.

Retort. On my Word, pretty well pay'd too. I ſuppoſe he had a good Eſtate and was a Knight at leaſt. But prithee deal ingenuouſly with me; what did it coſt thee out of Pocket?

Compreh. Somebody will hear me, or elſe I would: I caſt it up to a Penny, to ſatisfy myſelf what really I gain'd by my Medicines.

Gallyp No, no, here are none but Friends; prithee tell us; I know you deal with Lords, Ladies and Knights, who ſometimes pay, and ſometimes not; but when they do pay, be ſure you mount 'em.

Compreh. To tell you the Truth, they coſt——Hold, look if no Body be near us——

Peſtle. No; I'll look myſelf. [*Looks*] There's no Body.

Compreh. Then to be plain, the prime Coſt was 6 *l.* 17 *s.* 6 *d.* 1 *q.* or near that: So I got in the 11 Weeks, clear Gains, not above 93 *l.* of one Patient: That's all.

Gallyp. Would I had half a Score ſuch. I cannot for the Life of me make above ſixteen Pounds in twenty clear Gains. I mean, not reckoning in my By-fees of ten Shillings and five Shillings, or ſo.

Compreh.

Compreh. No! Come, that's pretty well too, considering you are only Doctor and Apothecary. But I am Surgeon and Chymist, *&c.* you know.

[*Enter* Trueman *from behind the Curtain.*]

True. Is the Doctor here?

All. Yes, yes. [*and all run to him to know what's the Matte.*]

True. Hey! I find ye are all Doctors. O, *Tom Gallypot*, go call Dr. *Galen*, and bid him go to my Wife, she's fall'n ill again.

Galyp. Sir, he i'n't at Home. Can't I do it? Sir, 'twill save your Fees

True. How do you know he i'n't at Home? Go, I say. I send for him, because I would save Money. I know last Time how I sav'd Money by you indeed.

Galyp. Well, you will have the Doctor, I'll wait on him to your Lady. [*Offers to go out.*

True. Stay a little; now ye are all here together, I must tell you, with the rest, before you go, that there was somebody behind the Curtain, when you said the Medicines cost but six Pounds seventeen Shillings and six Pence, and an hundred Pounds was paid for them.

All. O the Devil! What, are we betray'd?

True. Betray'd, d'ye call it? No, but ye have told your Rogueries and Cheats in private, and I'll publish 'em to the World, with my own Sentiments about the Practice of Physick.

Galyp. Ay, pray do, so you don't reflect on us; you use to do Things very fair sometimes.

True. Well, *Tom*, my Advice to a Patient is, as soon as he is ill, to send for some Doctor of the lower Rank, of whose Learning and Skill in Physick he has an Opinion; and in Case he grew worse, to send for one of greater Fame, Reputation and Vogue in the World, to join in Consult: For the Diligence of the one, who has less Fame and Vogue in the World, (tho' perhaps equal in Learning and Skill really, tho' not thought so in the Eye of the World may, and oft does make amends for the suppos'd greater Skill of the other Physician, by which Means the Patient may more reasonably, and upon juster Grounds, expect a Cure. These, Gentlemen, are my real Sentiments. *Galyp.*

Gallyp. Now, Master, I like your Discourse very well, seeing you make no Remarks on Apothecaries. Besides, perhaps it may open People's Eyes to employ me the sooner; for though I am an old Apothecary, I am but a young Doctor: For I visit in either Capacity, either as an old Apothecary, which is as good as a young Doctor, or as a young Doctor, and that's as good as t'other again.

True. But I thought you had left off Shop, and stuck only to your Doctorship.

Gallyp. So I do *openly*, but *privately I keep a Shop*, and side in all Things with the Apothecaries against the Doctors. I am, and will be to such Families as yours, an Apothecary still, that pay well.

True. Ay, *Tom*, 16*l* in 20*l* is good Gains. Your Apothecaryship, I believe, out does your Doctorship.

Gallyp. What, Sir? I believe you heard me jest a little among the rest. But pray no more Reflections, I beseech you.

True. Well, I'll say nothing to you about your Degree; for to me you are an Apothecary still, and no other; to you as such, and to you all I direct my Speech, 'tis my Opinion that ye all ought to be forc'd to take moderate Prices, and be content with honest Gains.

Pestle. So we are. What would you propose?

True. In Troth, Mr. *Pestle*, my Proposal will signify but little, I know; but were I to advise the Law-makers, they should make a Law, that no Apothecaries Bills shall be paid, 'till tax'd by two or more Doctors, appointed in every District or Division in and about the City of *London*

Pestle. That's very fine indeed! How is that practicable?

True. Why not, as well as the Attornies Bills by the Prothonotaries?

Pestle. That's only when the Client thinks himself over-rated.

True. So should this be, when the Patient thinks himself over-rated in Medicines.

Pestle. Very fine again! You, and your Politicks. You would make the Doctors our Governours, wou'd you?

you? Good Mr. *Trueman*, we beg your Excuse, we are his Majesty's free-born Subjects. And after all, pray Mr. *Trueman*, how do the Doctors understand to make Medicines? How do they understand the Prices of Drugs? Puh! you talk you know not what. Come, let's leave him.

True. Mr. *Pestle*, by your Leave a little. How did all the Apothecaries learn to make Medicines at first? The Gentility of their Profession, I confess, has been a great Hindrance to them in reaping those Advantages as they might (and with more Honesty than any of ye) otherwise have done.

Pestle. E'n let 'em be genteel still; I don't think them indeed such Fools, as that they cannot make Medicines if they will; but why can't they keep their Learning and Gentility to themselves, and let us alone?

True. O Sir, I am glad you allow 'em to be capable of Learning to make Medicines, if they please. Now, Mr. *Pestle*, to tell you the plain Truth, I hear they have actually made several good Medicines at the College, and continue so to do. Thus they can make Medicines, and Price 'em too.

Pestle. How can they tell tho' when a Medicine is good?

True. Very easily, Mr. *Pestle*: They have Taste and Sight to judge by as well as ye.

Pestle. Suppose all this true, tho' I am resolv'd I won't believe it true; who, after all, shall give Attendance to observe the Operations of the Medicines?

True. Who should but the Doctors themselves? They are paid for attending their Patients.

Pestle. Hah! Hah! Hah! Attending, I mean Administring Physick. How I should laugh to see a Doctor giving a Clyster, and the Bladder break and bespatter his Velvet Jacket: Hah! Hah! Hah!

True. I find you would be merry at such a Mischance as that; but that's but idle to object, because every Nurse does that Office a-Course, and all that ye pretend to about sick Persons, or else they are but sorry Nurses. As for Bleeding, the Surgeon ought to be employ'd. As for chymical Medicines, the Chymist is at Hand; and so for all others.

Pestle.

Pestle. Methinks your Head is full of Projects; can't you find out one to serve them in?

True. I don't pretend to be a Projector; but I think the College would do very well to make all Sorts of Medicines themselves, and sell 'em out at easy Rates. What they Design by forming a Fund by Subscription, I profess I at present know not; but one of them told me t'other Day, that they Design to make that a Fund for buying in Drugs, and making of all Sorts of compound Medicines necessary for the Sick, selling them out again for small Profit, sufficient only to pay about a dozen Servants, and the prime Cost of the Medicines, with a Penny in the Shilling overplus to the College; by which Means the Doctors will be sure to have such good Medicines, and so well prepar'd, as to rely on them not to be sophisticated; or, for Want of any one prescrib'd, to be supply'd by another in the Room of it, as you Apothecaries oft do: If you han't one Thing, you in your mighty Wisdom will put another in the Room of it; so that the Physician may prescribe till Dooms-day, and the Patient will be never the better, if ye substitute what Medicines ye please, and after that put what Prices ye please.

Pestle. Prices, Sir? I sell as cheap as any Apothecary in Town; I never had above 6 *s.* and 8 *d.* for a Pint of Pearl Cordial in my Life, an' you go to that.

True. Not so passionate, good Mr. *Pestle*; I believe you sell as cheap as your Brethren, but all damn'd dear, much to the Oppression of the Poor. To remedy which, they propose to sell a Pint of good Pearl Cordial for 1 *s.* and 6 *d.* or thereabouts; a Cordial *Bolus* for a Groat, which ye reckon sometimes 1 *s.* 6 *d.* and sometimes 2 *s.* a Quart of bitter Drink for 1 *s.* for which I myself have paid 5 *s.* 8 *d.* and so proportionably for all other Medicines.

Pestle. Puh. What if they do? Our old Customers won't leave us.

True. What if they do? Why then the poorer Sort of People will buy them, because they are sure of good and cheap Medicines. The better Sort will

think it prudence to save 5*s.* in 6*s.* and 8*d.* if they can, to help pay Taxes, and not have a Bill after a great Sickness brought in, enough to renew their Sickness again. Even the richest of all will be apt to be influenc'd by their Physicians, when they tell them, they are the only Medicines prepar'd which they can rely on. In short, every body will be willing in their Illness, to go to such a Place, where they can with great Probability be assur'd of good and cheap Medicines.

Pestle. Good Mr. *Trueman*, you may e'en prate about stifling the Practice of Physick till you are weary; I warrant ye, let them do what they can, we'll easily perswade People that we are all very honest Men.—We always said you was a very prying, busy, inquisitive Man, pretending to understand Things I am sure you don't understand. You have a mighty Opinion of your self. Come, let's leave him.

All. Ay, come, come, let's leave him.

[*Exeunt four Apothecaries whistling with Clyster-pipes.*

True. 'Tis an old Saying, *Si Populus vult decipi, decipiatur*; if People will be cheated, e'en let them be so. I have done what lies in my Power to open their Eyes; and by telling the Truth, have gain'd other Mens Hatred: But,

I ne'er to Flatt'ry was, or will b' a Slave.
He that loves Truth is generous and brave,
And scorns the wealthy and the thriving Knave.

[Exit.

Directions to make the Fanaticks Diascordium.

TAKE of the Herb of Hypocrisy and Ambition, of each one Handful; of the Spirit of Pride, two Grains; of the Seed of Dissention, Discord, and Sedition, of each one Ounce; of the Root of Obstinacy, Stubbornness, and Covetousness, of each one Quarter of a Pound. Bruise the Herbs, break the Seed, slice the Roots, and pound them all together in the Mortar of Vain-glory, with the Pestle of Contradiction;

on; put in a Pint of the Water of Strife; to be infus'd over the Fire of feign'd Zeal, adding thereto four Ounces of Syrup of Self-conceit.

The Uſe of this Cordial is,

When 'tis warm, let the Diſſenting brother take one Spoonful of it Morning and Evening, before Exerciſe; and when his Mouth is full, let him wink with his Eyes, make wry Mouths, and ſhed ſome few diſſembling Tears, and then let him ſpeak as the Spirit of Giddineſs gives him Utterance.

The Effect of the Cordial is,

It will make the Schiſmatick maintain the Alchoran, aſſiſt the Pope to foment Rebellion, and call it by the Name of *Subjects Liberty.*

This *Diaſcordium* is to be had at every Conventicle in *England.*

THE

London and *Lacedemonian* Oracles.

Written by Mr. THO. BROWN.

In which he undertakes to Anſwer all witty and ingenious Queſtions, for the Diverſion as well as the Satisfaction of the Curious.

The INTRODUCTION.

'LAST Night, being very reſtleſs in my Bed, I 'thought fit to divert the Time with ſporting 'an Author, remembring that of *Perſius*, *Nocturnis ju-* 'vat impalleſcere Chartis. The firſt Book I laid my 'Hand on, proved ſome ſelect Comedies of *Ariſtopha-* 'nes; turning them over, my Eye ſtaid on that Place 'in his Comedy of *Clouds*, where he brings in *Socra-* 'tes and *Chærephon* meaſuring the Leap of a Flea from 'one's Beard to the other's: I laught ſo heartily at the 'Fancy, that I ſoon forgot the Inquietude of the paſt 'Hours, and reſolv'd to ſpend thoſe to come with more 'Satisfaction, by reading the whole Comedy over; 'which by that Time I had done, it grew towards 'Morning, and that made me think of taking a refreſh- 'ing Nap, to keep my Body in its due Temper. But 'the Wit of *Ariſtophanes* had baniſhed Sleep from my 'Eyes, filling my Head with a Thouſand pleaſant Fan- 'cies; till Fortune that took Care of my Health, had, 'by I know not what Means, laid one of thoſe Papers 'called, *The Athenian Mercury* by me, being deſtitute 'either of *Opium* or *Poppy-water*. I had ſcarce run o- 'ver one Paragraph, when I found a Heavineſs deſcend 'on my Eyes, the welcome Harbinger of approaching

'Slumbers,

'Slumbers, which ſoon follow'd after. The *Mercury* 'had no ſooner perform'd its Office, but I found myſelf 'entertain'd with this Dream or Viſion: Who ſhould 'come to me but *Ariſtophanes* in his own proper Per'ſon, I having methought that Comedy in my Hand 'which I had juſt before perus'd; he ſhew'd me a 'thouſand Beauties I had paſs'd over unregarded: From 'this he paſs'd to enquire of me the News of the 'Town: I mean not as to Affairs of State, or any 'of the unpleaſant Movements of the Body Politick, 'but as to what related to the *Beaux Eſprits*, the Men 'of Thought and over-thought, the Brothers of the 'Quill, and the like: Whether the Soul of the Virtuo'ſo's of our Age, were agreeable to that of his *Soc'ates*, &c. I aſſur'd him the very ſame extravagant 'Whims were ſtill in Being, and every Day reviv'd: '*Anaxagoras*'s Mountains, Valleys, and Dwellings in 'the Moon, were now form'd into regular and diſtinct 'Countries; and we were as well acquainted with that 'Planet, as *Diogenes* with his Tub: That we had not 'only made large Diſcoveries there, but had alſo many a 'laborious Trifle, to exalt the Earth among the Planets 'too: That if the ſame *Anaxagoras* held the Sun to 'be a Piece of burning Iron no bigger than the *Morea*, 'we had ſome not long ago that were of Opinion, 'that it was fallen I know not how many thouſand 'Miles nearer the Earth than it was in his Time. You 'were not the only People (*ſaid I to him*) that were ſo 'happy as to be admitted to the Knowledge of the Plu'rality of Worlds by *Democritus*; we have ſince di'vided them into their ſeveral diſtinct Claſſes and Tur'bilions: Nay, if your Poets borrowed from your 'Philoſophers, ſome of their Syſtems to adorn their 'Works, our modern Philoſophers have found out Se'crets of Nature in your Fables, worth the reducing to 'Practice, as that of *Medea*'s renewing the Youth of *Æ'ſon*. I confeſs we were not ſo ſucceſsful; but the Reaſon 'was, becauſe we rather follow'd her Preſcriptions to 'the Daughters of *Pelias*, than what ſhe practis'd her 'ſelf. Here methought the Poet could not forbear 'laughing heartily. We have had (*continu'd I*) Pumps, 'Looms, and Machines, which you never dreamt of

‘ in your darker Days; and the Virtuoso's of the *Athe-*
‘ *nian Society* have found out, that a Tunnel revers'd
‘ is full as good for the Eyes as Spectacles. *Athenian*
‘ *Society (interrupted he)* say you! Why is there any
‘ of that Nation yet in Being, whose Noddles are cast
‘ in the same projecting Mould they were in my Days?
‘ I find, that our Correspondence was false then, that
‘ gave an Account, that the Kingdom of Philosophy
‘ which made such a Splutter there in my Time, was
‘ dwindled down to the honest Mecanick; and none a-
‘ spir'd higher than his Trade, or the Knowledge of a
‘ Country Pedant. Or have the ancient Race transmi-
‘ grated to these happy Isles, to make all run mad with
‘ Whims and Nonsense, with a grave magisterial Face?
‘ No, no, my jovial Poet (*return'd I*) these are only a
‘ Company of unknown, nameless Undertakers, who
‘ pretend to answer all Queries which are sent them
‘ from all Degrees and Qualities; from the Prince to
‘ the Peasant; but particularly such as are sent by the
‘ *Fair Sex*; for whom they have a most profound Ve-
‘ neration; that is, from the Lady in her cock'd Com-
‘ mode, to the Oyster-wench in her lawful Occupation
‘ at the Tavern-door. But why (*interrupted he*) do they
‘ call themselves *Athenians*? I know not (*returned I*)
‘ unless it be by the Resemblance they have to a certain
‘ Bird, for which that City was famous of Yore; tho'
‘ by the Vigour and Force of their Reason, the modest
‘ Gentlemen aim'd not so high, as to equal themselves
‘ to the Birds of *Minerva*, but only emulated the mo-
‘ dern *Athenians*, selecting the silly and trifling Queries
‘ of the Blue and Green-apron Men, and casting aside all
‘ the ingenious and witty, as alien from their Design
‘ and Purpose; for which, when they are reprimanded,
‘ they think it sufficient wisely to answer, *That they*
‘ *who sent those Queries thought them as wise as any:*
‘ As if, because every Fool thinks his own Product
‘ fair, that therefore there is no real Distinction betwixt
‘ *Wit* and *Dulness*, but the fond Opinion of the Person
‘ concerned. Thus, when the ingenious Mr. *de la Cross*
‘ discovered in one Supplement, about forty or fifty gross
‘ Faults in both Words and Sentences, this grave As-
‘ sembly say for Answer, That a Dash of a Pen will

‘ mend

'mend them. So many Dashes (*interrupted he*) would 'but disfigure the Paper; and therefore I am of Opi-'nion, that the Fire would do it more to the Purpose. 'These are the wretched Answers they give, (*pers'd I*) 'and pretending to gratify the learned World, weakly 'busy the Press with impertinent Questions of Appren-'tices and Chamber-maids; and instead of enquiring in-'to the Solution of witty and judicious Points, relating 'to History and Philosophy, which have been sent them, 'they have everlastingly stuff'd their Papers with Re-'ceipts for Fleas, *&c.* and such-like wise Lectures. 'There was, a little after my Time (*said* Aristophanes) 'when the Itch of Scribbling grew more common and 'diffus'd, a damned Block-head of a Poetaster in *A-'thens*, nam'd *Chœrilus*, who writ the *Athenians* Vic-'tory over *Xerxes*, and the noble Acts of *Alexander* 'the Great: But out of all his voluminous Crambo's, 'there were but seven Verses that would stand the Test 'of Reading, and for them he received seven Pieces of 'Gold; but for every one beside, a Buffet on the Face; 'which amounted to so plaguy a Number, that he could 'not see out of his Eyes for a Twelvemonth after; 'and forswore the horned Hill of *Parnassus*, as a more 'inhospitable Place than the Mountains of *Caucasus*. 'It is pity, that you that pretend to improve all that 'was good among us, should want some such Punish-'ment for those Scoundrels that presume to scribble in 'spite of their Stars; and I desire in the Name of all 'the Old, that these new *Athenians* may be regulated 'according to the laudable Custom of our Days. I 'perswaded him this Punishment would be too severe, 'since for all their Buffets they would not have one 'Piece of Gold. But to find out a Punishment more 'agreeable to our Times, I thought the Setting up a '*Query-office* in Opposition to theirs, would mortify 'them as much as the Office of Insurance from Fire 'by the *Friendly Society* did that of *Barebone*. He was 'satisfy'd of the Equity, as well as Reasonableness of 'my Resolve, and desired me to insert these following 'Queries to his self-adopted Countrymen, that he might 'imploy them as well as he had his *Socrates* and *Che-'rephon*.

Query. *What was the Opinion of the Ancients about the Soul?*

Anſ. Their Opinions were almoſt as Various as their Perſons, and many of them as abſurd as others are wonderful. Some thought that the Soul periſhed with the Body; ſome, that though it a great while outliv'd the Body, yet it had its Period, and once ſhould be no more; others arriv'd, by the Force of Reaſon, to a preſumptive Knowledge of its Immortality; ſome took the Soul to be nothing elſe but the Heart. *Empedocles* held, that the Soul was only the Blood that incirc'l'd the Heart; ſome would place it in the Brain, or at leaſt would have the Brain its chief Seat or Throne. Theſe Opinions found Oppoſers of ſuch as held only that all this was falſe, without eſtabliſhing any Truth in the Place of theſe ſuppoſed Errors they pretended to remove. *Zeno*, the Founder of the *Stoicks*, held, that the Soul was a Fire; perhaps borrowing his Opinion from that Fable of the old Poets of *Grecce*, who made *Prometheus* ſteal celeſtial Fire from the Chariot of the Sun, to give Life and Motion to that Image he call'd Man; for it was no better than an Image; when *Pallas* was ſo taken with his Ingenuity of forming it, as to profer him any thing in Heaven for the perfecting his Work. But methinks there is nothing more pleaſant than the Fancy of *Ariſtoxenus*, who, being a Muſician as well as a Philoſopher, would needs have the Soul nothing elſe but a certain Harmony proceeding from the well-diſpoſed Motions of the Body, like the proportion'd Notes in Singing and inſtrumental Muſick; though perhaps one would imagine that *Ariſtoxenus* had a Mind to put a Compliment upon his Diverſion, and make the Philoſopher truckle to the Muſician; yet he only reviv'd that Opinion which was long before delivered by *Plato*. *Xenocrates*, though he denied that the Soul had any Form of Body, yet contended that it was *Number*; the Force of which he thought to be very great in *Nature*, as *Pythagoras* had maintain'd before him. His Maſter *Plato* ſuppoſed a three-fold Soul; the principal Part of which, as the moſt honourable, he plac'd in the Head, that is, *Reaſon*; from which he ſeparated two other Parts, *Anger* and *Deſire*;

Desire; *Anger* he plac'd in the Bosom, and *Desire* beneath the *Midriff*, betwixt the Heart and the Lungs. *Dicearchus* will needs have it, that the Soul is nothing at all but an idle empty Name; and that the World is much in an Error, to use this Distinction of animal and inanimate Beings, since neither Man nor Beast, nor any Thing which comes within the Notion of a living Creature, has any Soul; and that the *Power* by which we move, think, or do any Thing, was equally diffus'd through every living Body; nor by any Means separable from it, since it was nothing but one indivisible Essence with the Body so made, as by the Benefit of Nature it should live and think. *Aristole*, the greatest of the ancient Philosophers, (though *Cicero* always prefers *Plato* to him) after he had considered those other four Kinds, from whence he derived all other *Beings*, supposes a fifth Nature, the *Origin* of the *Soul* or *Mind*; for to *think*, to *provide for Events*, to *learn*, to *teach*, to *invent* some Things, and *remember* many more, to *love*, to *hate*, to *covet*, to *fear*, to be *troubled*, to *rejoice*, and Things of this Nature, he cannot conceive to be in any of those four *Kinds*. So that he advances a fifth Kind without a Name; and therefore calls the Mind or Soul by the new Name of ἐντελέχειαν, as it were a continual or perpetual Motion. I think I have enumerated all the Opinions of the Soul, except that of *Democritus*, who makes the Soul, as well as all Things else, to be composed of the fortuitous Concourse of Atoms.

Plutarch and *Stobeus* say, that *Thales* first affirm'd the Soul to be ἀυτοκινητὸν, a *Self-moving Nature*. *Aristotle de Anima lib. cap.* 2. calls it κινέτικὸν, in respect to the Motion it gives to other Things; in which are included both Parts of the *Platonists*: *A Substance having within itself a Power to move itself and other Things*. This Opinion first raised by *Thales*, was entertain'd in the Schools by *Pythagoras*, *Anaxagoras*, *Socrates*, &c. 'till excluded by *Aristotle*. *Thales* held, that the *Loadstone* and *Amber* had Souls: The first, because it draws Iron, the second Straw. He farther asserted those Things we count *Inanimate* to have Souls. He was the first, according to *Cherilyus*, that held the Im-

mortality of the Soul of Man, learning it from the *Ægyptians*.

Some say *Pherecydides* first asserted the Immortality of the Soul. *Anaximines* held, that our *Souls*, by which we live, are *Air*: *Anaxagoras* held, that the Soul is *that which moveth*, that it is *Aerial*, and has a Body of the Nature of the Air; and that it dies as well as the Body.

Socrates held the Soul to be immortal, proving it with this Reason, what is always moveable is immortal; but that which moveth another, or is moved by another, hath a Cessation of Motion and Life; that the Soul is pre-existent to the Body, endu'd with Knowledge of eternal Ideas, which in her Union to the Body she loses, as stupify'd, or in a Dream, 'till awaken'd by Discourse from some sensible Objects: Thus is all her Learning only Reminiscence, or a calling to Mind her first Knowledge. The Body being compounded is dissolv'd by Death; the Soul being simple, passeth into another Life incapable of Corruption. The Souls of Men are divine; to whom, when they go out of their Bodies, the Way of their Return to Heaven is open, which to the best and the most just, is most expedite. The Souls of the Good, after Death, are in a happy State united to God, in a blessed inaccessible Place; the Bad, in a convenient Recepticle suffer condign Punishment.

Heraclitus says, That the Nature of the Soul is so profound, that it cannot be found out by any Means; he only asserted, that it is as all other Things are, *an Exhalation*; that which is within, and that which is without, being all of one Nature; it is incorporeal and always in Fluxion; that its being mov'd, is self-evident of Souls, that the dry are the wisest and best.

Xenophanes held, that the Soul is a Spirit, and that there were many Things beneath the Mind. *Protagoras* held the Soul to be nothing more than the Senses.

Epicurus conceives the Soul to be corporeal, some more tenuious or subtile Body, made up of most subtile Particles; he was of Opinion that those that held it incorporeal abus'd the World, and play'd the Fool exceedingly; for except it were such, it could neither act

nor

nor suffer, and not be touch'd by any Thing, but would be as meer Vacuity, which is such, that it can neither act nor suffer any Thing, but only affords a free Motion to Bodies passing through it.

Now, that the Soul acts, and suffers something, is manifestly declar'd by its Senses and Affections, as also by the Motions by which it impels the Members, and from within governs the whole *Animal*, turns it about, transports it into Dreams, and in general, by its Union and Consent, mix in one Compound with the grosser Matter, which usually, upon this Occasion, is more particularly term'd *Body*. He calls it a most tenuious Body, for that it is made up of the most tenuious and most subtile little Bodies, which, as they are for the most Part exceeding smooth, so are they very round; that the Sense is the Soul of the Soul.

Diogenes held the Soul to be Air; and *Hippo*, that i was Water. What other Opinions of the Ancients there may be of the Soul, they are reducible to some of these.

Query. *A certain Querist of the fair Sex, being in great Doubt what to do in this following Case, desires the Answer of her humble Servants the* Athenians.

Anf. She having by Nature a Constitution that is so abundantly stock'd with LOVE, that she cannot contain, but a Face and Person that scares all Men from making any Address to her, is extreamly troubl'd in Mind, how she shall comply with God's first Commandment, *Increase and multiply*; unless some of the Members of that Society will cast a charitable Eye of Regard on her; if so, we shall take Care to give them exact Directions to find her out.

Query. *What is* Scepticism?

Anf. 'Tis thus defin'd: A Faculty opposing *Phænomena*'s (or Appearances) and Intelligibles all Manner of Ways, whereby we proceed through the Equivalence of contrary Things and Speeches first, and Suspension, then to Disturbance; we call it a Faculty, from the Power thereof. By *Phænomena*'s we understand Sensibles, which we oppose to Intelligibles. These Words all Manner of Ways may be referred to Faculty or Power simply; it may likewise be applied to Opinion betwixt *Phænomena*'s and Intelligibles, since we oppose them

several

several Ways, *Phænomena*'s to *Phænomena*'s, Intelligibles to Intelligibles, or one to another. Wherefore, to conclude all Oppositions, we say all *Manner of Ways*, or all Manner of Ways of *Phænomena*'s seem, or how Intelligibles are understood, as taking them simply. By *contrary Speeches*, we mean not only Affirmation and Negation, but simply those which are repugnant. *Equivalence* we call an Equality, as to Belief and Unbelief, so as neither of the repugnant Speeches is preferr'd as more credible than the other. *Suspension* is a Settlement of the Intellect, whereby we neither affirm nor deny any Thing. *Indisturbance* is a Composure and *Tranquillity of Mind*.

Query. *What Nation invented Painting?*

Anf. I am not of their Opinions, who not being able to wave their bigotted Veneration for that Nation which gave Birth to the divine Author of our Religion, in Enquiries of this Nature, will needs perswade the World, that we owe the Invention of this noble Art to the Offspring of *Abraham*, as well as the other Arts and Sciences; and that from them the *Egyptians*, from the *Egyptians* the *Grecians* successively improv'd them, and arrogantly challeng'd them as their own Productions. I must confess I cannot see any such mighty Reason for their Opinion, but that I may, without Impiety, or the least Irreverence for the Christian Faith, declare myself of a contrary Opinion: For by the Account of all History, sacred and profane, that Nation has a much different Character than what is agreeable to a Mother of rare Arts and Sciences, being always more devoted to their Gain, than to employ their Time on fruitless Observation. And I am sure the *Egyptians* had too mean a Value for them, to admit them as Teachers in any Thing. For at their first coming into *Egypt*, all the Interest of *Joseph* was not sufficient to gain his Brethren any greater Favour than a Frontier Province, remote enough from the Court, to live in, where their greatest Study was to look after their Flocks. And from the *Ægyptians Aaron* learnt to make the golden Calf; and *Bezaleel* and *Aholiab* were beholden to an extraordinary Inspiration, not to the Use of any Arts among them. But of all the Arts, none certainly can be

less

leſs in Reaſon deduc'd from the Children of *Iſrael*, than this of Painting, ſince ſo little Advantage could accrue to thoſe that firſt buſy'd themſelves about it. And if we may add, as a ſupernumerary Reaſon, the Inclinations of their Poſterity, we cannot ſuppoſe them ſo ingeniouſly given, as to mind any Art that contributed not immediately to their Intereſt. I muſt therefore conclude, that ſome more eaſy and contented Nation were the firſt Deſigners in that Gentleman-like Profeſſion. To pronounce magiſterially in this Caſe and decide it to any, would be more than the moſt judicious of the Ancients durſt do, who were by many Hundreds of Years nearer its Birth than we: Yet I am apt to believe, the *Egyptians* were the firſt Painters or Statuaries, as well as Philoſophers; tho' I cannot allow their vain-glorious Brag, that *Picture* flouriſh'd 6000 Years with them before it paſs'd into *Greece*. Tho' the Original of this Art is obſcure, yet this I may ſay, that whatever People may in Juſtice pretend to the Invention, *Greece* alone brought it to Perfection, and therefore may the better be allow'd to arrogate it wholly to herſelf, tho' it be controverted what Part of *Greece* gave Riſe to it, ſome attributing it to *Sicyones*, and Iſland in the *Ægean* Sea; others to *Corinth*, where by drawing Lines round the Extremities of the Shadow of a Man, was rudely made the firſt Step to Picture. The next Advance was into one Colour, call'd by the *Greeks*, *Monocheoma*, that is, *of one Colour*. But in a little Time it became more ſtately, and arrived to that Beauty in which it was in the Days of *Apelles*; nor loſt much of its Luſtre in its Tranſmigration from *Greece* to *Rome*, 'till the Diſſoluteneſs of ſome Emperors, and the Weakneſs of others, ſuffer'd the Empire to be over-run, firſt with Ignorance then with Barbarity; for the Inundation of the *Hunnes*, *Vandals*, *Goths*, and *Lumbards*, deſtroy'd all that was fine in this Art, 'till by *Titian*, *Raphael Urbin*, *Angelo*, and the reſt, it was reviv'd almoſt to as great an Excellence as in the Age of *Apelles*, whom, with the reſt of his Contemporaries, I cannot help preferring before any of our modern Artiſts in Painting, as well as Statues, if we may believe the Account which ſome of the Ancients give us of thoſe admirable Pieces they themſelves had ſeen.

Query.

Query. *Is there any such Thing as the* Philosopher's Stone ?

Anſ. If we believe the Chymiſts, they will tell us many fine Stories about it: That as the Seed of any Vegetable tranſmutes that Humidity of the Earth proper to itſelf, into its own Form and Nature; and thus from a little Seed becomes a great Tree: So if the Seed of Gold or Silver be caſt into any baſer Metal, it will convert it into its own Nature. But then for this one ſeeming Reaſon, they provide Abundance of Obſcurities, and enigmatick Subterfuges for you to loſe yourſelf in, if you attempt to purſue the imaginary Treaſure; as the *flying Dragon*, the *Spirit* of *Tellus*, the Marriages and Conjunctions of *Sol*, *Venus*, *Jupiter*, &c. with *Amalgama's*, *Hermetical Feelings*, and an infinite Number of ſuch ſtrange Kind of Whims, as if they writ with a Deſign not to be underſtood. Thus *Faber* has believer'd 112 *Arcanums* to do Wonders, if you believe the Title of each Secret; tho' I never heard of that Man, tho' a profeſs'd Chymiſt, that durſt pretend to underſtand one of them: So fearful they are of having their Minds diſcover'd by any but the *true Sons of the Art*, that they make every Thing a Myſtery even to themſelves. They'll tell you indeed of one *Artiſtus* that liv'd a thouſand Years; and of a *French* Scrivener that built I know not how many Hoſpitals and Churches; one by the *Aurum Potabile*, and the other by the *Powder of Projection*. Happy Men! that out of ſo many Thouſands whom the Witchery of the golden Hopes has betray'd to this vain Attempt, and only ariſe to this more than Miracle: Nay, the Scrivener cannot be ſuppos'd to have had either Time or Money enough to have paſs'd thro' all the tedious Experiments required to its Perfection. The great Duke of *Florence* has, among his choice Collection of Rarities, a Nail that is half Gold and half Iron, which, as they would have you believe, was chang'd from that baſer Metal, by only the Touch of the Philoſopher's Stone, which it ſeems had not Force enough to tranſmute the whole. But this is a Trifle fit for the *Athenian Mercury* to pauſe upon, and give you a tedious Account of *Lullius*, *Bacon*, *Repley*, and the reſt of that mad Tribe of canting Scriblers.

And

And now for Variety, and to comply as near as I can, with your delicate Guſt in Poetry, I will propoſe a few *Queries in* Metre.

Queſt. *Self-nam'd* Athenians, *let it pray be ſhewn,*
(For ſure 'tis obvious to your mighty Wits)
Why Farts burn blue when thro' a Candle blown,
And yet that's yellow which the ſame A—ſe ſh—ts?

For a rhiming Anſwer to this difficult Queſtion, I muſt doubtleſs be referr'd (for that's your Method) to ſomething that you have already printed. Well then, let's ſee; what ſays the Oracle?

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Hail Bard divine! unknown we muſt adore,
Thy Eagle pitch out-ſoars our haggard Flight:
Our glimm'ring Lamp within will flame no more,
Quench'd by too unſupportable a Light, &c.

Your Servant, Gentlemen, I thank ye, and confeſs this is moſt incomparable Fuſtian, and ſuperfine *Stuff*, but nothing to the Purpoſe of my Queſtion, no more than it was to that with which it was firſt printed. Once more———

Queſt. *Tell me ye Men of doughty Quill,*
And ſhew in Heraldry your Skill,
Which Order's beſt and valu'd moſt,
Knights of the Stocks, or of the Poſt?
Miſtake me not, for I'm ſincere,
I mean no Sham-Athenians *here,*
Altho' their Manſion of chief Fame
Stands by a Market of that Name:
Yet muſt I needs confeſs their Writing
Deſerves no other Sort of Knighting;
Nor to a Sir *can make Pretence,*
Unleſs 'twere join'd with Reverence.

Queſt. *Tell me, in fine, what Scorn is due to thoſe*
Who bid us all our Doubts to them propoſe,
Yet anſwer none where difficult and hard,
But call them Riddles, and not worth Regard?
When OEdipus, *if we may credit* Fame,
Clearing a Riddle, got a Herce's Name.
Excuſe th' unequal Inſtance that I bring;
For what Compariſon is in the Thing?
Athenian Rubbiſh, *and a* Theban King.

Query.

Query. *Whence have we our* Opium? *Whether is it hot or cold? If hot, why Narcotick? If cold, why Sudorifick? Let it be what it will, how comes it to have that Deference for those animal Spirits that are required for the Motion of the Heart, and for Respiration; as very often to spare them, while it seizes the others that communicate with the Organs of the external Senses?*

Anſ. Here is a Chain of intricate Queſtions indeed, deſign'd, I believe, to puzzle or daunt the new Undertakers; but I aſſure the Querift he will find himſelf miſtaken, eſpecially as to the laſt Part: For who, tho' never ſo mean-ſpirited, could deſpond in ſuch a Matter as this, when he has ſuch a fair Promiſe from ſuch a famous and learned Society as the *Athenian Mercury*, that they will take the Pains to view his Endeavours, and correct his Failings. This Encouragement, with the Deſire of Self-inſtruction, will make us continue and give our Thoughts of ſuch Queſtions as thoſe acute Men have been unwilling to anſwer; tho' they muſt of Neceſſity examine 'em now, ſince they have openly paſs'd their Word to the Bookſellers, and eſpecially to their intimate Friends the Coffee-houſes, that they would declare themſelves upon the Queſtions of the *London Mercury*. I muſt confeſs, this Conſequence of their Promiſe will prove troubleſome to them; yet am ſatisty'd they are generous, and will ſtand to their Words. So to the Queſtion;

1. We have our *Opium*, ſome from *Greece*, ſome from the Kingdom of *Cabaia* in the *Eaſt-Indies*, and ſome from the Territories of the *Grand Cairo* in *Egypt*; for it is a Tear that diſtils from *Poppies* that grow in thoſe Countries, when, at certain Times of the Year, Inciſions are made in the Heads of thoſe Plants. What is had this way, is the pureſt and beſt, and therefore kept by the People for their own Uſe, who ſend us that which they preſs out of the ſaid Heads, and call *Meconium*.

2. Notwithſtanding that *Opium* diſables the Spirits for a Time from the Performance of their Duty, and ſtupifies, as Narcoticks do that are granted to be cold; yet I hold it hot, by Reaſon of its bitter Taſte, pier-

cing

cing Smell, and ſudorifick Effects; but chiefly, becauſe it is altogether ſulphureous, which none can doubt of, that knows how inflamable it is, and how eaſily diſſolv'd in the Spirit of Wine. Now, how ſuch a Subſtance can be Narcotick, is not as hard to ſolve, as it may ſeem ſtrange at firſt Sight; for it is clear, that any Thing can be Narcotick, which can for ſome Time obſtruct the Commerce of the internal and external Senſes: And it is as plain, that any Thing can effect this, which can either fix the animal Spirits, ſtop the ſmall Paſſages of the Brain where they are form'd, or hinder their Influx into the Nerves; a Subſtance that is ſulphureous, and conſequently of ramous and pliable Parts, can do either, or all three. And conſequently *Opium* can be together Narcotick and Hot.

Finally, The Reaſon why *Opium* does ſtop the Influx of the Spirits into the Organs of the external Senſes, whilſt Reſpiration and the Motion of the Heart go their ordinary Train, is, I believe, becauſe the Inſertion of the *Carotids* into the Brain is nigher the Origin of the Nerves that convey animal Spirits into the firſt, than them that ſupply the latter; whence it may very well happen, that the little Quantity of *Opium* that is ordinarily preſcrib'd, is altogether taken up in obſtructing the firſt ſmall Paſſages it meets with; and that none, or at leaſt a very inconſiderable Part of it, reaches the *Cerebellum*, where the *Par octavum* has its Origin. Add to this, that it is very probable that theſe Nerves are wider, and the ſmall Channels of the Brain that lead towards them, more open, by Reaſon of the uninterrupted Motion of the animal Spirits in them Parts, than others are where this Motion is oft diſcontinu'd; ſo that they cannot be ſo eaſily obſtructed as the latter.

There is a Plant that grows on Mount *Libanus* in *Syria*, which the *Arabians* call the *Golden Herb*; it begins to appear in the Month of *May*, after the Snow is thawn; in the Twilight it appears all in a Flame, and continues like a Torch until Morning, without Diminution of its Subſtance. Moreover, the People of that Country think, the Tranſmutation of Metals might be compaſs'd, but they dare not dig it up, becauſe ſuch

as

as have attempted it, dy'd on the sudden, and in the Undertaking. Pray your Thoughts upon these surprizing *Phænomenons* ?

Ans. Supposing the Relation true, all the Parts of it may be solv'd with one very simple Conjecture. Only supposing that this Plant grows in a bituminous and sulphureous Soil, which is always exhaling Steams in great Quantities, which being condensed by the Cold of the Night, kindle into a Flame; which is no greater Wonder, than to see the fat Exhalations of Churchyards burn like Flame in the Air. Now when the Sun is risen, he rarifies them Vapours, and that so thin, that they mix with, and lose themselves in the ambient Air. As to the Transmutation of Metals, it is a groundless Thought of the Vulgar; but as to the sudden Death of those that attempt the digging up of this Plant, it may be true, for ought we know; for it's like enough that a great Quantity of them Steams, which probably being gross, are Narcotick, may either still the Motion of the Blood, or fix the animal Spirits; and so of Necessity bring sudden Death.

Query. *Whether* The Young Student's Library, *proposed by the* Athenians, *be not the cast Common-place-book of some antiquated Pedagogue* ?

Ans. 'Tis very probable; for the Authors selected seem to be such as were most likely to fall within the Acquaintance of a Pedant, whose whole Life had been destin'd to the Teaching of Boys to decline *Amo*, and to tell their Fingers; and instructing of ignorant Peasants in the Knowledge of their Christian Names and the Church Catechism. This Medley of Authors seems to be well sorted; *Virgil*'s *Æneids* and the Works of St. *Austin*; *Lucian*'s *Dialogues*, and Dr. *Hammond*'s *Practical Catechism*; the Works of *Aristotle*, and *Culpepper*'s *Midwife*; *Horace* and *Bunyan*'s *Pilgrim*'s *Progress*; *Ovid*'s *Metamorphosis*, and Dr. *Sherlock* on *Death*; the *Call to the Unconverted*, and *Martial*'s *Epigrams*. In short, the Man who made this Collection, was a very necessary Man in his Generation: For here one may learn to cap Verses, and turn a Pancake; save Souls, and cure Corns and kib'd Heels, steal a Flourish to adorn a Country Sermon; and set forth a breaking-up Declamation:

So

So that the Improvements the first Design may receive from so learned and judicious a Society as that of the *Athenians*, will render this Miscellany as useful as a Pacing-saddle, or the late famous Engine to part Creamcheese; very necessary to be read by *Yorkshire* V—rs, and their pious Dairy-maids, School-boys, Fidlers, Fencers, Midwives, and *Athenians*.

Query. *Whether it is not the real Interest of the* Athenian Society, *rather to endeavour the keeping up of the* London Mercury, *than its Discontinuance?*

Ans. The *Roman* Historians tell us, that it was once very hotly debated in the Senate, what they should do with their Rival Republick *Carthage*; some were for utterly demolishing it; but others were as earnest to have it still preserv'd out of a prudent Consideration, that if that City were once destroy'd, the *Romans* would prove resty and effeminate. And now let the *Athenians*, if they please (since they have a Predicator amongst them) make the Application.

Query. *What is the Reason why a Checquer is plac'd at Ale-house Doors?*

Ans. This Question was some Months ago sent to the *Athenians*, by the same Token, that they were pleas'd to say, That without Doubt a Reason might be found for this Custom somewhere or other in History; but that for their Part, having other more material Questions upon their Hands, they would not give themselves any farther Trouble about it. Now, there is no great Mystery in the Matter, nor is a Man oblig'd to turn over his *Selden* or *Spelman* to find it out: For all that need to be said on this Occasion, is That Ale-houses in the Days of *Yore* were Places of Gaming, where our sober Ancestors us'd to pass away an Afternoon, or so, at Chess; and therefore, for Distinction sake they plac'd a Checquer over the Door, just as now where a Billiard-table, or a Green and two Bowls are painted on the Sign, any Person may be confident he is not far from a Billiard-house or a Bowling-green.

Query. *Of what Antiquity is Dancing upon the Rope? And what may be suppos'd to give the first Rise to that Sport?*

Ans.

Anſ. Tho' the latter End of *Auguſt* be the fitteſt Time to anſwer this Queſtion; yet ſince the Queriſt has been ſo importunate of late, we can tell the Antiquity of it is unqueſtionably very great: For (not to mention any more) *Terence*, who liv'd a conſiderable Time before the Birth of our Saviour, mentions it in his Prologue to the *Hecyra*; where, taking Occaſion to complain of the Thinneſs of his Audience, and the ill Succeſs of his Play, he aſcribes it to the People's being ſo mightily taken up at that Time with a Rope-dancer: *Ita populus ſtudio ſtupitus in Funambulo animum occuparat.*

'Tis ſomewhat difficult to aſſign the Time preciſely when this Sort of Recreation firſt appear'd in the World; but it is no ill-grounded Opinion, that it commenc'd a little after the Invention of the theatrical Sports, which derive their Original from the merry Meetings of the old *Pagans* in Vintage-time, where they firſt offer'd Sacrifice, and then fell to good Eating and Drinking, and at laſt, when they were in their Cups, thoſe that were the Top-wits of their reſpective Villages, pelted one another with Doggrel, and Country-raillery; which prov'd the firſt Occaſion of Comedy; and others, who valu'd themſelves upon Feats of Activity, would divert the Company by dancing and leaping upon Leathern-bottles that were well greas'd and anointed; and ſo this Exerciſe, perhaps, gave the firſt Hint to our active Sport, which now makes up ſo much of the Entertainment at *Barthol'mew-Fair*. And as the *Romans* borrow'd their Comedy from the *Grecians*; ſo it is not improbable, that to them likewiſe they owe their Rope-dancing.

Gentlemen,

In your laſt London Mercury, *you very clearly ſtated the Controverſy about that famous Paſſage in* Joſephus, lib. 18. cap. 4. *concerning our Saviour*, viz. *Whether it were really genuine or not, or whether interpolated by the pious Frauds of the primitive Chriſtians. It appears very odd to me, that* Joſephus, *who was ſo exact an Hiſtorian of the Affair of* Judea, *ſhould be ſo highly ſilent, and ſay nothing of our Saviour. For, tho' the Place where*

where this Teſtimony of his concerning Chriſt, appears altogether ſo proper for it; yet if this is not really the Teſtimony of Joſephus, *he no where elſe takes notice of him. But, Gentlemen, granting this Paſſage to be ſpurious and forg'd, yet would it not be better, and more for the Promotion and Propagating of Chriſtianity, to have the common People believe it to be true? I myſelf have heard it urg'd by a Reverend Divine, as a collateral Proof of the Miracles our Saviour wrought; nay, he did not ſtick to quote even* Seneca *too, tho' that Philoſopher no where takes notice of him, except his Epiſtle to St.* Paul, *and St.* Paul's *to him, be of any Weight. However, after all, I believe the Deſign of that Reverend Gentleman was good, and purely to poſſeſs his Auditors with a greater Regard and Reſpect for the Truth of our Religion. 'Tis very neceſſary that your next* Mercury *ſhould anſwer this, and ſo put an End to the Diſpute. I am,*

Your humble Servant.

Anſ. Since there has already, in our laſt, been ſo much ſaid of this Matter, a few Lines will diſpatch an Anſwer to this ingenious Gentleman's *Queries.* His firſt Objection carries but little Weight with it, which is this: Becauſe *Joſephus* does no where elſe make mention of our Saviour, than in this Place, that therefore he muſt do it there. Now, *Joſephus* does no where in his Work take notice of the *Infanticidium* by *Herod*, which an exact Hiſtorian, one would think, ought to have done: But the moſt accurate Hiſtorians that have come to our Hands, have doubtleſs omitted ſeveral Things done in their own Times, and left them for others to relate, *Euſebius, lib.* 1. *cap.* 8. *Eccleſiaſt. Hiſt.* indeed quotes *Joſephus Antiqu. lib.* 17. as diſingenuouſly as he does ſeveral others, where he makes him relate the Puniſhment with which God afflicted *Herod* for the Murther of the young Children, leaving out the Names of *Juda* the Son of *Sariphæus*, and *Matthias* the Son of *Margalothus*, who were ſlain by the Command of *Herod*, long after the Murther of the young Children, which *Joſephus* mentions not at all. But if this Paſſage were genuine, how could it poſſibly have eſcap'd the Notice of *Juſtin Martyr* in his Dialogues with *Trypho?* Or how ſhould *Tertullian* and *Clemens Alexandrinus*

andrinus so strangely forget to urge its Authority against the *Jews* they dispute with, and combated? And lastly, Is it not a Miracle, that none should ever take notice of it 'till *Eusebius*'s Time, who, 'tis very probable, was the first Starter of it? St. *Hierom* translating that Part of the Testimony, ὃτ⊙ ἦν ὁ Χριστὸς, does not say, *Hic erat Christus*, but *Credebatur esse Christus*. St. *Hierom* was very well acquainted with the Frauds of those Times, and believ'd it very improper for a *Jew* to say those Words. Cardinal *Baronius* says, that in an *Hebrew* Manuscript he found those Words scratch'd out; and 'tis very likely (if it be true what *Baronius* says) that he that did it, had detected the Forgery.

To the latter Part of this Gentleman's Letter, we have no more to say, but that we think Christianity has no need of the Supports of Artifice, Forgery, or Contrivance. At this Rate, the *Sybils Verses*, and *Agbaras*'s *Epistle*, are to be esteem'd authoritative and useful; whereas they rather serve to expose our holy Religion to the Insults of *Spinosa*'s Gang. At this Rate, the learned Men of this late Age have trifled away their Time; Monsieur *Baluze*, and our learned Protestant Divine *Blondel*, might have spar'd the Trouble to the World and themselves. The Fables of the *Donum Constantini*, King *Lucius*, and the *Thebean Legion*, shall be cry'd up; and for our Protestant Interest, that of Pope *Joan*. Our blessed Saviour call'd himself Truth; let it be therefore our Business to find it out and adore it. *Lactantius* says well in his Institutions, *Summum sapientiæ gradum attigisti quando falsa intellexeris.*

Quest. *Whether the Herb which we commonly call* Fern, *bears or produces any Seed? And how and which Way it is to be sav'd?*

Ans. There is a considerable Number of Plants reckon'd among the *Imperfecta*, or such as have neither Seed nor Flower, which by late Discoveries are found to to be by far the most fruitful of any in producing of Seed: So the *Fern*, *Polypody*, *Maidenhair*, *Spleenwort*, and the rest of the *Capillary* Plants, were call'd *Asperæ*, and never known to bear any Seed, until the Invention of Microscopes, by which it was discover'd, that those little Heaps of Dust that appear'd on the backside

backside of the Leaves of these Plants, were so many Heaps of Seed; but so small, that one single Grain was not visible to the naked Eye. Hence such Plants are call'd *Epiphyllospermæ*, because they bear their Seed on the Leaf. And the best Way certainly to gather or preserve the Seed of them, is to pluck one of the Leaves with the ripe Seed upon it. So the *Fucus*, or *Alga marina*, in English *Seawreck*, was reckon'd among the more imperfect barren Plants, until that learned Naturalist Dr. *Tancred Robinson* first discover'd, That these Bladders, so conspicuous in the Leaves of the *Wreck*, were the Seed Vessels of that Plant, and that they contain perfect Seed within them. Neither do I in the least doubt, that all Kinds of *Moss*, *Coral*, *Sponge*, &c. and even *Mushrooms* themselves, have Seed, or that it shall lie long undiscover'd in them, tho' as yet we have no Certainty of it.

Qu. *Quid* Baccho *Nymphas adhibes temerarie, Caupo,*
Cum quo sit natus debeat igne mori?

Resp. Dispare Dii sexu vincuntur, Amice, domamus
Sic *Bacchum* Nymphis, sic *Venerem* maribus.

Query. *By what Means was it, that the Sepulchral Lamps of the Ancients did some of them burn* 1000, *other* 1500 *Years.*

Ans. The *Querist* tells us, That he believes himself able to make such; but I hope he'll pardon us that we do not believe him; for we are so far from that, that we believe there never was any Lamp made to endure so long. It's true, Monsieur *Des Cartes* has taken much Pains to adapt his Philosophy to this *Phænomenon*; but we may, without Injury to that great Man's Memory, say, That several more Instances may be given for his being concern'd for the Explication of Appearances which never were.

We have receiv'd a Letter from the Gentleman, whose *Query* about the Explanation of the 17th Verse in *Juvenal*, Sat. XI.

Qui Lacedæmonium *pytismate lubricat orbem.*

we answer'd before. This Gentleman is, it seems, not pleas'd with the Conjecture we make how it is to be understood, but tells us, That *Is. Vossius* (who, he says, understood Bawdy very well) interprets that Passage

to

to a very obscene Sense, *&c.* We are not ignorant how *Vossius* would have that Place to be understood; but we think we have but little Reason (notwithstanding what *Vossius* has said of the Matter) to depart from believing the other Interpretation we before gave of it, to be true. *Pityisma* is no more than the Wine either squirted from between the Teeth, (as we generally try that Way whether the Wine be good or not) or else some little left in the Glass, and flung upon the Ground. In this Sense *Chremes* in *Terence's Heautontimoreumenos* speaks: *Pitissando modo mihi quid vini absumpsit? Sic,* hoc, *dicens,* Asperum pater, hoc est: aliud levius sedes vide *Relevi dolia omnia,* &c. We think this a very fair Instance of its Signification. *Vossius* (of whom the *Querist* knows the Epigram,

Quod si non placeat salex Catullus
Effati cape nequiora Vossii)

is mighty willing that this Passage should be thought Bawdy; and indeed that Satyr of *Juvenal* gives great Countenance to his Conjecture, which treats of a Vice not fit to be named. As to the Passage in *Apuleius,* we like not the reading either of *Lipsius,* or our *Price.* It may be read either *deterrimæ fortunæ* in the *Gen. Case sing.* and understand *mancipia,* or some such Word; or *discrimina fortunæ:* Or, if that don't please him, *retrimenta fortunæ. Apuleius* is not strict to *Latinity,* (for so much he confesses himself) and no-body ought to be accountable for his Negligence.

Not. in Catul. P. 59.

We have not yet had Leisure to consult our Books about the Receipt to make *Lacedemonian* Porridge for the *Querist,* who says he was old, and would willingly leave off eating Flesh, if he could find the Way to make that Broth. We advise him rather to find out the Duke of *Buckingham's* famous Receipt for making of Porridge, with which the Taylor's Wife would have the whole Bill paid.

Qu. *When was the* Surplice *first instituted, and by whom?*

Ans.

Anſ. I doubt not but many Habits, Rites, and Cuſtoms, both of the *Jewiſh* and *Heathen* Temples, were admitted into the Chriſtian Church in its very Infancy; and among theſe I reckon the *Surplice.* The Jewiſh Prieſts had peculiar Veſtments, which they put on when they officiated, and ſo had the Heathen; their ſacred Garments were of Linen, and for Colour white; and in the like Habit did the ancient Miniſters of God incompaſs the Altar, as one of the Fathers expreſſes it, in imitation of the Angels (by whoſe Name Biſhops and Prieſts are ſometimes called) ſtanding about the Throne of God, of which the Altar was look'd on as a Repreſentative. Now of Angels we read, That whenever they made their Appearances on Earth, their Garments were white and ſhining.

Gentlemen,

We are two Husbandleſs young Creatures; a Gentleman is now in Love with one of us; but diſpenſeth his Pretenſions ſo equally, we could never yet make a reaſonable Conjecture which it was, tho' each of us has Vanity enough to decide in her own Favour. One Night this Gentleman paſs'd a Compliment on us to this Purpoſe: If he were a Monarch he could marry the one: And could be ſatisfied to beg his Bread with the other. Query, *Which of theſe was the greateſt Compliment? Kind Gentlemen, pray reſolve this in your next* Mercury, *and you'll mightily oblige, at leaſt, one of*

Your humble Servants.

Anſ. Why truly, Ladies, we are abſolutely of Opinion, that the laſt was the greater Compliment; for if the Gentleman deſign'd any Favour at all in his Expreſſion, it muſt certainly fall on her Side, by how much the more probable it is, that he will ſooner be a *Beggar* than a *Monarch.* Though for the firſt Husbandleſs young Creature's Comfort, we aſſure her, that we have a young Gentleman for her in our Society, upon Condition, ſhe bring Food with her as well as Appetite; for he will by no Means be ſatisfied to beg his Bread with her. So we take our Leaves for this Time of

the Ladies, advising them friendly, to be as speedy as they can in getting Husbands; for if the War lasts long (as 'tis likely it will) they must expect the Commodity to be scarcer, and advance at least 20 *l. per Cent.*

Qu. *What was the* Jus Nigrum *made of, that* Plutarch *tells us was eaten by the* Lacedemonians?

Ans. 'Tis a hard Matter positively to say of what it was made, there is indeed so little Room even for Conjecture. The *Lacedemonians* were of all People the most temperate in their Diet, as *Plutarch* in *Vita Lycurgi*, witnesses; and this σιτοδεία, or sparing Diet of theirs, was for these Reasons (of which *Xenophon*, and *Plutarch* in his *Laconick Institutes*) that they might be the better able to endure Hunger when oppress'd by War; and besides, they imagined it both healthful, and to cause a greater Agility of Body. But this μέλας ζωμὸς was a Sort of Broth that was design'd chiefly for their old Men, the Young being allow'd Flesh; and that this Porridge was in the greatest Esteem among them, beyond any other Dainties, *Plutarch* testifies in *Laconicis*, and in *Lycurgo*: Τῶν δ' ὄψων ἐνδοκιμοῦ μαλίστα παρ' αὐτοῖς μέλας ζωμὸς ὥστε μήτε κρεασθὲν διδόσθαι τοῖς πρεσβυτέροις, &c. That the Composition of it was Pieces of Flesh and Blood boil'd with Salt and Vinegar, we conjecture from *Plutarch de tuenda Valetudine*, where he says, That the *Lacedemonians* used to give their Cooks Salt and Vinegar, and bid them procure the rest from the Victims. If this will not satisfie the learned Gentleman that sent the *Query*, if he will have a little Patience, he may doubtless expect a better Account from the most learned Society of *Athenians*.

Query. *Whether the reformed Churches beyond Sea do not all make use of a Form of Prayer, or which of them does not? And whether they do not approve of the Liturgy of the Church of* England, *or which of them declares against it?*

Ans. Dr. *Durel* hath fully evinc'd to the World, that the *Reformed Churches* do use Forms of Prayer; the *Lutherans* throughout all *Europe*, and *Calvin*'s Liturgy is most commonly bound up with with the *French Bibles*;

bles; and *John Knox* himself penn'd a Liturgy for the *Scotch Presbyterians*: The Way of *extempore* Praying was borrow'd by the *Dissenters* from the Emissaries of the *Romish Church*, who by the Pretences of purer Devotion, sought to bring the Common-prayer into Disrepute. In the same Book is proved, That the Reformed Churches do approve of our Liturgy; and it is plain they do, because in the *Harmony of Confessions*, so often printed at *Geneva*, &c. the XXXIX Articles of our Church (in which it is well known, that both our Discipline and Service are asserted, as consonant to God's Word) always find a chief Place. And whatsoever some private hot-headed Men may have said to the contrary, in their Letters to their private Friends, I know of no Church that hath express'd her open Dislike, either of Liturgies in general, or in particular of our excellent Service.

The End of the THIRD VOLUME.